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A PRIME MINISTER AND HIS SON

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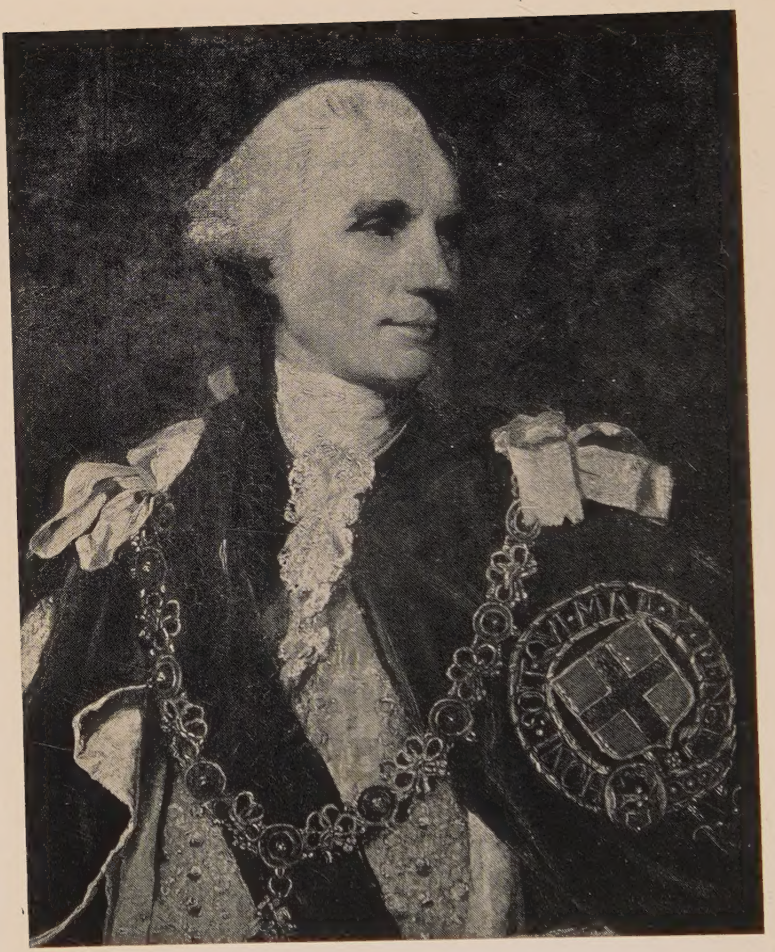


JOHN, THIRD EARL OF BUTE, K.G.

From a picture by Reynolds in the possession of the Earl of Wharncliffe.

Frontispiece.

A PRIME MINISTER AND HIS SON

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE 3RD EARL OF BUTE AND OF LT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES STUART, K.B.

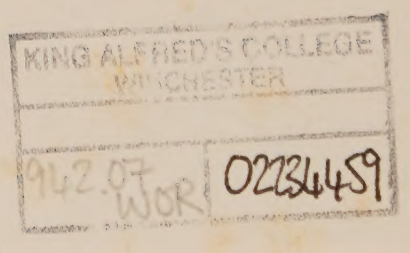
EDITED BY

THE HON. MRS. E. STUART WORTLEY, C.B.E.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE

RT. HON. SIR RENNELL RODD, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1
1925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INTRODUCTION

BY THE

RT. HON. SIR RENNELL RODD, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

The historian of recent years, seeking to control and supplement official records, will be largely dependent on biographies compiled after the event and not without regard to subsequent experience, on monographs not always unbiassed, and the often contradictory reports of an ephemeral Press. With ever-increasing facilities of communication and the wider dissemination of publicity the obligation of letter-writing has diminished, and that gracious art is disappearing. Students of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, on the other hand, have at their disposal a large number of valuable letters, written as a rule only to inform, which constitute first-hand historical evidence when composed by those who themselves took a part in the direction of affairs, and which also supply the atmosphere and background of contemporary life. Of such letters there exists at Highcliffe a large collection from which the Editor has selected for the present volume a series of the most interesting during a period of some fifty eventful years. Not the least merit of the present instalment is that the documents included in Period I. serve to do tardy justice to a Prime Minister who, having accepted office with reluctance, became, most unjustly, the victim of political jealousies, and was exposed to the worst excesses of the vituperative licence of his day. Though Lord Bute's public career was a failure, the virtue of the man shines out conspicuously in unfailing loyalty to the master he loved, who long after losing his services said of him, "This was the honestest man I ever had about me."

We may congratulate ourselves on having advanced to a higher standard of political manners and ethics than those that prevailed in the second half of the eighteenth century. But it was an age of outstanding

personalities, not a few of whom appear among the authors of the Highcliffe letters, which also offer many glimpses of well-known "persons of quality." The eccentric Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose epistles to her daughter, Lady Bute, show her to have been far in advance of her time both as regards the position of women in the social order and the common sense of parental relations, is here revealed in the last phase of her life in Italy and on her return home, a picturesque *épave*, within a few months of her death.

There are diverting extracts from the diary of the astonishing Lady Mary Coke, that strange person with a good heart but a head all awry, and a passion for the society of princes, and high play, who, after losing considerable sums at "Lu," would come home late and read the Bible before going to bed.

The reader may here detect an echo of Burke addressing the House of Commons with little argument, but windy appeals to party passion; he will appreciate a description by Lady Louisa Stuart of the dresses worn at a Windsor Ball, and her account of a Drawing Room at the Court of George III., where the ceremonial was so little in control that people cried, fainted, and screamed, while the writer herself was thrown against the Queen!

But the social letters are of secondary importance. The figure which dominates the volume is that of Sir Charles Stuart, the fourth and favourite son of Lord Bute, a soldier of high ideals and exceptional ability, admirable as a son, a husband and a father.

The historian of the British Army, John Fortescue, has done full justice to his military capacity, and, indeed, he has judged him to be the greatest of all the British officers in an age which produced many conspicuous leaders. His own letters to his wife, and to his "Dearest Friend and Father," as he addresses Lord Bute, reveal him as a singularly winning personality. The correspondence exchanged between him and his illustrious coadjutors in the Mediterranean, such as Nelson, St. Vincent, Duckworth, Moore, and Graham, enable us to understand the esteem in which he was held by contemporaries, and why he was served so devotedly by subordinates and worshipped in the ranks. It was due to Stuart's urgency that John Moore, at one time the oldest Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, received advancement and an opportunity.

It is probably the series of letters addressed by Sir Charles Stuart to his father during four years' service in America throughout the War of Independence which will arouse the greatest interest, especially in the United States. The testimony of a keen and discriminating observer supplies a number of details illuminating that unhappy struggle which have not been hitherto available to historians. The lost opportunities, the lack of co-ordination, the incapacity in the area of war, and the ineptitude at home which they betray are melancholy reading. One can sympathise with Stuart's anxiety to leave a country and a war where there was no honour to be obtained. He reached England just in time to be eye-witness of the Gordon Riots, of which his letters to his family afford a vivid picture.

It seems strange that a zealous soldier who had shown such early promise in the field should have remained unemployed in any higher military capacity for the next fifteen years, which were spent in fulfilling his duties as a Member of Parliament or in travelling abroad for the education of his sons, one of whom was to be the future Ambassador, Lord Stuart de Rothesay. Perhaps the mystery is solved by the explanation given in the letters, not the least interesting of the collection, which for chronological reasons appear in an appendix, where Lady Louisa Stuart throws light upon her father's relations with the first Earl of Chatham and his political henchmen, both before and after George III.'s accession to the throne.

It was only in 1794, when Charles Stuart was forty-one years of age, that his opportunity came with the Chief Military Command in the Mediterranean. Before his premature death in 1801 he had received the surrender of Corsica, reorganised the defence of Portugal, captured Minorca, and relieved Sicily.

After the escape of Napoleon from Egypt and his return to Europe there seemed to be every prospect that representations constantly urged by Stuart for "combined action" and a resolute offensive against the French in the Mediterranean, which he held to be the key of the situation, would be considered. The document submitted by him to Mr. Pitt in 1800, which is here published in full, bears remarkable testimony to his clear appreciation of the military position in Europe, and indicates the policy to be adopted in opposing the

aggressive projects of the First Consul. It is interesting to find it urged in a memorandum of that date that it is the interest of the Great Powers to resuscitate the independence of Italy, and that England had nothing to fear from her liberation and aggrandisement.

Already, Stuart insists, the dream of an Italian republic had united all the factions in the nation and cemented the interests of the smaller States. Had Stuart's counsels inspired action it is possible there would have been no Marengo, and the Italian *Risorgimento* might have been anticipated by more than half a century.

He was encouraged to believe that the 20,000 men he asked for would be placed under his command, but the Secretary for War, who inherited from the North administration a marked incapacity for anything but tenacity in office, offered him only 5,000. Under these circumstances Stuart declined the command, and a little more than a year later he died, at the early age of forty-eight.

The vivid interest of the letters which Mrs. Stuart Wortley has grouped together in four periods, linking them with historical commentaries, cannot fail to arouse general interest, and it is to be hoped that this instalment will be followed by the result of further researches in the Highcliffe Archives.

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PERIOD I

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

1737 TO 1774

1737.

Walpole Prime Minister.

1742.

Lord Wilmington Prime Minister.

1743.

Henry Pelham Prime Minister. Battle of Dettingen.

1744.

Wars declared between England and France.

1754.

Duke of Newcastle Prime Minister.

1756.

Duke of Devonshire Prime Minister. William Pitt Secretary of State with real power.

1757.

Pitt is dismissed by the King. Newcastle tries to form a Government without Pitt, but fails, and has to receive Pitt. Duke of Newcastle Prime Minister.

1758.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is made Commander-in-Chief of the English and Hanoverians. A subsidy of £70,000 begins to be paid yearly to Prussia. Naval victories off Cartagena and Basque Roads. Louisburg and Cape Breton taken.

1759.

Capture of Guadaloupe. Victory of Minden. Capture of Quebec. Naval victories at Lagos and Quiberon Bay.

1760.

Death of George II. Accession of George III.

1761.

Lord Bute made Secretary of State. Pitt resigns on question of war with Spain.

1762.

Newcastle resigns because Cabinet refuse to continue subsidy to Prussia. Lord Bute Prime Minister. Capture of Havana. Capture of Manilla.

1763.

The Peace of Paris between England, France, Spain, and Portugal is signed. Lord Bute resigns. George Grenville Prime Minister. Proceedings are begun against Wilkes for publication of Number 45 of *North Briton*.

1764.

George Grenville Prime Minister.

1765.

The Stamp Act is passed. The King shows symptoms of madness. In the proposed Regency Bill his mother's name is excluded.

1766.

Marquis of Rockingham Prime Minister. Repeal of the Stamp Act. Duke of Grafton Prime Minister, with Pitt's support. Pitt takes a peerage and goes to the House of Lords as Lord Chatham. Chatham falls ill.

1767.

Charles Townshend becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer and passes an Act for taxing American imports. Death of Charles Townshend.

1768.

Wilkes is elected for Middlesex. Riots and disturbances.

1769.

The first letter signed "Junius" appears in the *Public Advertiser*. Wilkes four times elected for Middlesex.

1770.

Resignation of the Duke of Grafton. Lord North Prime Minister.

1773.

The people of Boston throw the tea overboard. All the American import duties are removed, except the tax on tea.

1774.

The petition of Massachusetts for the removal of its Government is rejected, and Franklin is insulted by Wedderburn at a meeting of the Privy Council. Congress meets at Philadelphia and denies the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies.

A PRIME MINISTER AND HIS SON

INTRODUCTION

Living at Highcliffe, it is impossible not to feel deeply interested in the lives of those associated with the place, whose love of it was a solace and a passion, whose public careers and varying fortunes taught them to value what nature offered them here—namely, peace and beauty, and relaxation from the stress of life. John, third Earl of Bute, acquired the land on which he subsequently (about 1770) built a house of which nothing now remains but a portion of the old riding-school, a little Greek temple in the garden, and the entrance lodges. At his death Lord Bute left the property to his fourth and favourite son, Charles, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Stuart, but he, not having fortune enough to maintain the whole of the property, sold the greater part, keeping only a small house called Bure Homage at the western end of Christchurch Bay.

Here Lady Stuart continued to live after she became a widow, enlarging and embellishing it during her occupancy. The General's eldest son, another Sir Charles, and later Lord Stuart de Rothesay, though his profession entailed living abroad, appeared to have suffered an invincible *malaise* till he appeased his land-hunger by repurchasing Highcliffe from a Mr. Penleaze.

In the meantime it had been necessary to pull down Lord Bute's building, and a house of no pretension took its place, standing much farther back than the former building, but facing the incomparable view across the Bay, having the Needles in front, the entrance to the Solent on the left, to the right Christchurch Harbour, Hengistbury Head, and beyond the lovely outline of the Dorsetshire Hills. The sea breaks gently at the foot of the cliffs, for the Bay is shallow, except under the sheer white walls of the Island, and rough winds and

waves are intercepted by the headland which protects the western end, where the rivers Avon and Stour emerge from an almost land-locked harbour. A hundred and fifty years ago Highcliffe stood alone on the cliff, with not a building in sight except the still existing group of fishermen's houses, that thrust their sturdy walls to the edge of the water at the rivers' mouth. The little village of Mudeford is, and was then, within a couple of miles, but hidden by thick trees; even here there was but a summer population composed of a few fashionable ladies and their beaux, who would drive in their coaches along the wide stretch of sand that lies between sea and meadow.

The thought of Bournemouth was, as yet, far distant, and the summer visitors gone, Christchurch and Mudeford gave themselves up exclusively to fishing, smuggling, and the prosecution of hoary feuds.

Lord Stuart de Rothesay, towards the end of his life, devoted himself to contriving the present edifice, bringing to its completion all the treasures in stone, wood-carving, pictures, panellings, and furnishings that a long residence in France enabled him to acquire at a time when it was possible to buy such things at a reasonable cost.

The character of the exterior was determined by those portions brought from the Château des Andelys in Normandy, a Gothic building of great beauty, richly decorated with sculptured stone. French inside and out, the house seems to possess an exotic charm that expresses a compromise between France and Scotland, for Stuart pictures, Stuart coats of arms, Stuart belongings, recall the fact that it has been the home of a Scottish family for upwards of 150 years; after all, there has always been affinity between the two countries, since Charlemagne signed a Treaty of Friendship with King Achaius, and Mary wore both crowns.

In the following pages I have tried to put together from letters and papers found in the house the story of two lives: those of Lord Bute the third Earl, and of his son, General Sir Charles Stuart.

Lord Bute, once for a short time Prime Minister of England, has a place in history that demands re-examination, as for some unaccountable reason the unpopularity which poisoned his life, the prejudice from which he suffered during his public career, have pursued him till now, and hardly a voice has been raised to clear a character

that shines through the miasma of calumny, revealing itself as that of a singularly high-minded, disinterested man, whose qualities and cultivated intelligence deserved a better fate than was awarded him.

It is pitiable to realise that he was hounded out of office by a combination of malicious intrigue and ignorance, his health ruined, his peace of mind destroyed by a long campaign of envenomed prejudice, for which there was absolutely no justification.

Of Charles Stuart, the General, there is nothing to record that does not reflect honour and glory on a fine soldier, a chivalrous friend, a devoted son, husband and father. His career terminated prematurely at the age of forty-eight, and England lost in him one of those she could ill afford, his death occurring when she had most need of such gallant servants, men of the type of Nelson, Abercromby and Moore.

CHAPTER I

JOHN, THIRD EARL OF BUTE

JOHN STUART, third Earl of Bute, was born in Scotland; this, as it turned out, was unfortunate for him, as it was made the subject of reproach by his political opponents in after life—in fact, it constituted his first and unforgivable mistake, though Heaven knows he could not well help it, and to be a Stuart on one side and a Campbell on the other is nothing to be ashamed of across the Border. His mother was sister to that Duke of Argyle who, with his brother Lord Islay, practically ruled Scotland between them; in Pope's words he was—

> "Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the Senate and the Field."

In addition the great statesman was in private life the husband of plain Jane Warburton, and the hero of a romance which for pathos, charm, and humour is unsurpassed in the annals of the period, and loses nothing in the telling of it by his own great-niece, Lady Louisa Stuart. There never was so incongruous a couple, nor a more princely lover, for he endowed his Duchess not only with all his worldly goods but, in his imagination, with the high qualities which he himself possessed, and in which she was totally deficient.

The second Earl of Bute dying when his son was but ten years old, the lad grew up to manhood, except for his schooldays at Eton, his own master, though under the guardianship of his uncle Argyle. He and his brother James spent their holidays with their Campbell cousins, which led to James marrying one of them—namely, Lady Betty, a good, honest soul and a most comfortable wife. John fell in love with the daughter of one of the most remarkable women of her day, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose letters everyone has heard of and few have read. Lady Mary's own courtship had been a long-drawn-out and tedious affair ending

in elopement, but her youthful experience taught her nothing, and when Mr. Wortley Montagu* refused his paternal sanction to the marriage of his daughter with the Scottish Earl, Lady Mary turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of the young couple; so they eloped, and were married secretly. This was in 1736, Miss Wortley being then eighteen and the bridegroom twenty-three. Contrary to the parental expectations, the marriage was a very happy one, and a few years later Lady Mary seems to have convinced herself she had always known it would be so. Writing from Italy (her long exile from home, husband, and child had begun), her Ladyship, completely forgetting how violently they had both opposed her daughter's choice, says: "You give Lord Bute the character I have always believed him to possess from the first of our acquaintance, and the opinion I had of his honesty, which is the most essential quality, made me consent so easily to the match." Young Lady Bute was staying with Mr. Wortley in his Yorkshire home at the time, and the letter concludes—rather sadly—with the expression of the hope that her filial affection may afford her father pleasure: "She cannot have more [affection] than I have had—I wish only the success may be greater." Though Lady Mary and her husband kept up a regular and amicable correspondence with each other, they never met again after 1740.

Horace Walpole,† whose ill-natured gossip is the source from which posterity derives most of its knowledge of the intimate affairs of people of that day, remarks in his Memoirs that

Lord Bute, having no estates of his own, had passed his youth in studying mathematics and medicines in his own little Island, then simples in the hedges about Twickenham, and at the age of five and thirty had

* Edward Wortley Montagu's father, Sidney Montagu, second son of the first Earl of Sandwich, married Anne Newcomen, illegitimate daughter of Sir Francis Wortley, of Wortley, in Yorkshire. She inherited her father's estates on condition that her husband adopted the name of Wortley.

† Horace Walpole always wrote disparagingly of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and all her belongings. This was due to the fact that Lady Mary had protected Molly Skerret, the lady who was first the mistress, then second wife of his father, Sir Robert Walpole. Horace never forgave the slight on his mother, to whom he was devoted.

fallen in love with his own figure, which he produced at Masquerades in becoming costumes, and in plays which he acted in private with a set of his own relations.

It is true that John Stuart, being a rather unusually intelligent young man, did devote himself for the first ten years of his married life to country pursuits; it is also true that he carried the study of mathematics and science to a great degree of proficiency: besides these serious tastes, he cultivated a natural facility for acting and composing plays in verse and prose. That he was good-looking was undeniable—few men were better equipped to shine in society; and it is no wonder, therefore, that the young couple decided to emerge from their seclusion, and launch out into the world of fashion.

Their decision does not seem to have commended itself to the dreary humour of Mr. Wortley, who no doubt saw that the financial resources of his son-in-law would be strained thereby. (The old miser, who left a million and a half at his death, only gave his wife £1,200 a year for her entire establishment.) He writes to Lady Mary:

March 4, 1746.

Lord and Lady Bute came out of Scotland after she asked my opinion, which I gave against their coming. They chose to be at Twickenham without asking my opinion, and have for the year taken the house which used to be Mr. Stone's for £45 a year, which you will think cheap. She tells me they intend laying down their coach, and that Scotch estates bring in very little.

Lady Mary, commiserating with her daughter on her difficulties, philosophises thus:

Avignon, *March* 3, 1746.

I will not trouble you with a repetition of my concern for your uneasy situation, which does not touch me the less for having foreseen it many years ago; God's will be done! You have the blessing of happiness in your family, and I hope time will put your affairs in a better condition.

It is easily imagined that a youthful couple coming to town for the first time from the solitudes of the Island of Bute would fling themselves with all the ardour of

neophytes into the amusements of the day. They brought good looks, wit, and a capacity for enjoyment; they found a large family connection waiting to receive them with open arms, and a host of Lady Mary's friends and enemies ready to criticise and attack.

London society had always found food for gossip in the eccentricities of Pope's admirer, correspondent, and (later) antagonist; and though the lady had removed herself to the Continent, there was still material enough for innuendo in the reports that reached home from Venice, Gottolengo, and other foreign resorts.

Just now it was Lady Mary's son, Edward Wortley Montagu, who was providing the town tatlers with a topic to their liking, his extravagances, his mistresses, his dress, and his jewelry affording the matter for much feigned disapproval. In spite of disqualifications which might have been accounted considerable enough to have rendered him ineligible for Parliament, this young roué had just been put in for Huntingdon, a borough of which his uncle Lord Sandwich had the disposal, and again owing to the same influence, was later appointed to that nobleman's staff on an embassy to Paris (1748).

All his father's influence was exerted to get Edward away from his discreditable surroundings, and in 1745 he succeeded in obtaining for him a post with the army serving in Flanders. He was present, in the capacity of A.D.C. to General Sinclair, at the Battle of Fontenoy, and describes his experience:

May 15, 1745.

Since H.R.H. [the Duke of Cumberland] has thought proper to appoint me to assist General Sinclair [*sic*] in doing his duty as Qm. Gen., this is the first moment I have had to myself, and I can't let it slip, for we may perhaps march in an hour or two, and God knows when I shall have another opportunity. We always go to reconnoitre before the Army, and then regulate the March rout, and afterwards march again before the Army to mark out the camp, by which means we are continually on horse-back.

Yesterday as soon as we came to this ground, before we marked out our camp we were alarmed by a few shots, upon which Gen. Sinclair sent me to reconnoitre, so I went to the spot where the firing came from, and found

some of our Houssards exchanging shots at about 16 yards distance with the French Pandoures. I only stayed, as I had no business there, long enough to know as well as I could their number. However, I saw some execution done.

We continued firing at one another the whole day; we lost 3 Houssards, the enemy a Captain and more than 20 dead, and 5 prisoners. We see very plainly the French camp, not above a mile and a half from ours, but there is a wood between us, it will render the attack difficult. However, we expect an action hourly. In the meantime we have continual skirmishes.

Monday morning, H.R.H. thought proper to go himself to reconnoitre, and the whole day passed in skirmishes between our Houssards and their Pandoures.

H.R.H. was everywhere in the thick of the action, with all the coolness of an old General. I was the whole day pretty near him, and he seemed not dissatisfied with my conduct; you may depend upon what I say, for I acted as A.D.C. to General Sinclair, who commanded the 2nd Line; I saw everything that passed, and was always in the heat of the action. Our old officers say there was never such hot work except at Malplaquet. The cannonading began at 5 a.m. and never ceased till 2 ocl. in the afternoon, and really there was horrid slaughter on both sides.

We have lost a most prodigious number of officers, amongst others General Ponsonby, whose head was shot off, as I saw many hundreds. For my own part I was twice dismounted by the cannon, but got my horse again. I received a shot in my clothes and had my shoulder notch shot off, but had no other hurt than a contusion in my back from the two falls I got. Our loss may be 5000 at the worst.

Lady Mary on receipt of this circumstantial account of her son's military exploits appears to have expressed some doubts as to its veracity, and reiteration follows:

LIÉGE, *July* 17, 1745.

If my letters appear equivocal and obscure, I assure you it is not what I intend; I hope you have a better

opinion of me than to think me capable of the first, and if I do not explain myself clearly 'tis not my fault, for I really attempt it. When the shots clattered on my furniture behind me, and against my pistols before me, some were, I suppose, partly spent, and some might come in such a direction, that as the furniture is always in motion, they might only glance off it. That they did not harm me is most certain, to my great satisfaction.

When I mention having attempted to rally some battalions, they had had some officers killed, and many more carried off wounded, and those employed in rallying them were but few whom I assisted. As to being thrown by a cannon-ball, when I heard a shot clattering my furniture, my horse reared, and I thought him wounded, so lest he should fall upon me, I got my feet as soon as I could out of the stirrups, so that I was not fast on horse-back, yet I believe I should not have fallen if a cannon-ball had not come so near me. When I got up I was a good deal stunned, either by my fall or the wind of the cannon-ball, the ball was so near me that everyone was surprised to see me alive.

I have writ to the Duke of Montagu and Lord Granville, but have not expatiated on my behaviour.

Notwithstanding this explanation, Lady Mary writes to her husband:

AVIGNON, 1745.

If I could depend on his relation, I should hope that his behaviour would in some measure re-establish his character, but as I have too long an experience of his vain way of talking of himself, I do not much regard what he says on any subject. I have heard the wind of a cannon-ball will dismount a man, and that may be his meaning, tho' it is possible it may be entirely invented. However, it is something that he has not behaved himself as ill as several of the French. Here are two men of quality in this neighbourhood who ran away while their Companies fought. As regards Lord Bute and my daughter's coming to Town, it may be owing to the advice of the Duke of Argyle. It was a maxim of

Sir R. Walpole's that whoever expected advancement should appear much in public. He used to say, whoever neglected the world, would be neglected by it, tho' I believe more families have been ruined by that method than raised by it.

The conduct of young Wortley is of interest to the Butes' story, as the scandal of it increasing as the years went by induced his father to disinherit so graceless a son and leave the whole of his very considerable fortune to his daughter, Lady Bute.

In February, 1751, Horace Walpole writes to his friend Horace Mann:

Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary's son, whose adventures have made so much noise; his expense is incredible! His Father scarce allows him anything, yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to shoe-buckles, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress is an iron wig, which he brought from Paris, you would not know it from hair!—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body.

For once Walpole's account was not an exaggeration. Young Wortley was said to walk, what with his buckles and his buttons, worth £2,500. In the course of the year 1748 he went through the form of marriage with a Miss Ashe, who figures in Walpole's letters under the nickname of Pollard Ashe, and later went with her and some of his boon companions to Paris, where he had further adventures and narrowly escaped being put in jail.

After his father's death in 1761 Edward Wortley started for the East (where he had begun life, for as a baby he had accompanied his parents to Constantinople, and was the first English child to be inoculated with smallpox, a custom prevalent amongst the Turks). Here he conformed to Turkish habits and the Mahomedan religion. He contracted marriage with various women, a Nubian amongst others, and had a miscellaneous progeny. In 1775 he wandered through Italy, and in the course of his travels made the acquaintance

of the artist Romney, who painted a fine portrait of him in Turkish costume. In 1776 news reached him of the death of his legitimate wife, and he started home with the idea that by a second and regular marriage he might have an heir to inherit the Wortley estates on his sister's demise. However, he died *en route* at Padua, but just at this moment there appeared in the public print an advertisement which gossip attributed to the recently deceased. The advertiser described himself as heir to large estates, and anxious to meet with a lady already enceinte, who would join him in Italy without loss of time. If this was indeed Edward Wortley's plan for providing himself with an heir, it is fortunate that a splintered chicken-bone defeated the nefarious scheme.

To return to the menage from Rothesay.

It was a source of great satisfaction to Lady Mary that her daughter should take her part in that society of which she herself had been such a conspicuous member; she writes to Lady Bute:

BRESCIA, *Aug.* 18, 1747.

We are both properly placed in regard to our respective different times of life; you amidst the fair, the gallant and the gay—I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. . . . I confess that I sometimes wish for a little conversation, but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hopes that can reasonably be indulged in at my age. I am glad you are well diverted and are admitted to the conversation of the Prince and Princess; it is a favour you ought to cultivate for the good of your family, which is now so numerous.

To Mr. Wortley she writes:

LOUVERE, *July* 17, 1748.

My daughter's conduct justifies the opinion I always had of her understanding; I do not wonder at her being well received in sets of company different from one another, having myself preserved a long intimacy with the Duchesses of Marlborough and Montagu; tho' they were at open war, and perpetually talking of their grievances, I believe they were both sensible I never betrayed either of them. What I think so extraordinary

is that my daughter continues so long agreeable to Lord Bute; his brother telling me, the last time I saw him, that Lord Bute frequently said among his friends that he was as much in love with his wife as before his marriage.

In the early part of 1748 the Butes and their friends gave a performance of Young's play "The Revenge," the rôle of Alonzo being taken by Lord Bute, the rest of the company being supplied from amongst the numerous members of the Argyle and Stuart clans, the Campbell cousins—the "shrieking sisters," as they were called—being much to the fore; *i.e.*, Lady Dalkeith, Lady Betty, and Lady Mary Coke, whose marriage had taken place the year before, and for an account of whose egregious matrimonial adventures the curious are referred to the description of them so graphically told by her niece, Lady Louisa Stuart.

The young Duchess of Queensberry, another cousin, was the leading spirit amongst the *jeunesse* of the day, and a play called "The Orphan," by Otway, was produced under her stage-management at Queensberry House (No. 9, Burlington Gardens), with Lord Bute acting the part of Castalio; this was so successful that it was repeated three times, and a fourth time, in order that the Prince of Wales might see it.

Society was at that time divided into two camps—those who paid their court at St. James's to the reigning Monarch, and those who frequented Leicester House, where the Prince and Princess of Wales drew round them the younger and more intelligent of the community. The Butes, being among the "gallant and the gay," very naturally formed part of the Leicester House circle, and the story of their introduction is as follows:

His Royal Highness was one day watching a game of cricket at Cliveden, when the rain came down and temporarily stopped the play. A resourceful Equerry suggested cards, and looking round for a suitable person to make up the royal table, found Lord Bute, who was invited to make a fourth. This was the first time the young Scottish nobleman had been brought to the unofficial notice of the heir to the throne, and the triviality of the occasion betrayed nothing of the momentousness of the incident.

That game of cards had its influence on English

history, since it was through the intimacy thus begun and the friendship established between Bute and the family at Leicester House that the future George III. came under the influence of the man who certainly helped to form his character and his ideas on kingship. That these ideas were contrary to the interests of the Whig faction very soon became evident to the leading Whig statesmen, hence their resentment at Bute's position in the Prince of Wales's establishment. When the Scottish "outsider" became, eventually, Prime Minister and the Whig oligarchy was overthrown, their detestation turned into persecution. Leicester House, the home of Frederick and Augusta of Wales, was the meeting-ground for those who viewed with distaste the entourage of George II., whose Court, nominally presided over by Princess Amelia, was in fact rendered disreputable by the presence of the King's mistress, Madame de Walmoden, or, to give her her English title, Countess of Yarmouth. The dullness exceeded the indecorum, and Kensington compared unfavourably, in every respect, with the Opposition centre. The antagonism existing between the reigning Sovereign and his heir extended to the following of each, and bred animosities and jealousies that could not fail to have a disastrous effect on the affairs of the nation. Frederick and his Consort may have been undistinguished, but they, at any rate, led an existence that counteracted to a certain extent the loose morality of a corrupt age. They were unaffectedly fond of each other and of their children, to whom they devoted more attention than was customary in the traditions of the Hanoverian dynasty. They cultivated the society of intelligent people, and pursued interests of a respectable character; in fact, the propriety of Leicester House was its salient feature, and irreproachable gaiety the note of its entertainments.

The introduction of the Bute couple into this *milieu* added a freshness and a variety that stimulated the royal pair, and mitigated the somewhat awful constraint of German etiquette thought indispensable by the Princess. Augusta, diffident, shy, and undemonstrative, thawed visibly, and turned gratefully to the man who had so completely won her husband's regard, and treated her with sympathetic deference. In the richness of his interests, in the warmth of his enthusiasms, in the genuineness of his character, she found an atmosphere that mitigated the stiffness, which, like

armour, precluded the penetration of any idea not recognised by protocol.

Play-acting was a favourite pastime, but to the credit of the Prince, it was made a means of education for the royal children, and to the training received from the actor Quin, George III. owed much of the dignity and command of language that, in later years, distinguished his public manner and utterances. Not only manner but matter was considered, and in collaboration the Prince and his friend composed plays and verses embodying patriotic sentiments that impressed themselves on the minds of the youthful performers. It is interesting to note that to the eldest of the Princes fell a rôle in which some lines occurred that, remaining in his memory, very probably suggested that celebrated "interpolation" in the young King's first speech in Parliament, "Born and bred in this country, I glory in the name of Britain."

One of the best-liked country resorts of their Royal Highnesses was Kew, where each junior member of the family had a strip of ground and cultivated it. Here Bute's predilections had full swing, and the idea of developing the gardens along scientific lines, and making them the headquarters of botanical research for the British Empire, originated with him, and was pushed forward with all the energy of an enthusiast and an expert.

In later years, in the days of her widowhood, Princess Augusta found occupation and distraction in botanical pursuits, and aided by John Stuart, she added to the collection at Kew, and planted many of the trees that still exist there, notably the fine maidenhair-tree (*ginko*), and a diospyros near the Temple of the Sun, which with other treasures were probably brought from the garden of the Duke of Argyle at Hounslow.

In 1751 Lord Bute was made Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales—an appointment that, however, lasted only a few months, for the same year his royal master died after a short illness, his prospects of a throne defeated by a cricket-ball! "Fritz ist todt," said King George II. to the Countess of Yarmouth, with whom he was playing cards when the news of his son's death was brought him, and without further comment left the room.

* * * * *

Fritz's death broke up the social life of Leicester House; the Princess, overwhelmed by the responsibility of her

numerous family, withdrew almost entirely from the world, condemning herself and her children to a life of conventual seclusion. Lord Bute had himself been ill at the time of Frederick's death, and had returned to his Scottish home with his family.

Lady Mary writes to her daughter:

April 2, 1751.

I am sorry for the uneasiness you are under on account of Ld. Bute's health, tho' I hope it was over long before I received the news of it. I wish you many years of continuance of the happiness you possess in one another. It is what sweetens all the accidents of life, and can be made up for by no other advantage where it is wanting. I dare swear you have examples among your acquaintance to convince you that the greatest affluence of fortune is but splendid wretchedness where there is no satisfaction at home.

The education and upbringing of her eldest son was causing the Princess of Wales deep anxiety. Dismayed by the appointment of Lord Waldegrave, a man of worthless character, as Governor to the Heir Apparent, she determined to counteract the evil influence by a wholesome one, and appealed to Lord Bute to come to her assistance and advise in the matter.

Augusta had to face much opposition in turning thus to a Scotsman for help, his nationality causing him to be viewed with dislike. As a man, no one had a word to say against him; even Lord Chesterfield, no partisan of Leicester House, acknowledged "that the Earl had honour, honesty, and good intentions." Another testimony to his worth comes from a Mr. Dutens, a well-known literary man of that day; he says:

I never knew anyone with whom one could converse so long in *tête-à-tête* without being tired; his knowledge was so extensive, and consequently his conversation so varied, that one thought oneself in the company of several persons, with the advantage of being sure of an even temper in a man whose goodness, politeness, and attention were never wanting towards those he lived with.

The Prince's mother had to withstand more than unpopularity when she continued to retain in the Royal

Household the man whom she considered fit to assist her in moulding the character of the future King. With all the bitterness of an uneradicated prejudice, the Englishman of the day hesitated not to keep alive the ill-feeling between his own country and Scotland, and because John Stuart belonged to the Northern half of the United Kingdom, they said the worst they could of him, spreading the rumour that improper relations existed between him and the Princess—a like insult has never been hurled at a more defenceless woman, since Margaret of Scotland, wife of the Dauphin of France, died of a broken heart under the same groundless accusation.

If there was one thing more than another that endeared George III. to his people (and without doubt George did establish himself in the affections of his subjects) it was his *goodness*, a moral rectitude that redeemed the man, the husband, and the King, and was perhaps the greatest factor in preserving the Monarchy when threatened with the same revolutionary spirit that overturned the Throne of France.

That he owed his religious notions and firm principles to his mother is beyond question, and he himself once told Hannah More as much. Her influence over him was potent for good, and that she was able to maintain it in spite of the low standard of morality in society, speaks wonders for the woman everyone derided and insulted; Bute stood by her from a sentiment of chivalry, and in doing so, unfortunately exposed himself and her to the gossip of such scandal-mongers as Horace Walpole, a man whose *mêtier* it was to provide his friends and acquaintances with sensational tales.

In October, 1756, the Earl was made Groom of the Stole to the young Prince, an office which he still held when the death of George II. brought his grandson from the background into the most envied position amongst world-rulers. Mr. Wortley imparted the gratifying news to his wife in the letter that follows:

Jan., 1757.

I have now something to mention that I believe will be agreeable to you. I mean some particulars relating to my Lord Bute, which you have not learned from the public prints, or from our Minister at Venice. His attendance at Leicester House, where the young Prince has resided ever since his Father's death, continued

without intermission till new officers were to be placed about him; it is said that another person was designed to be Groom of the Stole, but that the Prince's earnest request was complied with in my Lord's favour. It is supposed that the governors and preceptors that were before about him are now laid aside, and that my Lord is his principal adviser. It is not easy to express how well bred and reasonable the young Prince always appears at his public Levée every Thursday, and all other occasions. The King of France and Empress of Germany always shew themselves to great advantage, and this young Prince's behaviour is equal to that of either of them. He is supposed to know the true state of this country, and to have the best inclination to do all in his power to make it flourish.

Congratulations came from mother to daughter on hearing of her son-in-law's appointment.

Nov. 23, 1756.

Lord Bute has attained his new situation by a very uncommon road; I mean an acknowledged probity and honour. I have but one short instruction (pardon the word) to give on his account; that he will never forget that the real interest of Prince and people cannot be divided, and are almost as closely united as that of soul and body. I shall only repeat the Turkish maxim, which I think includes all that is necessary in Court life: "Caress the Favourite, avoid the unfortunate, and TRUST NOBODY!"

Unfortunately Lady Mary's wise hint was not followed; John Stuart, relying on his own integrity, acted too naïvely, and trusted that others would think no wrong where none existed. Realising that too frequent visits to Carlton House (where the Princess now resided with her younger children) would attract attention, he directed that his sedan-chair should await him at the side entrance. A fatal error of judgment, and one which could only be perpetrated by a man totally unversed in habits of intrigue. The public seized on the incident, and henceforth, when the London "gamin" was in the mood for an evening's entertainment, they would burn effigies

of the Princess and "Jackboot" together, and scurrilous newspapers exploited the inference for all it was worth.

However, the virulence of popular defamation did not attain its worst proportions till party politicians fanned the spark into a flame, and that was to come later. In the meantime Bute quietly and unostentatiously continued to direct the studies of the young Prince, reading with him the (as yet unpublished) Commentaries of Blackstone, discussing Bolingbroke's theories of government, and impressing on him that nothing justifies the pursuit of renown at the expenditure of blood and treasure, if the welfare of the people has to be sacrificed in order to achieve it. George's earnestness and patriotism are expressed in words that do credit to a young man of twenty, when he wrote to Bute after the defeat of General Abercromby at Ticonderoga:

I fear that this check will prevent Abercromby's pushing on to Crown Point, but in this, as in everything else, I rely entirely on Providence and the gallant spirit of my countrymen. Continuing to trust in that superior help, I make no doubt that if I mount this Throne I shall still, by restoring the love of virtue and religion, make this country great and happy.

There is an unsubstantiated story told of how the Prince and his mentor made a tour of Scotland, travelling incognito, and visiting all the chief cities of North Britain. That the expedition did take place is not at all unlikely, and that it should be kept secret only proves how far from cordial were the feelings entertained between the peoples united under one Crown. While there remained suspicion on the one hand, and resentment on the other, the official fact of unity counted for little in the modification of sentiments based on mutual misunderstandings.

No one was to be more the victim of this misunderstanding than the Prince's companion, and it must have been with a prescience of this disadvantage that he sought to give his future Sovereign, the King of Great Britain, an insight into the Northern portion of his dominions.

CHAPTER II

THE YOUNG KING

News of his grandfather's death reached George, Prince of Wales, on the morning of October 25, 1760, as he was leaving Kew Palace to ride into London; he turned round and went back. Shortly after, there drove up to the door a coach-and-six, with menservants in the livery of the Pitt family; out of the coach stepped Mr. William Pitt, Secretary of State, and saluted his new master.

Like Louis XIV., the Great Commoner might have said: "L'Etat c'est moi," for it was he who for the last four years had played the part of dictator. George II. might call himself King; Newcastle could pretend to be first Minister of the Crown, do all the jobbing, and distribute all the patronage—Pitt cared not what title others had as long as *he* held the real power, and that was his. Under his guidance the kingdom had rapidly developed into an Empire; his was the inspiration, the vision and the faith, though even these would not have sufficed without the co-operation of another master-mind—England's ally, Frederick the Great of Prussia; or, again, without the wonderful band of sailors and soldiers who carried the British flag and planted it on fortress after fortress in far-off seas, and over the length and breadth of continents.

No departmental chief has ever been better served by soldiers and seamen, and it was the combination of policy and action that ensured the successful issue of Pitt's plans, with the result that from the lowest ebb of her fortunes England was retrieved and set on high among the nations. Pitt planned—and Clive in India, Wolfe in Canada, Frederick and Ferdinand in Europe, Rodney, Hawke, Boscawen, and Saunders at sea, plucked Victory from the jaws of disaster, establishing the prestige of England at a height she had never reached before. "The Romans," said Horace Walpole, "conquered the world, but they were 300 years about it; we subdue the globe in three

campaigns, and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their time!"

It was glorious, but the cost was heavy, not only in expenditure of money—the National Debt had nearly doubled itself in a few years—but in human life, the loss of which was reckless; happily one cannot realise the conditions under which men in the Army and Navy fought, suffered, and died in those "heroic days." To the citizens of London the war was a splendid thing and Pitt the idol of the public, so intoxicated were the stay-at-homes with the news of victories that reached them every morning at breakfast-time.

As they drove from the quiet garden-surrounded Palace at Kew to Savile House in London, both men—the young, inexperienced one, and the Minister, whose strenuous duties had made an old man of him at sixty—must have been mentally sizing each other up as antagonists in a fight for supremacy. The Secretary of State, after a long period of discipline, had reduced the late King to a strictly constitutional position, and had made himself master of the destinies of the British people—could he continue to play the same predominant rôle in the new régime?

The young man at his side had his own ideas on the subject. It is certain that no Prince ever ascended a throne with a clearer sense of duty or with higher aspirations for his people's welfare than did George III., whose kingdom came to him at an age when it was natural to dream dreams, and forecast for himself the part of a patriot King. He was made of good stuff—not very malleable, perhaps, but warranted to wear well, capable of bearing a strain, and sound through and through. In the days to come he showed that he could set aside his personal inclinations for what he believed was for his subjects' good, and on three occasions he did considerable violence to his feelings, when he renounced marriage with one he loved, submitted to his mother's exclusion from the Regency, and allowed himself to be deprived of his friend.

On arrival at Savile House, the King granted an interview to the Prime Minister, Newcastle. This nobleman was ushered into the Presence by Lord Bute, in accordance with the functions of his office as Groom of the Stole, but the Duke was made uneasy by evidences of the King's confidence in the Earl, and seemed to see in

the royal manner cause for alarm in regard to his own position.

A Privy Council followed, and here Pitt took fright; His Majesty's speech, admirable in form and substance, had been prepared by himself, and there was an allusion to "an expensive, but just and necessary war," coupled with a hope for a speedy and honourable peace, that offended the susceptibilities of the great War Minister.

Bute was sworn a Member of the Privy Council.

On November 18, 1760, the Monarch opened Parliament, the occasion being made one of great splendour and public rejoicing.

The Speech from the Throne contained a paragraph and an interpolation that rang like a challenge, embodying the patriotic ideals that for sixty years were the characteristic aspirations of the Sovereign, during whose reign Great Britain was to pass through the fiery tests of revolution and war; and stressing very markedly the King's "glory in the name of Britain."

The Whigs listened to the speech with hardly suppressed emotions, anxiety predominating. An emancipated King did not suit their programme at all; having made the Government of the country for many years past the monopoly of a few families, they wished for nothing better than a continuance of such a happy state of things. Already they sensed danger, and attributed to the influence of the Princess of Wales and the "Favourite" the regretable exuberance of their new ruler; the word was passed round that "the Lord and his Anointed"—a phrase applied (later) by Lord Chesterfield—must be stoutly opposed. Matters began to look more serious for the "old Gang" when it became clear that there were two things the King was determined on—first peace, and then freedom from Whig tyranny. As an initial step towards both, Lord Bute was appointed Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet, *vice* Lord Holdernesse. Instantly the cry was raised: "No Scotch Minister"—"No petticoat Government," and, once started, the senseless clamour flew like fire amongst stubble, inflaming the anti-Jacobite feelings of the mob, fanning into a blaze the bitterness of party faction between those who should and did know better.

How little the object of this attack cared for office is shown by the following letter:

Lord Bute to Lord Holdernesse.

March 12, 1761.

I never took up pen with more anxiety in my life than now, when I have to write on the most delicate subject, attended with the most singular circumstances: the stepping into another man's office is of all things to me most disagreeable—how much more so when it belongs to one for whom I have a real respect and esteem. Yet in this odious light I must appear at present.

Soon after the Demise, the King, too partial to my poor services, insisted for several weeks upon my taking the Secretary's Office. I then used every argument to show in how much better hands the Seals were placed, how much more useful I could be in a private line, how infinitely more agreeable to myself. I prevailed. His Majesty has revived the idea and has insisted ever since, and that at last, and in such a manner that in spite of all the difficulties I opposed, the earnest representations I made, duty and gratitude forced me to submit to what I could not help.

I declare to your Lordship, from the bottom of my heart, that the displacing you was a sufficient reason to make me dislike the office, but further I will own that of all the Departments in the Kingdom 'tis, at this juncture, the one I have the least inclination for. In this situation, my Lord, condolence suits me better than congratulation, and I venture to affirm your Lordship leaves it not with half the regret that I receive it.*

* * * * *

Not matters of State alone absorbed the attention of England's youthful Sovereign. He was in love, and deeply, with a beautiful and attractive girl belonging to the highest aristocracy. Lady Sarah Lennox, sister-in-law to that arch intriguer, Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, would have graced any throne if looks and charm were the qualifications needed, and there is no doubt that in turning away from the temptation of

* Holdernesse was compensated for the loss of his office with £4,000 a year, and the reversion of the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports.

making her his Consort, George acted as he conceived best in the interests of the Crown, and in spite of his own predilections.

In this matter he certainly listened to his mother, and to his friend and adviser, who put before His Majesty the letter of a young Princess addressed to Frederick, King of Prussia, suggesting that the writer of it was worthy to be Queen of England.

Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the daughter of a minor German royal house, was then just nineteen years of age, but though young, insignificant, and inexperienced, she had made a powerful appeal in writing to that hardened soldier and statesman Frederick the Great, imploring him to put an end to the war which had now been waged for seven years.

She drew a poignant picture of the misery her countrymen were suffering; the devastation, poverty, and distress prevalent in other countries wherever armies had marched and war had seared the face of the soil with its destructive fires. The letter did credit to a heart and mind such as are not always the products of a Court, and George was quick to recognise its merits and the courage that prompted a young girl's effort to help the victims of "state-craft."

A mission was sent to Pyrmont, and after due preliminaries Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came to England and to London, escorted by two of the most magnificent Duchesses of the English Court. It is said that George winced when he saw his homely little bride, but he was too kind-hearted to think of comparing her with the brilliant Lady Sarah, and showed her the utmost attention. Chivalrous regard soon deepened into affection.

In the meantime negotiations were opened with France and peace conditions discussed; very little progress was made, however, owing to the haughty attitude taken by Pitt. "The King," wrote Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke, "seems every day more offended with Mr. Pitt, and plainly wants to get rid of him at all events." The rift widened and the split became inevitable. On October 5, 1761, the Great Commoner resigned, accepting a pension for himself and a Peerage for his wife. He had been "the people's Minister," he announced, and could not remain member of a Cabinet where his opinion was overruled. Not content with the *beau geste* of outraged majesty, Pitt encouraged

the public to raise its voice against peace and the "Court Party," stooping even to use that disreputable demagogue John Wilkes as a fomenter of disturbance amongst the ignorant masses of the streets.

Taking advantage of the State visit paid by the King and Queen to the City on Lord Mayor's Day, Pitt joined in the procession, and deliberately made a bid for popular attention by the ostentatious shabbiness of his equipage. The mob gave him a riotous ovation, whilst Bute's coach was nearly wrecked and the occupants were compelled to return home in an inconspicuous hackney carriage.

The ex-Minister believed that the King's chief adviser was responsible for the situation that brought about his resignation, yet he could write the following letter, which for servility it would be hard to beat:

Mr. Pitt to Lord Bute.

Oct. 6, 1761.

I have not words to express the sentiments of veneration and gratitude with which I receive the unbounded effects of beneficence and grace, which the most benign of Sovreigns has condescended to bestow on me and those most dear to me. Your Lordship will not wonder if the sensations which possess my breast refuse me the power of describing their extent, and leave me only the power to beg your Lordship will be so good as to lay me and Lady Hester at the feet of H.M., and to offer for us to His Majesty the genuine tribute of the truly feeling heart, which I will dare to hope the same Royal benevolence which showers on the unmeritorious such unlimited benefits may deign to accept with equal condescension and goodness!

Bute fully realised how unpopular he was; writing to Bubb Doddington, now Lord Melcombe, one of the Leicester House intimates, he says:

Lord Bute to Lord Melcombe.

I sigh for Peace, but will not sue for it; not out of pride, or from motives of self-preservation (tho' both might without dishonour be urged) but from a thorough conviction that begging it from France is not the way to procure it.

Indeed, my Lord, my situation, at all times perilous, is become more so, for I am no stranger to the language held in this great city: "Our Darling's resignation is due to Lord Bute, who might have prevented it with the King." All this keeps up my attention, strengthens my mind without alarming it, and not only whispers caution, but steadiness and resolution.

Instead of peace, the renewal of the war was made inevitable by the hostility of Spain, and being declared, was prosecuted with commendable vigour, in spite of those who maintained that without the veteran War Minister England could not hope for success. Early in the year 1762, Martinique was captured; Grenada, St. Vincent, and Santa Lucia were taken; Havana succumbed after a siege of two months.

With successes like these to the credit of the Government, it was decided to discontinue the large subsidy paid to Prussia for military purposes, and to press forward negotiations with France. Newcastle opposed the withdrawal of the subsidy, the Cabinet stood firm, and he was compelled to resign, May 25, 1762. George accepted the Prime Minister's resignation with equanimity, and prevailed on Lord Bute to take the vacant post with the office of First Lord of the Treasury.

Bute's consent to serve in that capacity was conditional on his being allowed to leave as soon as peace was made, and no doubt need or can be entertained as to the genuineness of his reluctance. Devotion to the will of his Sovereign could alone induce a man, circumstanced as he was, to undertake such onerous duties in the face of the persecution he had been exposed to. Existence for him was poisoned by the most odious of all libels—by attacks on his honour, on his nationality, on his disinterestedness, on all he was and said and did. If ever there was a man to whom "the sweets of office" presented few attractions it was John Stuart, Earl of Bute, on whom fate was lavishing so many gifts that private, not public, life offered most allurement.

"Have you heard," Horace Walpole asks George Montagu, "what riches old Wortley has left? One Million three hundred thousand Pounds! It is all to centre in Lady Bute. Her husband is one of fortune's prodigies!" In another epistle he enlarges: "Old Avidien

is dead, worth a Million and a half; he gives £1,000 a year for life to his son, not to descend to any children he may have by his many wives, to Lady Mary £1,200 a year, the rest to Lady Bute, who is one of the best and most sensible women in the world; who educated by such a Mother, or rather with no education at all, has never made a false step."

The same indefatigable chronicler of fashionable intelligence informs Horace Mann in August, 1761, "that the great Prince of the coal-pits, Sir James Lowther, marries the eldest Infanta of the adjoining coal-pits [at Wortley], Lord Bute's daughter, Lady Mary; you will allow this Earl is a fortunate man, the late King, old Wortley, and the Duke of Argyle all dying in a year, and his daughter married to such an immense fortune. He certainly behaves with great moderation, and nobody has had reason to complain of him." This from Horace Walpole was high praise.

Indeed, it does not happen to many men in the same year to become Prime Minister (however reluctantly), to lose a father-in-law and gain a million and a half, to acquire as a son-in-law one of the richest and most influential men in the kingdom, and to have his wife raised to the Peerage* in her own right (as Baroness Mountstuart of Wortley). In addition, more precious than all, to possess happiness at home and the capacity of enjoying many and varied pursuits.

King George's affection for him is evidenced by the tone of the following communications, taken from amongst the vast number of daily notes that passed between the Minister and his Royal Master; neither are dated, but they obviously belong to the early part of Bute's Prime Ministership. The first shows how strongly George felt in regard to the Ministers of the previous reign.

George III. to Lord Bute.

Ten thousand thanks, for my dearest Friend's kind enquiries after me; the heats came out on Saturday, but by keeping warm and avoiding the open and night air it is retiring, but not too hastily. It has prevented my

* This Peerage was conferred on Lady Bute in consideration of her father's services to the State and the large landed interests she inherited from him in Yorkshire.

getting the fashionable fever, for except that, I have had the Symptoms this week.

After these thanks I cannot help returning many more for the spirit of the rest of the letter. I never doubted but when my dear Friend was once embarked that spirit would attend him. We are equally engaged in honour to overturn this pernicious, and I may say treasonable language! I will rather lose my life than yield to them; 'tis not passion, but honour and self-liberty that stimulates to destroy these flagrant men. But more when we meet.

George III. to Lord Bute.

Tho' I confess 'tis troublesome to one who is out of order to be constantly attacked by enquiries after him, yet I cannot help desiring to know how my dearest Friend finds himself this morning.*

Such was the position of one who fifteen years previously had been unknown outside his immediate family, and had in so short a time achieved the highest office in the State, won the confidence and affection of his Sovereign, and now saw himself possessed of wealth enough to gratify every wish the heart of man could conceive; for a million and a half in those days was an even more considerable fortune than in these modern times.

It seems that Lady Bute had been disposed to make up to her brother for the inequality of her father's will, but was besought by her mother not to be so quixotically generous. It is pathetic to realise how cruelly Lady Mary must have suffered from her son's misconduct to induce her to take this inexorable line towards one whom in his youth she idolised.

* Both above letters come from the Earl of Harrowby's collection of unpublished MS.

CHAPTER III

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

Mr. Wortley's death brought his widow home from her long sojourn abroad. She notified her daughter of her return:

Nov. 20, 1761.

I am dragging my ragged remnant of life to England, but wind and tide are against me; how far I have strength to struggle against them I know not. I heartily wish you may close my eyes, but to say the truth, I would not have it happen immediately and should be glad to see my other Grand-daughters as happily married as Lady Mary. I hope you have my letter in which I wish you joy of so advantageous a match. I am told here that Lady Jane is disposed of; I may not perhaps be at her wedding, but I flatter myself with the view of seeing Lady Anne's.

To a friend, Sir James Steuart, for whom she was endeavouring to obtain some concession, Lady Mary writes on the eve of her departure from Venice:

Tho' I am preparing for my last and longest journey, and stand on the threshold of this dirty world, my several infirmities, like post-horses, ready to hurry me away, I cannot be insensible to the happiness of my native country, and am glad to see the prospect of prosperity and harmony that I never was witness to before.

It is possible my daughter may have some partiality; the character of his present Majesty needs be only half so perfect, as she describes it to be such a Monarch as has never existed save in romances. I hope my friends will be included in the public joy, and I shall always think of Sir James and Lady Fanny in the front rank of those I would wish to serve.

The return of the eccentric Lady Mary was too good a chance of gossip to be missed by Horace Walpole, who thus describes the heroine of so many adventures, whom he found safely towed into harbour in Great George Street:

Jan. 29, 1762.

I went last night to visit Lady Mary, and I give you my word of honour, tho' you who know her so well will credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black lace hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of it. No handkerchief, but up to her chin an old horse-man's riding coat, made of a dark green brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs, a foul dimity petticoat sprigged, velvet muffeteens on her arms, and grey stockings and slippers.

Her face changed less in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she need have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ears. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. With nothing but an Italian, a French and a Prussian, all men-servants and something she called an old secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, who go to do her homage as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so diverted that she could not speak for laughing.

Another account of this strange personality is given by her relation by marriage, Mrs. Montagu, the Blue-Stocking, and rival of earlier days. She says:

We have lately returned to us from Italy, a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in preserving it. She does not

look older than when she went abroad, has more than the vivacity of fifteen, and the memory which is perhaps unique. I visited her because her cousin and mine were cousins german, tho' she has not any foolish partiality for her husband or his relations.

I was very graciously received, and you may imagine entertained by one, who neither thinks, speaks nor acts like anyone else. Her " domestick " is made up of all nations, and when you get into her drawing-room you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door, he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her Ladyship's presence you have changed your name five times without an Act of Parliament.

The subject* of all this curiosity died in August of this same year 1762, her last months embittered by the infamous behaviour of her son, who, she told him, had shortened his father's life, and would have the glory of breaking his mother's heart.

Were one to philosophise over the transiency of human happiness, one might take Lady Mary's career as an illustration of how quickly disillusion follows on the dreams of youth; she eloped with a lover only to find that as a husband his passion had flickered out in a couple of years; handsome, witty, and well-born, she was as a young woman the brightest ornament of a Court, the recognised queen of literary society, but only to discover that courtiers and poets share at any rate one quality—namely, jealousy, the dissolvent of friendship. She lavished her affections on a son who outraged every law

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died August 21, 1762, being then in her seventy-fourth year, and was buried in Grosvenor Chapel. In 1789 a cenotaph was erected to her memory by Mrs. Henrietta Inge in the Cathedral at Lichfield. The inscription commemorates her introduction of inoculation.

Her diaries she bequeathed to her daughter, Lady Bute, who, with more discretion than perspicacity, destroyed them at the end of her own life. They would have made good reading.

In accordance with her own advice to her friends, her correspondence with many of them survives. " Keep them," she said; " they will be as valuable as Madame de Sévigné's "—a prediction that has been justified.

of decency, honesty, and propriety. Thus embittered by her experience in every relation of life, she exiled herself from all former connections, and spent twenty-two years wandering about amongst strangers. "I came into the world in a hurry," she once said of herself, and might have added: "One third of my life has been a slow and deliberate retreat."

Mr. Bagehot's dismissal of his subject at the end of an essay on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu seems hardly adequate as an explanation of her place in the literary social history of the eighteenth century; he says lightly: "Lady Mary lived before the age in which people waste half their time in washing the whole of their persons." A better estimate of her is to be gleaned from her letters to her daughter, Lady Bute, written at intervals during the many years of her residence in Italy. These show her maternal affection and interest in her grandchildren, and tell also of the honour and esteem in which she was held amongst her foreign friends and neighbours; indeed, her position abroad was somewhat analogous to that enjoyed (later) by Madame de Staël—she was looked upon as an illustrious representative of her sex and nation, and treated with marked respect.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, *Aug.* 22, 1749.

We are very quiet here, all the "beau monde" being hurried away to the Fair at Bergamo, which is esteemed the best in Italy, after that of Senegallia. . . . I am much surprised at the account you give of London, yet can hardly suppose that there are not some rational creatures in it. The Duchess of Portland must be much altered if she is never out of a crowd, and by the character of Lady Middlesex, who, I am told, is your most intimate companion, I should guess her to be another that would prefer an easy conversation to the noise of an assembly.

I very well remember* Caenwood House, and cannot wish you in a more agreeable place. It would be a great

* Caenwood House (or Kenwood) was sold by Lord Bute in 1755 to Lord Mansfield, who rebuilt it from designs by Robert Adam. Caenwood was so called by William the Conqueror after Caen, his home in Normandy. He had a hunting lodge there.

pleasure to me to see my grandchildren run about in the gardens. I do not question Lord Bute's good taste in the improvements round it or yours in the choice of furniture. I have heard of the fame of paper-hangings, and had some thoughts of sending for a suite, but was informed that they were as dear as damask is here, which put an end to my curiosity.

I am solicitous to see Lord Bolingbroke's works. All the writings I have seen of his appeared to me copied from the French eloquence. I mean a poor or trite thought dressed up in pompous language.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, *Oct.* 25, 1749.

Yours of the 25th Sept. is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences, but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read Sarah Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting "Pamela," which has met with extraordinary success. It has been translated into French and into Italian; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chambermaids of all nations.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

Nov. 1, 1750.

I received yours of Aug. 25th, and my Lord Bute's obliging notice of your safe delivery at the same time. I wish you joy of your young son, and of everything else. You do not mention your Father, by which I suppose he is not returned to England, and am in pain for his health, having heard but once from him since he left it, and know not whether he has received my letters. I daresay you need not be in any doubt of his good opinion of you; for my part, I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart, I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, tho' my life is wholly useless to you.

That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you mis-place it. You are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that common-place (and like most common-place, false) argument, as exacting any return of affection. In the period of your infancy, there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce put that in the number of the proofs I have given of my love; but I confess I think it a great one, if you compare my after conduct toward you with that of other Mothers, who generally look on their children as devoted to their pleasure and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny or ill-humour.

I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all self-interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your friend. Absence and distance have not the power to lessen any part of my tenderness for you, which extends to all yours, and I am ever your most affectionate

Mother, M. W. M.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, *April* 2, 1751.

I am very glad to hear of your health and recovery, being always uneasy till your danger is over. I wish you joy in your son, and that you may have comfort in your numerous family. I received a visit not long since from a fair young lady, that had new lain in of her nineteenth child; in reality she is but 37, and has so well preserved her fine shape and complexion, she appeared little past 20. I wish you the same good fortune, tho' not quite so numerous progeny!

I am sorry the Prince has an Episcopal education; he cannot have a worse both for himself and the nation. Though the Court of England is no more to me than the

Court of Pekin, yet I cannot help some concern for my native country, nor can I see any good from Church preceptors, unless they design him to take Orders.

I confess if I was King of Great Britain I would certainly be also Archbishop of Canterbury; but I believe that that is a refinement of politics that will never enter into the heads of our managers, tho' there is no other way of having supreme power in church and state. I could say a good deal in favour of this idea, but as neither you nor I will ever be consulted on this subject, I will not trouble you with my speculations.

I am pleasingly interrupted by a letter from Lord Bute with news of your son. I am never in pain for any of that sex. If they have any merit, there are so many roads for them to meet good fortune, they can no way fail but by not deserving it. We women have but one of establishing ours, and that surrounded with precipices, and perhaps after all better missed than found.

I have already told you I look on my grand-daughters as lay nuns. Lady Mary might avoid that destiny, if religion was not a bar to her being disposed of in this country. You will laugh to hear it, but it is really true I had proposed to me a young man of quality, with a good estate; his parents both dead; she would have a fine palace, and want neither jewels nor equipage, and her name (with a present from me) be thought sufficient.

June 19, 1751.

I am much obliged to Lord Bute for thinking of me so kindly; to say truth, I am as fond of baubles as ever, and am so far from being ashamed of it, that it is a taste I endeavour to keep up with all the art I am mistress of. I should have despised them at twenty for the same reason I would not eat tart or cheese-cakes at 12 years old, as being too childish for one capable of more solid pleasures. I now know (and alas have long known) all things in this world are almost equally trifling, and our most serious projects have scarce more foundation than those edifices that your little ones raise in cards.

This little town think themselves highly honoured and

obliged by my residence; they intended me an extraordinary mark of it, having determined to set up my statue in the most conspicuous place. The marble was bespoke, and the sculptor bargained with, before I knew anything of the matter, and it would have been erected without my knowledge, if it had not been necessary for him to see me to take the resemblance. I thanked them very much for the intention, but utterly refused complying with it, fearing it would be reported (in England at least) that I had set up my own statue.

They were so obstinate in the design, I was forced to tell them my religion would not permit it.

I seriously believe it would have been worshipped, when I was forgotten, under the name of some Saint or other, since I was to have been represented with a book in my hand, which would have passed for a proof of canonisation. This compliment was certainly founded on reasons not unlike those that first named goddesses, I mean beings useful to them, in which I am second to Ceres. If it be true she first taught the art of sowing wheat, it is certain I have learned them to make bread, in which they continued in the same ignorance Misson complains of, as you may read in his letter from Padua. I have introduced French rolls, custards, minced pies, and plum-pudding, which they are very fond of.

'Tis impossible to make them conform to sillabub, which is so unnatural a mixture in their eyes, they are even shocked to see me eat it. But I expect immortality from the science of butter-making, in which they are become so expert from my instructions, I assure you there is as good as in any part of Gt. Britain.

Have you received the letter I wrote on my first notice of the Prince's death? I shall receive Lord Bute's china with great pleasure. The pearl necklace for my god-daughter has been long packed up for her, I wish I could say, sent. I have sent Lady Jane a ring; if it comes safe I will find something for Lady Anne. I

expect a letter of thanks. I think I have ill-luck if none of my grand-daughters have a turn for writing; she that has will be distinguished by me.*

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

BRESCIA, *Oct.* 10, 1752.

This letter will be dull or peevish, or both.

I am at present very much out of humour, being on the edge of a quarrel with my friend and patron the Cardinal Querini. He really is a good-natured man, and spends his vast revenues in (what he thinks) the service of his country, besides contributing largely to the building of a new cathedral which, when finished, will stand in the first rank of fine churches. He has founded a magnificent college for 100 scholars, which I don't doubt he will endow very nobly, and greatly enlarged and embellished his Episcopal Palace. He has joined to it a library, which when I saw it was a very beautiful room. It is now finished, furnished and open twice weekly with proper attendance.

Yesterday here arrived one of his principal chaplains, with a long compliment, which concluded with desiring I would send him my works! Having dedicated one of his cases to English books, he intended my labours should appear in the most conspicuous place.

I was struck dumb for some time with this astonishing request; when I recovered my vexatious surprise, (foreseeing the consequence, for I shall pass for a monster of ingratitude) I made answer I was highly sensible of the honour designed me, but, upon my word, I had never printed a single line in my life! I was answered in a cold tone, that His Eminence could send for them to England, but they would be long in coming, and with some hazard; and that he had flattered himself I would not refuse him such a favour. Also I need not be

* Lady Mary, her goddaughter, married in 1761 Sir James Lowther, first Earl of Lonsdale. Lady Jane married Sir George Macartney, first Earl Macartney; Lady Anne became the wife of Earl Percy, afterwards second Duke of Northumberland, but the marriage was dissolved in 1779.

ashamed of seeing my name in a collection where he admitted none but the most eminent authors. It was to no purpose to endeavour to convince him. . . .

I confess I have often been complimented, since I have been in Italy, on the books I have given to the public. I used at first to deny it with some warmth, but finding I persuaded no-one, I have of late contented myself with laughing whenever I heard it mentioned, knowing that the character of a learned woman is far from being ridiculous in this country, the greatest families being proud of having produced female writers; and a Milanese lady being now Professor of mathematics in the University of Bologna, invited thither by a most obliging letter, wrote by the present Pope, who desired her to accept the Chair, not as a recompense for her merit, but to do honour to a town which is under his protection.

To say truth, there is no part of the world where our sex is treated with so much contempt as in England. I do not complain of men for having engrossed the government; in excluding us from all the degrees of power, they preserve us from many fatigues, many dangers, and perhaps many crimes. . . . But I think it the highest injustice to be debarred the entertainment of my closet, and that the same studies, which raise the character of a man, should be considered to hurt that of a woman. We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason. If some few get above their nurses' instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed and be as useless as gold in the mine.

I am now speaking according to our English notions, which may wear out, some ages hence, along with others equally absurd. It appears the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus (in every light acknowledged one of the greatest men among the ancients) when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices, as to chuse his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at that time the most despised people upon earth) and a woman. Our modern wits would be so far from quoting, they would scarce own they had read the works of such contemptible creatures!

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, 1753.

You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician, it is the best proof of understanding; the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich and my grand-father, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William.* I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius tho' he had not many opportunities of shewing it, and his uncle the present Duke of Argyle has one of the best heads I ever knew.† I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable of learning, but desirous of so doing; in that case, by all means let her be indulged in it.

Learning, if she has a taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. . . . There are two cautions to be observed on this subject: first, not to think herself learned, when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are rather to be called the vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be noticed in many school-masters, who tho' perhaps critics in grammar are the most ignorant

* William Pierrepont, second son of Robert, Earl of Kingston, died 1679, aged seventy-one.

† The Duke of Argyle here mentioned was Archibald, who, before he succeeded his brother John, Duke of Argyle, in the dukedom was Earl of Islay.

fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. . . .

If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning that I was born with, history, geography and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculation, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity.

Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady ——, or Lady ——, or Mrs. ——); these women are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian after reading Echard's Roman History; another a profound philosopher, having got by heart some of Pope's unintelligible essays; and a third an able divine on the strength of Whitfield's sermons; thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucydides that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved; indeed, it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance, then elated by learning. . . . I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever your aff. Mother.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, *March* 6, 1753.

I have now lived almost seven years in a stricter retirement than yours in the Island of Bute, and can assure you, I have never had half an hour hang heavy on my hands, for want of something to do. Whoever will cultivate their own mind will find full employment.

My own education was the worst in the world, being exactly the same as Clarissa Harlowe's, her pious Mrs. Norton so perfectly resembling my governess, who had been nurse to my Mother, I could almost fancy the

author was acquainted with her; she took so much pains from my infancy to fill my mind with superstitious tales and false notions. It was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of hob-goblins, or turned methodist. Almost all girls are bred in this way. I believe you are the only woman (perhaps I might say person) that never was frighted or cheated into anything by your parents. I can truly affirm I never deceived anybody in my life excepting by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say during his Ministry, he always imposed on the Foreign Ministers by telling them the naked truth, which, as they thought impossible from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write information to their respective Courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, *May*, 1753.

I give you thanks, my dear child, for the entertaining account of your present diversions. I find the public calamities have no influence on the pleasures of the town. I remember well the Play "Revenge," having been once acquainted with a party that intended to represent it, not one of whom is now alive. I wish you had told me who acted the principal parts. I suppose Lord Bute was Alonzo from the magnificence of his dress.

The people of this village presented me with a petition for leave to erect a theatre in my salon. This house stood empty for many years before I took it, and they were accustomed to turn the stables into a play-house every Carnival; it is now occupied by my horses, and they had no proper place for a stage. I easily complied with their request, and was surprised at the beauty of their scenes, which, tho' painted by a country painter, are better painted than in any of the second-rate theatres in London. The performance was yet more surprising, the actors being all peasants, but the Italians have so natural a genius for comedy, they acted as well as if they had been brought up to nothing else, particularly the

ARLEQUINO, who far surpassed any of our English, tho' only the taylor of the village, and I am assured never saw a play in any other place. The music, habits and illuminations were at the expense of the parish, and the whole Entertainment, which lasted the three days of the Carnival, cost me only a barrel of wine, which I gave the actors, and is not so dear as small beer in London. At present, as the old song says, " All my care is my farming affair, to make my corn grow, and my apple-trees bear."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Bute.

LOUVERE, *June*, 1753.

I was very much pleased with the character you gave of Lady Mary, and had there been any possibility of her undertaking so long a journey, I should have asked for her; and I think out of such a number you might have spared her. I verily believe if I had carried six daughters out of England with me, I could have disposed of them all advantageously. The winter I passed in Rome there was an unusual concourse of English, many of them with great estates, and their own masters. As they had no admittance to the Roman ladies, nor understood the language, they had no other way of passing the evening but in my apartment, where I had always a full drawing-room. Their governors encouraged them as much as they could, and my authority was so great it was a common threat amongst them, " I'll tell Lady Mary." I was judge of all their disputes, and my decisions were always attended to. While I staid there was neither drinking, quarrelling, nor keeping.

The Abbé Grant (a very honest good-natured man who has resided several years at Rome) was so much amazed at this uncommon regularity, he would have made me believe I was bound to pass my life there for the good of my country-men !

VENICE, 1758.

I saw some months ago, a country-man of yours, Mr. Adam, who desires to be introduced to Lord Bute. He

seemed to me, in one short visit, a man of genius, and I have heard his knowledge of architecture much applauded. He is now in England.

VENICE, 1760.

I am exceeding glad of your Father's good health, he owes it to his uncommon abstinence and resolution. I wish I could say the same. I own I have too much indulged a sedentary humour and have been a rake at reading! You will laugh at the expression, but I think the literal meaning of the ugly word "rake" is one that follows his pleasures in contradiction to his reason. I thought mine so innocent I might pursue it with impunity. I now find I am mistaken, and that all excesses are blamable. I grow splenetic, and consequently ought to stop my pen, for fear of conveying infection; I would only communicate happiness to my dear child.

Nov., 1760.

My health is very precarious, may yours long continue, and the prosperity of your family. I bless God I have lived to see you so well established, and am ready to sing my Nunc dimittis with pleasure.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

From the picture by Richardson at Wortley Hall.

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CHAPTER IV

PREMIERSHIP AND ITS PENALTY

In 1762 public events were shaping towards Peace. The news of the fall of Havana and the birth of a Prince of Wales were celebrated together and the King became more anxious than ever to conclude negotiations. The Duke of Bedford, as British representative, and the Duc de Nivernois on behalf of the French were charged with the duty of arranging terms; the Prime Minister, writing to Bedford, urged him to stand firm in regard to certain points.

Lord Bute to the Duke of Bedford.

Oct. 14, 1762.

My dear Lord,

I am extremely sorry to observe, by your Grace's letter of the 8th Oct., that any letter from here has given you the least uneasiness. Jealous of your honour, my dear Lord, and bound to support you by every means in my power, forgive, if I say I have not discovered the least intention to offend.

Your Grace will now perceive by the set of Articles sent what opinions are held here, even by those you have in the highest esteem; for I do assure you, I never was present at a more unanimous Cabinet than the one held on Friday—nor must this surprise your Grace, for such is the change made here by the conquest of Havana that I do most solemnly declare I don't meet with one man, let his attachment be never so strong to the service of the King, his wishes for Peace never so great, that does not positively affirm, this rich acquisition must not be ceded without satisfaction in the Fishery, and some material compensation. This is so much the opinion of all the King's servants that the greatest care has to be

taken to soften every expression, and to state the lowest terms that Peace can possibly be made on; and notwithstanding all the disadvantages and perplexities that attend the continuance of the war, even these difficulties are to be preferred to ceding an iota more than is done in the articles now sent.

Your Grace will have then our real ultimatum to present to France; happy for both nations if they accept it.

The King himself wrote in the same sense to the Duke:

George III. to the Duke of Bedford.

Oct. 26, 1762.

My dear Lord,

This is so critical a moment both for my honour and the security of the nation, that I know your steady and affectionate adherence to my interest, but to declare to you, with my own pen, that after weighing every consequence, I am determined either to make the Peace I now send you or continue the war.

May Providence, in compassion to human misery, give you this means of executing this great and noble work, and be assured I will never forget the duty and attachment you shew to me in this important crisis.

Terms were at last agreed on and the Articles sent over from Paris for ratification. This was the signal for a determined effort to upset the Peace. Pitt was implored by the Opposition to come out of his retirement and voice the opinions of those in favour of continuing the war. This he did in a speech of three and a half hours, delivered in spite of an attack of gout which caused him great agony, but did not impair his eloquence.

The effort was vain as regards the Treaty, but the mob applauded him as he left the House, and hooted and hustled the Prime Minister. In the House of Commons the majority in favour of signing was overwhelming—319 to 65; in the House of Lords there was no division. Bute's speech (which even the Duke of Cumberland, the Butcher of Culloden, admitted to be the finest he ever listened to in his life) silenced all criticism, and brought home to the most factious the wisdom of ratifying.

The battle now won, the Favourite approached the King with a request to be allowed to retire, and in the following letter he gives his reasons for taking this step:

Lord Bute to the Duke of Bedford.

April 8, 1763. 3

When the Duke of Newcastle went out I found myself under the necessity of accepting my present situation. I did it with the utmost reluctance; and nothing but the King's safety and independency could have made me acquiesce in a way of life so opposite to every feeling, nor did I kiss Hands till I had received his solemn promise to go out when Peace was once attained.

Thanks to kind Providence and your Grace's abilities, that day is come, and well it is so, for apart from all private reasons, the state of my health is such, and any constant application to business is declared to be so fatal to me, that I find myself under the necessity of putting my much-loved Sovreign in mind of his promise.

I have done so, and after a scene I can never forget, his tenderness for me has got the better of his partiality to my poor efforts, and he approves my determination.

The King is determined—never upon any account—to suffer those Ministers of the late reign, who have attempted to fetter and enslave him, ever to come into his Service while he holds the Sceptre.

Far be it from me to think I am in any shape necessary to the King's Govt. or that my place cannot be better supplied by any other arrangement; but I do not stop here. I am firmly of opinion that My retirement will remove the only unpopular part of Govt., and I once gone, it will be very hard for me to believe that the Duke of Newcastle will, with Lord Hardwicke etc. continue a violent or peevish opposition, in order to make Lord Temple, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge Ministers of this country—the sole purpose he declares he has. I fondly hope therefore I shall, in my retirement, do my Royal Master much more service than I could have performed by remaining in Office.

Lord Bute's resignation took place on April 8, after a premiership which had lasted eleven months only. Two members of his Cabinet were raised to the Peerage (namely, Fox, who became Lord Holland; and Dashwood, who took the title of Baron Le Despencer); for himself he accepted nothing*—a disinterestedness which was rare enough in those days to create surprise.

George Grenville succeeded to the position of Prime Minister; Lords Halifax and Egremont became Secretaries of State; Holland remained Paymaster of the Forces, a lucrative post of which he did not neglect the opportunities. Pitt was offered an appointment in the new Government, but refused except on his own terms, which meant the complete restoration of the Whigs. That he should have declined to come to the assistance of the Ministry at this juncture showed peevishness unworthy of a great man; but that he should have lent his name and authority to Wilkes, whose campaign on behalf of LIBERTY was being boomed in the *North Briton*, was an ignoble piece of partisanship.

However valuable the principles advocated (and certainly the time was come when the system of government needed reformation), they were rendered odious by the methods of the propagandist, and to the last degree insulting, when in the famous No. 45 a phrase in the Speech from the Throne on the Peace of Paris was described as FALSE. That Wilkes should have had encouragement from ex-Ministers like Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law, was nothing short of scandalous.

The substitution of Grenville for Bute did not enable the King's Government to run more smoothly, but by an obsession that possessed the Opposition and the public, whatever went wrong was the Earl's fault! He was universally believed, like Mephistopheles in "Faust," to be ever at the King's elbow whispering evil counsel, and misdirecting the ship of State.

This *idée fixe* was also rooted in Grenville's mind, and rendered his relations with the King extremely uncomfortable; in any case, His Majesty found him tactless, tedious and rapacious.

It would not be to the point to enter into the history of his premiership but for two occurrences which had their effect on his predecessor and exposed this luckless man to a painful realisation of the undying hatred he had incurred.

* He had received the Garter in September, 1762.

It became imperative, at the conclusion of the "expensive but just and necessary war," to raise money in order to refill the depleted Treasury. Judging that the Colonies (and especially the American Colonies) had profited by the extraordinary efforts made to free them from French aggression, the Government drew up a measure whereby one-third of the cost of maintaining 10,000 men in America should be met by a tax on stamps. The fairness of asking the King's American subjects to contribute towards their own protection from the fear of Indian invasion or possible French encroachment seemed indisputable, but the proposal immediately raised a blaze of indignation throughout the thirteen States, the heat of which can only be accounted for by the fact that just previously the pockets of the protesting Colonists had been touched by the levy of a new duty on molasses, and increased strictness in the measures taken to suppress trade in contraband goods.

The oratory of Samuel Adams in Massachusetts, and of Patrick Henry in Virginia, whose theme was "No taxation without representation," roused the whole population and caused riots in Boston, New York, and Rhode Island. But the strange part of the proceedings was that at Boston they burnt in effigy, not Grenville, but Lord Bute! In New York the Act was reprinted with the death's-head affixed to it instead of the Royal Arms, and sold in the streets under the title of "England's Folly and America's Ruin!" At Boston flags were flown at half-mast, muffled church-bells tolled a funeral knell, and *Bute* was strung up in effigy from the Tree of Liberty by the side of Andrew Olivier, brother-in-law of Governor Hutchinson, who had been the first to condemn the tax.

The Act received the Royal Assent on March 22, 1765, by Commission, the King being ill at the time.

For some months past George had been in low spirits and indifferent health, notwithstanding which he had insisted on transacting business of State till a breakdown ensued. It is not a matter of surprise that the worry, ill-feeling, and disloyalty he had encountered since his accession to the throne should have affected the nerves of one who—mistakenly, perhaps, but honestly—believed himself responsible for the conduct of affairs, and found so much intrigue and dissension as to render government almost impossible.

The King's malady increased, and he became so seriously ill that Bute, at Luton, was in despair at not being allowed access to his dearly loved friend and master. On March 5 the Earl finally insisted with Grenville that His Majesty should be told that he, Bute, was at the Palace; he was admitted, and spent some time with the invalid, who was much cheered by seeing one whose company had always been a solace and support.

The nature of the King's illness made it expedient that in case of a recurrence a Regency should be appointed, and again the malice of Ministers saw an opportunity of humiliating Bute through the Princess Dowager. His Majesty was told that the Bill would not pass if his mother's name were included among those members of the Royal Family who were to be nominated, and with infinite sorrow George was compelled to omit the Princess's name and put this slight upon his mother. The Commons, however, more chivalrous than the Cabinet, immediately moved an amendment rectifying the insolence, and by so doing made George look not only foolish but undutiful.

This last incident determined the King to try and find an alternative to the Grenville régime, and negotiations were reopened with Pitt through the mediation of the Duke of Cumberland. The great man still proved obdurate: he would not serve without his brother-in-law Temple, and George loathed Temple; besides, Temple was not willing.

In despair the unhappy Sovereign saw himself obliged to beg Grenville and his " triumvirate " to carry on, which they consented to do—stipulating, however, that His Majesty should have no communication whatever with the Favourite; that this person must retire at least thirty miles from the capital; that his brother Stuart Mackenzie (a most competent administrator), should be dismissed from his office of Privy Seal for Scotland; that Lord Holland be deprived of his post; and lastly, that a member of the King's Household of whom His Majesty was very fond should be made to resign in favour of one of their nominees.

The King, while submitting, determined to spare no effort in ridding himself of his tyrants, and empowered his uncle, the Duke, to make fresh proposals. Ultimately a Government was formed under the Marquis of

Rockingham as Prime Minister in July, 1766, to last, however, for one year only.

Prospects of something more stable seemed secured by the next combination, when Pitt and the Duke of Grafton brought together a Coalition Ministry; but with the removal of Pitt to the Upper House, and the serious disability of his illness, affairs devolved on the Duke of Grafton, who assumed the premiership in July, 1767.

Thus in the six years of George III.'s reign there had been already five Prime Ministers. Of these the Duke of Newcastle had been no more than a figure-head in Pitt's vigorous administration; his successor, Bute, during his brief period of power, could at least claim to his credit the settlement of peace after seven years of war. Grenville, of whose Government Macaulay said, "This was the worst that has been in England since the Revolution," achieved disaffection in the American Colonies by his Stamp Act; and Rockingham, as innocent of state-craft as a child, by repealing the measure without devising any alternative, encouraged rebellion. Of the Marquis there is little more to be said than that his inexperience was partially made up for by his good looks and good character. By taste a sportsman, he was happier arranging races between barn-door fowls than at the head of a promiscuous political party.

England was indeed bankrupt in statesmen when it became necessary to call on the Duke of Grafton to take up the reins of office. Of this nobleman copious information can be gleaned from the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the period, which tell how a Prime Minister postponed Cabinet Councils in order to attend race-meetings, or because he had company at home and might not be disturbed. How he took a lady "of easy virtue" to the Opera, even when the Queen was present, and openly entertained her in his private house. How his horses, his hounds, and his mistress absorbed his attention to the neglect of public business, and the race-week at Newmarket was counted as Holy Week, and not to be encroached on.

It can easily be imagined that the years of the joint Chatham and Grafton Administration were years of unrest, perpetual disturbance, and bitter controversy, since what was obscure to the actors in the drama is revealed to the student of history. The spirit of change was at work in men's minds, producing vague dissatisfaction

with the existing order of things and ill-defined ideas of reformation. But of this ferment Grafton recked nothing; Chatham had lost touch with the people; and the King, though zealous for the welfare of the country, was neither seer nor pioneer; besides, as he understood it, the function of kingship was to maintain, and not to initiate.

* * * * *

Wilkes, the agitator, appeared on the scene in 1768 to create more bad blood, and the publication of the "Letters of Junius" added further irritation to the fret and fever of the times; quotations from these show vividly the political atmosphere of the day.

Junius to the Duke of Grafton.

Since the accession of our most gracious Sovereign to the Throne we have seen a system of Government, which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the Royal displeasure has been signified to a Minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of "the Favourite" had some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of Ministers preserved an appearance of duration as long as they submitted to that influence.

But there were certain services to be performed for "the Favourite's" security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined; Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honour to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the Public to those compliances which were expected from their station. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgement of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild, but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these

properties, and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the "caput mortuum" of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but brought into action, you become vitriol again!

Junius to the King.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman [an allusion to the "interpolated passage" in the King's first Speech from the Throne], believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects, at the expense of the other. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection, nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving encouragement to the novelty of their affections to the House of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal and the steadiness of their allegiance; but hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence in exclusion of your English subjects who placed your Family on the Throne, is a mistake too gross, even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it however to the original bias in your education, and are ready to make allowances for your inexperience.

A man, Mr. Wilkes, not very honourably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack on your Favourite, considering nothing but how he may best expose this person and his principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, Sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character, as by your Majesty's favour. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked and divided from mankind.

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return they give you every day

fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable Governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their minds that they are so ready to confound the original of a King with the disgraceful representative of him.*

The letter goes on to point out how the King had alienated the affections of Ireland and America, and could no longer look for assistance from the people of England,

who are contending for their just rights. . . . As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and judgement so biassed, from your earliest infancy, in their favour that nothing less than your misfortune can undeceive you. Have you forgotten, Sir, or has your Favourite concealed from you, that part of our history when the unhappy Charles (and he too had private virtues) fled from the openly avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his fellow countrymen?

Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honour as Gentlemen for protection. They received him as they would your Majesty, with bows and smiles and falsehoods, and kept him until they had made their bargain with the English Parliament—then basely sold their native King to the vengeance of his enemies.

The letter winds up with this scarcely veiled threat:

The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible! armed with sovereign authority their principles are formidable. The Prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their fate; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the Crown, should remember that, it was acquired by one Revolution, it may be lost by another.

* The Marquis Townshend had been sent as Viceroy in 1767, and had initiated many useful legislative reforms. Of course, Lord Bute had had nothing whatsoever to do with his appointment.

A letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann contributes further light on contemporary events and people:

What can one say of the Duke of Grafton, but that his conduct is childish, insolent, inconstant and absurd—nay, ruinous.

Because we are in confusion enough, he makes everything as bad as possible, neglecting on one hand, and taking no precaution on the other. I neither see how it is possible for him to remain Minister, nor whom to put in his place. No Government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the Colonies in revolt, Ireland ready to be so, France arrogant and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all and dying of a panic. George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Bute and that four mutes and an epigram can set everything right. The Duke of Grafton, like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a W . . . e and a Horse-race, and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has £3000 a year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne.

At this distance of time from a period when the "45" was still in the minds of Englishmen and fear of Jacobitism paralysed the most sensible, it is difficult for the unprejudiced not to realise that of all the Prime Ministers who succeeded each other so rapidly in the first six years of George III.'s reign, Lord Bute was, to say the least of it, the most worthy, not even excluding Chatham—for Chatham was but the wreck of William Pitt.

Bute stands out favourably from every point of view; he was competent, honest, and disinterested; his only fault was, in fact, his nationality, and this apparently could not be condoned. Fanaticism and its manifestation in persecution could go no further than that shown by his political opponents, and by the public at large. That it was deliberately fostered by the Whig faction is proved by the candour of Wilkes himself, one of the chief instigators of mob violence: this unscrupulous adventurer admitted in conversation with Lady Louisa

Stuart, many years later, that he had no personal animosity against her father; on the contrary, he considered him a very efficient Minister, but for party reasons he had been induced to vilify him on all occasions, with the object of driving him out of public life; and out of the country, even, so as to deprive the King of his support and encouragement.

For " party reasons " equally a City Member, called Townsend, was suffered to address the House of Commons in the following manner (March 25, 1771):

There was an aspiring woman [he said], who, to the dishonour of the British name, was allowed to direct the operations of the despicable Ministers of the Crown. Does any gentleman [he asked] wish to hear what woman I allude to? If he does, I will tell him. It is the Princess Dowager of Wales. I aver we have been governed ten years by a woman. It is not the sex I object to, but the Government. Were we well ruled, the ruler would be an object of little significance. It is not the greatness of the criminal's rank which should prevent your punishing the criminality.

The result of this speech was that a few days later, when the King was on his way to the House of Lords, he was hissed by the crowd and narrowly escaped being injured by an assailant; effigies of his mother and of the " Scottish Thane " or Jackboot were borne in carts to Tower Hill, where they were executed by chimney-sweeps in the presence of a huge mob and the remains thrown on a bonfire.

NOTE.—Some later letters (dealing with Lord Bute's unpopularity and his association with Lord Chatham) written by Lady Louisa Stuart to her nephew, Charles Stuart, are given in an appendix to this volume.

PERIOD II

INTRODUCTION

CHARLES STUART

Charles Stuart, fourth son of Lord Bute, was born in 1753, and adopting the Army for a profession, entered the 37th Regiment as an Ensign at the early age of fifteen.

His temperament was ardent, his mental activity great, and his ideals lofty; moreover, the atmosphere of his home was a stimulating one, tending to early development and a somewhat precocious habit of criticism. From his father he imbibed a passionate loyalty to his King, his country, and the Tory tradition; and the instinct thus aroused, and deepened by his training as a soldier, always remained the strongest element in his character.

There must have been something singularly attractive in his personality, for throughout his career he was able to command the confidence both of his superiors and those who served under him. His seniors in rank appear to have attached weight to his opinion, and deferred to his judgment in a manner flattering to the self-esteem of a young man, yet without impairing his modesty or rendering him self-sufficient.

With the commencement of hostilities in America, Stuart used what influence he possessed, and got himself attached in some capacity to the Brigade commanded by his brother-in-law, Lord Percy, serving with the Grenadiers, until he was given a regiment of his own; this was in October, 1777, when he took command of the 26th, or Cameronians, being then only twenty-four years old. Throughout the war Charles corresponded regularly with his father, for whom he had unbounded respect and devotion—a relationship that honoured both parent and son, and was a happiness to each. There is a probability that the young soldier, in freely expressing his views and giving his experiences, hoped that what he wrote might, through his father's medium, find its way

to influential quarters, and prove useful to those responsible for the conduct of affairs. It is not unlikely that his letters may have been seen by George III., for the conception the King had in regard to the state of feeling in the Colonies is very much what might be deduced from a perusal of Stuart's writing.

George rightly or wrongly believed that the rebellion was the work of agitators, and that at first, at all events, the best elements in the country were averse to a break with the parent nation.

In 1776 (the second year of the war) Charles was elected Member of Parliament for Bossiney, a borough where Lord Bute's influence was paramount; and during one of his periods of leave he married, but in spite of attractions at home and the excuse he could have urged as a Member, he continued his military duties. The keenness he had felt at the beginning died down, however, as he realised the hopelessness of the struggle, and was witness of the tragic ineptitude of the authorities.

The more he saw of the new spirit embodied in the great leader of the American cause, the more convinced he became that, to be successful, armies require to be animated by an almost religious force, and that no mere body of men, armed and equipped though they may be for fighting, can prove victorious unless leaders and men share an ideal of some sort. It was this ideal that was lacking amongst the troops employed by the British Government in America; and, moreover, they were not even of one nationality; worse than all, their Generals were half-hearted about the enterprise, if not definitely adverse to it. The War of American Independence makes sad reading to English students of history; every blunder was committed that could estrange an ardent people, whose natural ties with the Mother Country were only broken by the perverse handling of questions that should have found solution by moderate men in cool discussion.

Stuart's correspondence throws illuminating sidelights on the situation, and shows how, from an administrative point of view, chances were thrown away, and how on the military side success, easily within the grasp of the older and more experienced nation, perpetually evaded the Generals sent out to conduct operations.

That this was so was not entirely the fault of the men on the spot; their failure was largely due to the fatuous notions of a Ministry which attempted to direct campaigns

from a distance of 3,000 miles; and in no small measure to the extreme difficulty of carrying on a war when divided from a base—in the days of sailing-ships—by an Atlantic Ocean.

Hostilities had been precipitated by the provocative action of Provincial Congress, which, meeting in Session in February, 1775, issued inflammatory addresses, and began the organisation of military preparations.

General Gage, the officer in command of the British troops, wrote home that 20,000 men would be required to meet the situation. Such a demand created consternation at the Horse Guards; Ministers of the mentality of Lord Sandwich waxed vehement on the subject of the insolence of the Colonists, Lord Dartmouth wept with chagrin at the inadequacy of his resources, the King's displeasure hardened into obstinacy and the country at large failed to understand how things had come to such a pass.

Even Chatham and Burke only dimly apprehended the full significance of what was happening, and the mere idea of conceding independence, with the loss of prestige such a step would involve, made the great Empire-builder shudder with patriotic horror.

The first shot was fired at Lexington on April 18, 1775, and the contest destined to last eight years had begun.

The Battle of Lexington, the earliest encounter between the Rebels and the British Regulars, was reckoned a triumph for the cause of the Colonists; the fires of enthusiasm burst out wherever tidings of it spread. Horsemen, dashing through the night, carried the news from village to village, over hill and plain; farmer repeated it to farmer, the herdsman to the trapper, till the sound of victory echoed far and wide, and the call to arms, penetrating remote valleys, summoned men from crowded cities and isolated settlements.

The spirit of the pioneer, strong in the breasts of those who lived on the land they had conquered, leapt within them —the hour had come, independence might be achieved, freedom gained by united action, and the world would see that henceforth America owed allegiance nowhere but to the majesty of her own self-evolved national ideals.

So spoke the orators, working upon the emotions of an excited populace, drunk with the success of their first effort, ready to throw off all connection with a Mother Country of whom they had no reason to be anything but

proud, renouncing the traditions of a past that other countries—more justly appreciating England's achievements—have envied and sought to emulate.

From the beginning England fought a losing cause, though American patriotism did not always burn as brightly as during the first few months. George Washington had many a bitter moment when, unflagging himself in his great task, he had to deplore the lapses from high endeavour that left him for weeks and months at a time without men, money or food, arms or ammunition. Had it not been for the lofty and unsullied patriotism of this one man, it is doubtful whether America would have won her independence, in spite of all that hampered English action—and the difficulties Great Britain had to contend against were formidable.

Pitt's naval and military activities had emptied the Treasury; organisation was defective; the war was unpopular, and the antagonism of the European Powers a serious factor in the situation. France, at first surreptitiously, then openly, espoused the American side (signing a Treaty in 1778); Holland also found a pretext for declaring war; Spain did the same in 1779; last of all, Catherine of Russia formed, in 1780, the Armed Neutrality with the Scandinavian countries, the policy of which was hostile to England. Faced on all sides by inimical forces, Great Britain maintained the struggle in a half-hearted way, and finally conceded the demands of the Colonists for complete independence in 1783. Much blood had been spilt, and the seeds of hatred sown by the course of events which should have been obviated by wiser statesmanship and better understanding on both sides.

* * * * *

In the early summer of 1775 reinforcements arrived at Boston from England under Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton,* and the combined naval and military opera-

* General Gage was superseded by General William Howe, M.P. for Nottingham, younger brother of Admiral Richard Howe, and of Lord Howe who fell at Ticonderoga in 1758. General Howe had no heart for the business; he had vowed before his constituents at the General Election the previous year that he would not hesitate to refuse, if invited to lead troops against the Colonists.

Howe was accompanied by Major-General Sir H. Clinton, M.P. for Newark, who had seen service in the Seven Years' War under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (his father had been Governor of New York); and by Major-General John Burgoyne, M.P. for Preston (a natural son of Lord Bingley), who had distinguished himself in Portugal under Lord Tyrawley.

tions for that year terminated on the whole successfully for the English. They remained masters of the field at Bunker's Hill, repulsed Arnold's attack on Canada; and though it had been necessary to abandon Boston, they had done so without loss, had occupied New York (June, 1776), and fought a successful action at White Plains.

On the last day of November, 1776, Washington's force amounted to no more than 3,000 men, and was then retreating, in winter weather, without tents, blankets, or entrenching tools. Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton—all in New Jersey—had fallen to the British, and a British squadron under Sir Peter Parker was in occupation of Newport in Rhode Island, the second city of New England.

But at the darkest hour for the Colonists the tide turned in their favour. On Christmas Eve, 1776, Washington, with a following of almost barefooted troops, leaving bloody footprints in the snow as they crept along in a blinding storm, surprised the garrison of Trenton, slew the Commander, took 900 prisoners, and, pushing on, entered Philadelphia in triumph. Another midnight march brought this small force to Princeton; they attacked at dawn, routed a considerable force, and established such confidence in American leadership and valour that within a short time nearly the whole of New Jersey was recovered.

The éclat of these manœuvres brought help from France, unofficially as yet, but it was generally known what warm encouragement young Lafayette received from the French monarchs, and how popular his mission was amongst his fellow-courtiers who, little realising what they were about, applauded the fiery Marquis for his espousal of Republican principles, thereby giving a stimulus to the Liberal ideas already gaining ground in France.

CHAPTER V

LETTERS TO LORD BUTE FROM AMERICA

1775.

February.—Provincial Congress, meeting in Session at Cambridge issues an inflammatory address calling on the Militia to perfect themselves in drill and discipline, and proceed to the collection and manufacture of arms.

April.—General Gage, the officer in command of British forces, sends troops from Boston to Concord to seize military stores. The Battle of Lexington ensues.

May.—Lord Chatham speaks in the House of Lords against the severe measures taken against the Colonists, but his conciliatory proposals are rejected by sixty-one votes to thirty-two.

June.—George Washington is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial troops; Generals Lee and Putnam are appointed to Divisions.

June 17.—The British win the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Lord George Germaine becomes Colonial Secretary.

September to November.—American invasion of Canada. Benedict Arnold and Montgomery attack Quebec, but are repulsed by Sir Guy Carleton and Allan Maclean.

May.—Gage recalled and General Howe appointed his successor. British blockaded in Boston.

Charles Stuart to Lord Bute.

BOSTON, *July* 24, 1775.

BEFORE I acquaint you with our present situation it will be necessary to inform you of what has passed since the beginning of last winter, as from improper conduct during the course of that season we may date the misfortunes that are likely to over-whelm this Country, make America the grave of many a gallant British soldier, and destroy, or at least suspend for a time, that Commerce from whence England has derived her consequence.

Hancock, Warren, and S. Adams had established the custom of haranguing the people from their churches, who, bigoted beyond the most inflamed Romans, thought that their seditious orations derived a degree of sanctity from the Pulpit whence they were usually delivered.

The topic they chose was the massacre of the inhabitants of Boston by the Military, which happened, as you know, some years ago [in 1770], a topic which only served as a film to cover the most disloyal discourses; and so determined were they to enroll all degrees of men in their cause, that those incapable of being inflamed by argument, were won by threats of our barbarity, which in order to persuade them of, they established a procession wherin was represented their slaughtered Friends, attended with every horror that might make their blood boil in enmity to the Government.

The whole crowd, possessed by this enthusiastic frenzy, were then led by their ambitious Heads to a Church opposite Gen. Gage's house, where within his hearing they made use of such seditious, rebellious, and provoking language that the Officers cou'd hardly be restrained from taking by force the Ring-leaders, a laudable intention, and at a time like that not easy to be controlled.

So little did General Gage imagine that their meetings were the commencement of a Rebellion (having been persuaded by his Family* that the majority of Council were well affected to Government, and that they knew the disposition of the people), he permitted them to remove their powder from the Government Magazine out of town. Twenty thousand stand of arms were likewise allowed to pass the Lines, nor did there seem to be the least intention of checking these rebellious proceedings before a plot was discovered, by mere accident, to massacre the Officers, which was so well contrived that it would inevitably have succeeded.

In consequence of this discovery an order was given that no one should be allowed to pass into the country without a permit, and no Townsman to be allowed to carry more than one firelock at a time—a foolish order, the intention of which was easily evaded—one man returning eight or ten times a day, conveying each time one. This happened in April.

* "Family"—military term for staff.

The insults the soldiers received in the performance of their duty during the whole winter from these lawless people, who even struck them upon the posts, the Governor wou'd not redress, tho' frequent applications and the murmurs of the soldiers cried loudly for it.

After passes had been granted to almost everybody that wou'd receive them there remained about 8,000 souls, 18,000 having joined the rest of the malcontents of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut.

The Governor, still imagining they wou'd not proceed to extremities, on the 19th April sent a small body of Light Infantry and Grenadiers, Col. Smith in command, to march from Boston to Concord and Lexington, in order to burn some magazines. Preparations were made with so little precaution, and the General had been so ill informed, that they took but twenty rounds of ammunition to defend them on a twenty mile march.

The Enemy, for so we must call them, well advised of our intentions, had made Fascines and Abattis along the road with such judgement that they annoyed the men without discovering themselves, and wou'd inevitably have cut them off, and destroyed them to a man, had not a Brigade commanded by Lord Percy been sent to cover their retreat, which they with difficulty performed, after having lost 50 men and 100 wounded, besides some Officers.

Beginning with this hostile act before the friends of Government could be warned of what might happen, seems to me singular; after this they were declared Rebels, unless they lay down their arms.

* * * * *

You will perceive by my plan that Charlestown heights, and Bunker's Hill and Breed's Hill command Boston, as does also part of Dorchester neck. General Haldinald was so well acquainted with the importance of these posts that he strongly advised General Gage to take possession of them before the Enemy discovered their consequence; but so regardless was he of this salutary

advice, that on the 16th June the Generals were surprised to see the Enemy felling some trees and throwing up a redoubt on Breed's Hill within grape-shot of Charlestown, from whence they certainly had the intention of laying the town in ashes.

Alarmed at this they order'd 2,500 men, amongst whom were the Grenadiers and Light Infantry (the flower of our army) under the command of General Howe, to storm the redoubts, coûte que coûte, the next day.

The cannon from the ships and Battery F, began to play early in the morning. Charlestown was burnt by our men (a beautiful small town, the merchandise therein at the time valued by the Rebels at £200,000), and the Troops landed under the firing of our cannon; the boats were then ordered to recross the water. The men were drawn up two deep on the beach in one line, and so mean an opinion had the General of the enemy, notwithstanding the judgement they had shown by their dispositions at Lexington, that he formed no Corps de Réserve, sent no boats to cut off their retreat in case of success. In fact, you will see by the survey that the Attack was made in the stongest place, the Enemy, taking advantage of our imprudence, fought the ground inch by inch in a spot well calculated for defence by nature, and assisted by all the artifice of a shrewd, artful, cunning people. The Rebels fought with a resolution that dependence on their breastworks and pailings almost heightened to a frenzy.

Our men, astonished at the heat of their fire, retreated from the Fort, but were rallied by the courage and intrepidity of their officers, and renewed the charge again and again till they conquered.

Twelve hundred men were killed or wounded in this affair on our side, and one hundred officers—not one officer who served in the Light Infantry or Grenadiers escaped unhurt, and few had less than three or four wounds. Col. Abercrombie and four Field Officers died of their wounds, and from the severity of the heat we lose men daily. From the most probable account the

Enemy had no more than 300 killed and wounded, amongst whom the celebrated Dr. Warren.

The day after this unhappy affair I arrived, and it is impossible to describe the horror that on every side presented itself—wounded and dead officers in every street; the town, which is larger than New York, almost uninhabited to appearance, bells tolling, wounded soldiers lying in their tents and crying for assistance to remove some men who had just expired. So little precaution did Gen. Gage take to provide for the wounded by making hospitals, that they remained in this deplorable situation for three days; the wounded officers obliged to pay the most exorbitant price for lodgings, when near 30,000 houses, belonging to proclaimed Rebels, were uninhabited.

After this affair Gen. Gage thought it proper to order the Troops from New York, and those intended to land at New York, to sail for Boston—a circumstance, which from the situation of that province seems highly impolitick, as the friends of Government, thro' seeing that we do not protect them will undoubtedly side either by force or persuasion with the Rebels.

From the preparations I fancy we shall winter here, tho' I fear the consequences. The town, if we do not destroy half of it, wou'd take two years to put in a proper state of defence, and 20,000 men wou'd be necessary for garrison. As the General seems so careful of the Rebels houses, as if they were his own property, I fancy he will never consent to destroy any part of it.

Independent of this, we have had bad fluxes among the men from the salt provisions, which renders the fifth part of them useless; nay, so careful is the General to save expense, that tho' fresh meat is sold every day at a shilling a pound, he will not see the Hospitals provided with it. We lose more men than ever from wounds, besides their being crowded most inhumanly.

The Rebels have sentries within speech of ours all round, and they keep so strict a discipline that few desert.

I have seen Burgoyne's letter to Lee which was sent to Congress, and heard Major Bruce say, in a conference where I happened to be on duty, that General Putnam had assured him if Gen. Burgoyne had authority from His Majesty to write the Letter, he was certain Congress would be happy to receive the terms he hinted at. I fear the General has said too much, and I think replied to Lee very improperly.

The hatred the Troops have for the Rebels lulls the dislike they hold for Gen. Gage, who, by the by, seems the most unhappy man existing. On my first seeing him he asked me if I ever expected to find this Continent in such a situation, and upon my replying in the negative he said he feared nor no-one at home either cou'd have expected it! an odd answer, as for these two years he ought to have been in possession of information, but Lee speaks truly, alluding to his Family, and their lack of intelligence.*

Charles Stuart to Lord Bute.

BOSTON, *Oct.* 8, 1775.

I have had the good fortune to negotiate the purchase of a Majority in the 43rd Regt., without making use of your name, or being obliged to Lord Barrington, and as you have kindly promised to purchase this step for me, I hope you will find that I have made a prudent bargain, or at least consider that the distance between us prevented me asking your advice, and obliged me to rely on my own judgement.

A Major Cone is the gentleman from whom I have purchased, for the regulated price, £2600, the Majority being upon Captain's pay, during the life of a Col. Remington, an infirm old man who left the Army with his half pay, an indulgence frequently granted to old Officers.

* Just two days before the action of Bunker's Hill, George Washington had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. Horatio Gates, Charles Lee, and Richard Montgomery, all of whom had held commissions in the King's Army, adopted the cause of the Colonists and received high appointments in the Rebel Force.

I don't believe that I acquainted you with my having succeeded to the Grenadiers upon the late Captain's being killed, which had like to have gained me some honour. Last month, being upon the Lines opposite to Roxborough with the Corps of Grenadiers, two small Subalterns' parties which were advanced at an outpost were drove in by the Enemy in the dead of night and some killed. Hurt that so disgraceful a thing should fall upon a chosen Corps, contrary to the Field Officer's orders, I turned out a Volunteer with my Company, regained the Post and kept possession till daylight.

Nothing very material has happened since my last, except the attempt to burn Roxborough. I was upon that duty with the Grenadiers, and am ashamed to say it failed. The Enemy fired but few shots at us, and our advanced party burnt one house when the Generals ordered us to retire. They gave out that it was only intended as an alarm—to be sure, some boats were sent to the mouth of Cambridge River, and a party landed in the marshy part of Dorchester neck, while two other parties were sent from Charlestown Camp to cut off a small post, in which they succeeded—but if all this was intended as an alarm, one would have expected some great action to take place in consequence, but it produced quite a contrary effect.

The Enemy, perceiving that we had it in our power to harass them on that side, threw up a Line before Roxborough, quite near Dorchester neck, and advanced upon us with small redoubts and lines, till at length they have drawn two parallels, the nearest within 800 yards of our Lines, with small arrows within 300 of our outposts, and exactly in imitation of them.

They have cannon, which to the disgrace of the English Artillery, we can neither dismount or silence; nay, our balls fall short at even so small a range, while every one of theirs comes through our Guard House, destroying some men and wounding an Officer.

This will appear strange, but really their situation is so advantageous, having still possession of Dorchester

Peninsula, that did they act with spirit, two 8 pounders from the above mentioned spot would enfilade our Lines, and set the Town on fire, while our men, harassed with duty, fed only with salt meat, have almost lost their wonted spirit.

The hatred of General Gage is general among them, and the joy they express at his departure equal to it.

General Howe, it is supposed, will be very active, but, from what I know of him, I should fear imprudent.

There are no material preparations as yet made for the defence of the Town, and the season is almost too advanced for much to be done. We are to keep the Heights of Charlestown with a detachment from the Army which is to be cantoned in the town of Boston; the detachment is to be frequently relieved, so you see we shall owe our security to the indolence, and as we believe defensive inclination of the enemy.

There is seldom a week that we do not lose a man or two by desertion, and I am sorry to say that it is seldom they desert from the enemy.

Charles Stuart to Lord Bute.

BOSTON, *Dec.* 14, 1775.

I have frequently wrote to you and have as earnestly waited for an answer. We are almost buried here, and get no intelligence but the most melancholy news—such as our ships loaded with stores have been taken, several with provisions and fuel; notwithstanding near 14 Men of War were cruising off, and others in the Harbour.

All we have done since my last is taking one Privateer of the Enemy with 70 men on board, and 19 guns, a miserable old ship.

The Enemy's works augment every day; there is not the smallest hillock without a post, and we expect soon to see the town afire with the Mortar and shells they took from our stores.

We have a pack of the most ordinary men to command us, who give themselves trouble about the merest trifles, whilst things of consequence go unregarded. We find ourselves just come into Quarters (after having had almost two thirds of our men laid up from the severe cold of this climate, the snow surrounding our tents), without firing in the Garrison, so that we shall be obliged to pull down the town for fuel; and only two months' provisions; in short, the greatest confusion, fear, and terror appears in all of them. Every circumstance seems to promise a most Bloody Civil War, and I hope to God they will send some Generals worthy the command of a British Army from home. We are distressed even for eatables, and whatever we get we pay for most exorbitantly; added to that we draw even our Pay at a most amazing discount, the men are obliged to lose 2d. in every 4d.

I have at present the command of a Regt., which I am sure will do me honour, and tho' I am under the greatest anxiety for your health, and long to be with you, yet I would not leave this country without your hearing of your son otherwise than from himself.

CHAPTER VI

BOSTON—NEW YORK

1776.

LORD NORTH PRIME MINISTER.

March 17.—The English under Sir William Howe are attacked in Boston, forced to evacuate the town and retire to Halifax.
July.—Clinton attempts the capture of Fort Moultrie, and is repulsed.
July 4.—Declaration of American Independence.
August.—Clinton joins Howe for combined operations on New York; the Americans are driven from Long Island; New York and Rhode Island are taken. Washington, however, makes good his escape.
Washington retires to Pennsylvania. Lee taken prisoner, not without being suspected of treachery.
October.—Action at White Plains.
November.—Howe forces the surrender of Fort Washington.
Cornwallis crosses into the Jerseys and secures many posts there. His troops go into winter quarters.
December 25.—Colonel Rahl's post at Trenton in the Jerseys is surprised and taken by the Americans. Princeton surprised and defended by Mawhood.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

BOSTON, *Jan.* 29, 1776.

WE have just heard that the Rebel Montgomery attempted in Nov. of last year to surprise the lower town of Quebec, and was defeated by Carleton who sallied from the upper town. Montgomery, his aide de Camp and 100 men were killed in the action, and 200 made prisoners. Benedict Arnold has been likewise defeated and taken* by Col. Allan Maclean in a skirmish in Canada; the remains of Montgomery's army retreated to Montreal; 2000 men are raising in Connecticut to re-inforce them.

We remain here pretty much in the same state, waiting with anxiety for the Spring. The water is entirely froze over, except immediately in the Harbour, and able to

* This report was untrue.

bear an army, which obliges us to be particularly cautious with respect to the enemy's movements.

Their Navy seems to triumph over ours; they frequently take our store ships with impunity, but we have great expectations of our new Admiral, Lord Howe, who is liked by everybody. I dare not say any more, for fear this letter may meet with the same fate as those I have already wrote.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

HALIFAX, *April* 28, 1776.

There have happened so many things since my last, that I am afraid I must go back to Oct. to account for many wise actions planned and executed by the Rebels in consequence of a few follies committed at that time by our Army.

I believe I told you that General Clinton, with the consent of Gen. Howe, took a few Companies of the Lt. Infantry to drive into boats some bullocks from a small peninsula call'd Phipps's Farm, a well cultivated spot with few trees, within 1200 yards of Boston. The party succeeded without opposition; on the firing of a few pieces of cannon the Rebels quitted the ground, and the troops, who were in flat bottomed boats, landed at 11 o'clk. on a fine calm morning. Upon our returning the enemy appeared with a reinforcement of 700 men, and in my opinion we lost an opportunity by not immediately bringing these miscreants to an action, from which we must have reaped uncommon advantage. From Charlestown Heights we could have covered the relanding of our men with cannon, and by taking post upon the neck which forms the peninsula, preventing their escape, we should, without a doubt, have cut the Rebels to pieces and secured ourselves a good post.

Trifling as this affair seems, we owe our present disgrace to this, and a similar blunder which you shall read and judge of.

About a fortnight later we were surprised one morning by the appearance of a very strong work the Rebels had

thrown up in one night on Cobble Hill, a spot commanded by their cannon, and commanding Phipps's Farm. We fired several shots at them, which they returned, being just able from that post to reach Boston. The post was looked upon as trifling and merely defensive; however, on the 17th Dec. we were much surprised in the same manner with a remarkable strong work at Phipps's Farm.

Frequent consultations were held about it, our Officers still agreed it was defensive; however, it was resolved to open a Battery from Boston's Point in the town, but either from want of knowledge or judgement in our Artillery Officers, we were obliged to discontinue, as it did not prevent the enemy from continuing their work.

In the beginning of Jan. Majors Grant and Maitland were sent with a detachment of Marines to Georgia for provisions for the Army. This Colony was thought to be well affected to the Government; however, the people of Machias were found to be quite otherwise. The party succeeded in cutting 18 Merchantmen out of the Harbour, which so enraged the people that they set fire to a ship worth £30,000, and sent her into the middle of the Fleet, by which three ships were burnt, and the rest escaped with difficulty.

Nothing particular happened till Feb.; we took a few prizes, and the enemy were more than equally successful in this point.

About the middle of Feb. we were informed that the Rebels had a quantity of fascines and entrenching tools on Dorchester neck for the purpose of throwing up works. Deserters informed the General that the enemy intended to bombard the town, and preparations were made to hinder their work. A Battery of four 32 pounders was made on Shoredon Hill and another strong one at Boston's point. The Rebels at the same time made a Battery within point-blank cannon shot of our lines, and with such caution that we could not discover that it was intended for a Battery.

On the 3rd March at 9 ocl. at even they began a pretty

hot cannonade and bombardment. Their shells were thrown in an excellent direction, they took effect near the centre of the town, and tore several houses to pieces; the cannon was usually well fired, one shot killed 8 men of the 22nd Regt., and houses were pierced through and through with balls they fired from Phipps's Farm. Our Lines were raked from the new Battery they had made, and tho' we returned shot and shell, I am very, very sorry to say with not quite so much judgement.

The bombardment continued for five nights, and a nobler scene it was impossible to behold: sheets of fire seem'd to come from our Batteries; some of the shells crossed one another in the air, and then bursting look'd beautiful. The inhabitants were in a horrid situation, particularly the women, who were several times drove from their houses by shot, and crying for protection.

On the 8th or 9th March, I forget which, they ceased firing, and at daybreak next morning we perceived two posts upon the highest Hills of Dorchester peninsular, that appeared more like majick than the work of human beings. They were each of them near 200 ft. long on the side next the town, and seemed to be strong cases of packed hay about 10 ft. high with an Abattis of vast thickness round both. We discovered near 6000 people, most of them at work; they opened embrasures before 9 ocl., and about 2 ocl. had made a ditch and connected the two hills by a breastwork.

We fired a few shots, but the position was too strong to be affected; the General therefore determined to attack it. A quantity of Artillery and three Regiments immediately embarked under the command of General Jones, the Grenadiers, Lt. Infantry, and other Regts. amounting in all to 2500 men commanded by General Howe, Ld. Percy, and General Robertson.

Brigadier Jones was to have staid with the three Regts. aboard ship until he was joined by Gen. Howe at 9 ocl. at night, when the whole was to have gone in boats and landed. God knows whether it was a fortunate circumstance or not, but at any rate so high a

wind arose that it was impossible for the boats to take the sea.

The next day the General assembled the Field Officers, and acquainted us that the intended attack had failed through the inclemency of the weather, that he had consulted the Engineers, who declared that the works had been so strengthened as to render any present attack very doubtful, and that should the enemy augment their works upon that peninsular from such a commanding height we should inevitably be drove from the town.

He also told us that there was no more than 6 weeks' provisions in the Garrison, which obliged him to go to Halifax instead of to New York.

The principal citizens, on hearing that the town was to be evacuated, came to General Howe, and requested that the town might not be burnt; the General made answer, that if the Enemy molested him in his retreat he would certainly burn it; if not, he would leave the town standing.

This was made known by a flag of truce to the Rebels, in consequence of which we made our retreat unmolested.

We sailed soon after under convoy of the Admiral to this place. From a scarcity of transports we were crowded with two Regts. in each ship, and nothing could be more horrid.

Soon after our arrival here [Halifax] Captain Wallace of the *Rose*, who commanded at Rhode Island, was cannonaded out of that harbour with the *Glasgow* Man of War, and several arm'd vessels. The *Glasgow* was attacked on her way by the rebel Admiral Hopkins in a 36 gun ship, with 4 arm'd Privateers from 20 to 6 guns; she with difficulty escaped, her rigging and hull much damaged.

They inform us that there is not a little port to the south where they are not building very formidable Privateers.

I had a long talk with a Captain Paine, who arrived some days ago from Antigua, who assures me the people

are disaffected beyond measure in our West Indian Isles, and do not scruple avowedly to declare their sentiments by wishing success to the great American Cause, as they term it.

We at present have little more than a month's provisions, having most of the fugitives from Boston to sustain, and are without camp equipment at a very advanced season, and I am very much afraid that if these wants are not speedily supplied, all schemes for this campaign will be rendered abortive. However, our Army is in better health, and like soldiers we hope for the best. I every day get more fond of my profession, and a better state of health than usual makes my friends say that promotion agrees with me.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

HALIFAX, *June* 10, 1776.

We are going to sail in half an hour for Sandy Hook, which prevents me from saying a thousand things.

I should imagine the commencement of this campaign will be bloody and active, as our General Howe is spur'd on by a jealous notion that Carleton's successes at Crown Point and Ticonderoga will gain him all the Laurels.

One ship with the 42nd Highlanders has arrived; we hope to meet the rest in the offing, with Lord Howe; either New York or Rhode Island will be the scene of action. I shall write by every ship that sails.

While the British were thus assembling their forces for an attack on New York, Washington was wrestling with the problems of his command, and probably no General was beset with so many and great difficulties. However, when as yet little success had accompanied the efforts of the Colonials, Congress issued the Declaration of Independence, and commissioned the Commander-in-Chief to read it to the troops. This was done at a parade of the whole force, who heard it with satisfaction, and greeted its spirited words with acclamation.

The General hopes [said the orders of the day] that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive

to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depends on the success of our arms, and that he is now in the Service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honours of a free Country.

Lord Howe, the Admiral, joined his brother at Staten Island before the middle of July. While still at sea he had written circular letters to the various Governors representing the royal authority, announcing to them his mission as negotiator of peace terms, and proposing certain suggestions of a conciliatory nature. These Papers reached General Washington, who forwarded them to Congress. Had the proposals been received prior to the publication of the Declaration of Independence, they might have had more consideration accorded them; as it was, the exuberance caused by the Declaration produced a mood that did not lend itself to submission and penitence. Nor was Congress propitiated by the unfortunate *faux pas* for which Lord Howe was responsible.

The day before the Papers were landed, the Admiral despatched a communication to the General commanding the American forces, addressed to " George Washington, Esqre." This was not unnaturally looked upon as a studied insult and resented with some bitterness. Washington himself was extremely punctilious in all matters that concerned public business, and could not, in an official capacity, accept anything that derogated from his dignity.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

GENERAL HOWE'S HEAD-QUARTERS, STATEN ISLAND,
NEW YORK, *July* 9, 1776.

We left Halifax on the 10th June, and after a very tedious passage arrived at Sandy Hook on the 29th June.

Preparations were immediately made for landing on Long Island and taking possession of a Hill which the enemy had strongly fortified—with judgement, as it commanded Brooklyn's Ferry and the town of New York.

As we knew there were a number of the Rebel Troops upon this Island, and that in all probability they would oppose our landing, it was thought necessary to land the army in three divisions, the first consisting of our Corps of Grenadiers, the Lt. Infantry, and First Brigade under the command of Ld. Percy, Gen. Robertson, and Brigadier Gen. Leslie, with 8 pieces of cannon; the other Brigades were to land in the same order under their respective Generals.

Owing to representations made by General Robertson the plans were changed. We received orders to sail on the 1st July for this Island (instead of Long Island). Sandy Hook is just 6 miles from New York, and is itself a small sandy peninsula, very low, which forms a harbour in the Jersies; in order to go to the town you must pass through a passage about a mile in breadth, formed by Long Island on the right and Staten Island on the left, on both sides very commanding ground, which we supposed they had fortified. This they call the Narrows.

On the 2nd July we passed them, convoyed by the *Phœnix*, *Rose*, and *Greyhound* Men of War. Fortunately we were deceived, the enemy had no cannon upon these posts; had they, we must have been annoyed most prodigiously, for the wind, not being favourable, we were three hours passing them. We were ordered to land at the Watering-place, which the Grenadiers and Lt. Infantry did without opposition, and remained the whole night under arms.

The next morning we were cantooned in the Villages, and the inhabitants received us with the greatest joy, seeing well the difference between anarchy and a regular mild government; it is supposed we shall stay here, making frequent excursions into the plains.

Our situation is by no means despicable; we are in the most beautiful Island that nature could form or art improve, we have everything we want, and six or seven deserters come every day either from Long Island or the Jersies who bring intelligence that the rebels are very

discontented, but there is no believeing these poor deluded wretches.

They likewise say that Carleton's army is at Fort Edward, which is only 50 miles away from New York.

Only six Companies of the Highlanders are arrived, and from the manner they separated at sea we fear much for them; of those transports that were taken off Boston, one made resistance till Major Menzies was killed and Col. Campbell and several officers of the 71st made prisoners.

There is a report that Washington has left New York with 15,000 to go to the Southward.

General Clinton we have no certain news of; we heard that Sir Peter Parker had landed him up Charles River; if so, he will lose half his army with distempers occasioned by the severity of the heat and dust. He has positive orders to join this army, but he is fool enough to disobey and command an army when he is incapable of commanding a Troop of Horse.*

The heat here is insufferable, and I fancy it is that that gives me violent pains in my stomach, which distresses me exceedingly. An active campaign will, I hope, cure me of it.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

NEWTOWN CAMP, *Sept.* 3, 1776.

Our whole army landed upon this Island [Long Island] on the 22nd of last month at Gravesend Bay, upon which the enemy retreated without firing a shot to the Heights of Flatbush.

The Corps of Grenadiers and Lt. Infantry passed thro' Utrecht and encamped just under this post. We stayed there till the 26th, and our men were much annoyed on account of the rebels' commanding situation; the road to Brooklyn and Red Hook [the places where the enemy had their principal works] was defended by these Heights.

* Clinton, with the support of eight frigates under Sir P. Parker, had attempted the capture of Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, dominating the harbour of Charleston, but met with a serious reverse.

In the evening of the 27th our Corps had orders to march; we marched accordingly, and the Hessians took our ground. About 1 ocl. in the morning we arrived at Bedford, and by 7 ocl. found we had gone considerably round and were within a mile of Brooklyn. We then fired two guns, the signal for General Grant to attack and the Hessians to storm the Hill, while we attacked them in Brooklyn.

The plan succeeded, the rebels were surrounded before they were aware; they made some resistance, and the skirmish continued all day, till, finding they could not retire, 1400 gave themselves up, and were taken prisoners. Amongst them were Gen. Sullivan, Lord Stirling,* and another General, besides many of their best officers. By all accounts near 1500 were killed. On our side we lost one Lt. Col., three Captains, some Subalterns, and about 200 men killed and wounded. I was ordered to draw up my Highland Grenadiers on the right of the Grenadiers, by doing which one of the squares blocked me and my men were gauled very much, 17 were killed and wounded, and I received a slight scratch upon my hip with a muskit ball, which for three or four days was inconvenient, but at present is quite well.

This check has quite altered the face of affairs in this country. The next day we marched here, where we heard that the rebels had evacuated all their posts by stealth on this Island, and that the ships had drove them from Governor's Island. Prisoners inform us that near 15,000 of their best Troops were on Long Island, and had they not been surprised they would have fought it inch by inch.

The people of this place, which is very like the wooded parts of England, have returned to their homes. The country is in general flat, and there are large plains highly cultivated. The enemy thought they were invincible in the woods, and they were amazed to see that we were bold enough to attack them in their own way, in defiance of redoubts, woods or anything.

* A Jersey man who claimed to be Earl of Stirling.

After hearing much firing at New York some nights ago, we were informed by deserters that the inhabitants had rose in arms to protect their town from being burnt by the rebels, on which a fray issued between them and the people of Connecticut, wherin 500 were killed, after which two regts. had laid down their arms, and the town was evacuated.

This morning the *Rose* Man of War passed up the East River, and is carrying 40 flat bottom boats, from which we imagine we shall cross the River to-morrow.

I am sure, my dearest Father, you will excuse the hurried manner in which this letter is wrote. I live in a soldier's tent; the ground is my table.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

BLOMINDEL HEIGHTS CAMP, *Sept.* 26, 1776.

On the 16th of this month we marched from Newtown Camp, and the Corps de Reserve, consisting of three Battalions of Lt. Infantry, the German Jagers, my Battalion of Highland Grenadiers, the 42nd and 32nd Regts., embarked on board flat-bottomed boats in Newtown Creek, from whence we proceeded on our way to land upon New York Island. A 50 gun ship and two Frigates were drawn up to cover the landing.

Upon the enemy perceiving our boats, they sent several columns of men to line sunk breast-works that they had previously made to prevent a landing. We steered to the right and landed about three miles above the town under an incessant fire from the shipping.

A more glorious scene I never beheld; the thunder of the ships, the appearance of the enemy, the ardor of our troops, the whole army drawn up on Long Island ready to support us, surpassed everything of magnificence. So well did the army do their business that the enemy evacuated their lines, and we landed without opposition.

We immediately rush'd for wood and took possession of a Hill about a mile from the spot where we landed. In our way we had some skirmishes in which our

Brigadier Gen. Vaughan was wounded, and some few men of the Hessians; when the whole army were landed we proceeded on the Harlem road to these Heights. The enemy made a show of giving us battle several times as they retreated; we lay on our arms that night. The next morning we were alarmed by some musquetry on the left, the Grenadiers were ordered to march to the support of two Battalions of Lt. Infantry who, with more zeal than prudence, had ventured too near the enemy, which gave Washington the advantage of trying a ruse which had nearly proved fatal to them all.

Gen. Howe had sent a small party to take possession of a house, which was effected; then Washington, to decoy them still further, took possession of the next house, having flung a thousand men into the woods right and left hoping to surround them. Upon our coming to their assistance, we found our people smartly engaged, hemmed in and almost surrounded.

The Lt. Infantry were ordered to retire, which they were enabled to do under cover of three Companies of the 42nd.

In this brush we had more than 100 killed and wounded, three men of my Batt. wounded, and, what was more singular, my dog as he was lying by me. We afterwards encamped on this spot.

The day we landed, great numbers of the enemy escaped by the North River, which gave people room to conjecture that had our army crossed quite to the River we should have shut up near 6000 of them in the town.

Some days after two Brigades took possession of New York, which they found almost entirely evacuated, but the houses in tolerable order.

I went a Volunteer upon an expedition against Paulus Hook on the 20th of this month with Ld. Percy, who with 3000 men had orders to reduce it, as it annoyed our shipping as they entered the North River. It is a small peninsular on the west side of the River. We expected much opposition, but the rebels, after firing

a few cannon shot, ran away. There are no fewer than five works there, and during the winter they might have made it very disagreeable in the town.

I hope this, our first footing upon the continent, will lead to something, for our many delays makes me fear that this war will be spun out for some years, but I must be silent upon this head until I can get an opportunity of conveying safely a letter where I can express my thoughts fully upon our movements, and make known our *characters*.

Adieu, my dearest Friend and Father. Be assured that my actions shall be worthy your son. If there is honour to be gained I'll grasp at it, and if the Almighty spares my life in these hurly-burly times, I will return worthy the love you have always shown me.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

CH. STUART.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, *Nov.* 29, 1776.

Upon the 11th Oct. we embarked on board the flat-bottomed boats at 7 ocl. in the evening, and at about daybreak the next morning we proceeded through Hell-Gate (a place so called from a considerable chute which renders the passage very dangerous) to Throg's neck, where we landed without opposition.

The rebels, observing our motion, destroyed a bridge and causeway which joined this neck to part of the continent called West Chester, and flung up entrenchments further to impede our march. It being thought improper to force their pass we encamped; one boat of artillery and a few lives were lost in the passage.

On the 17th we again embarked and landed near Rochelle upon the continent; the rebels not expecting us, we proceeded near 3 miles unmolested, until the Lt. Infantry coming to the great road which leads from New York to New England they had a slight brush, in which Col. Musgrave, three officers and a few men were wounded.

We encamped on the road side till the 22nd, when we marched from the right in two columns about 5 miles and encamped upon Chester Hill in East Chester. Here we perceived at 6 or 8 miles distance some large encampments, which we thought to be the main army of the enemy.

The Generals went daily a-reconoitering, covered by the Lt. Infantry. The Brigade of the Chasseurs, the remainder of the Hessians and the Regt. of Waldsee joined our army on the ground which we quitted on the 25th Oct. We advanced 6 miles and encamped in one line, the left towards East River and the right towards White Plains, the whole fronting the Bronx River. On the 28th, we struck our tents, and after an 8 mile march arrived at White Plains, where to our surprise we beheld their army drawn up in order of Battle; a more glorious scene cou'd not have presented itself to a General of spirit and determination.

Their position was strong, but the superior discipline of the British Troops and a judicious attack wou'd at once have routed and chastised them. It may be more fortunate as it happened, but I speak as a soldier whose mind glow'd with hopes of a victory whose consequences would have stopped the effusion of human blood and subdued this country.

We were form'd in order of battle opposite the enemy and within cannon shot; the General order'd the 2nd Brigade to turn their right flank, to do which our men were obliged to pass a very deep ravine at the bottom of which was the Bronx; they forded the River and ascended the hill under heavy fire with great intrepidity. The rebels ran and took post behind them upon the left, showing much consternation on their right flank being turned; however, our remaining quiet revived them.

The next day we were ordered to encamp, to our astonishment, as the hill we had taken commanded the rebel position; moreover, not a shot was fired. I perceived next morning that the enemy were marching off their stores, and that the greater part of their army were

gone; however, this report was not believed, and after the General had taken six days to consider the position, orders were given for a general attack. The rain prevented it that day, and the following one the enemy had left the ground and retired across the River Crotton; however, they left a rear Guard of two thousand men upon almost inaccessible heights to cover their retreat.

We did not pursue them, but on Nov. 4th marched to Dobb's Ferry upon the North River, where we encamped in order of battle. (I forgot to mention that General Kniphausen with 3000 Hessians had been sent to invest Fort Washington, which fort is about a mile from Kingsbridge upon York Island.) On the 12th we marched in two Lines towards Kingsbridge, and after two days' march we encamp'd with our right at Morrisania and our left upon the River fronting White Plains. A general attack on the Fort was ordered on the 15th, the dispositions being as follows—Gen. Kniphausen to advance and ascend the Hill, Lord Percy to attack the lines in front, the Guards, Lt. Infantry one Corps and 42nd Regt. to cross Harlem River, and land in two different places. Fortunately for us the Americans behaved as dastardly as usual, and after a little opposition to the Hessians and Highlanders they ran to the protection of their Post, which not being able to contain them they surrendered at discretion.

About 3000 prisoners lay down their arms; thus did we gain possession of a Fort which I wou'd have engaged with 800 men to maintain against 10,000. The post in itself was weak, but the ascent to it was difficult beyond description; they had, moreover, 6 months' provisions and stores.

In this affair the British lost 100 killed and wounded, and the Hessians 300; in that of White Plains about 200 killed and wounded.

Upon the 20th or 21st Lord Cornwallis, with the reserve, crossed into the Jersies, took Fort Lee without opposition, and meeting with the rear of the rebel army, took 500 tents, stores, baggage, etc.; from whence he

proceeded to Newark and Elizabethtown, I suppose there to secure winter quarters.

Six thousand are embarked for an expedition under the command of Gen. Clinton and Lord Percy; I likewise go, with the command of the Grenadiers, we imagine to Rhode Island. I am on board a miserable transport with 30 officers, therefore you must excuse the incorrectness; it is rather severe after sharing in every active part of this campaign immediately to undertake a Winter one.*

* Rhode Island was occupied without opposition, and the British troops went into cantonments for the winter.

CHAPTER VII

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

(*Undated.*)

This is so critical a juncture that tho' I am no Politician, yet I can not help sending you my opinion of the present state of affairs in this Country; we have remitted home such extravagant accounts of very trifling advantages and have gloss'd over with such art our errors, that I hope our Leaders wrote more for the Eye of the Publick than for the information of the Minister. Unless these accounts have been corrected by their private Letters, you doubtless must have expected ere this that our Arms had brought America to obedience, I am sorry to inform you that as yet we have effected nothing; the greater part of our Army are encamp'd where they were cantoon'd in the Jersies, forming a Cordon along the Raritan River; our Piquets and outposts are sometimes attack'd by the Enemy, and tho' they seldom fail to suffer in these skirmishes, yet in the end they will learn to be enterprising and acquire bravery.

Some ships are cruizing in different Latitudes, and the remainder are station'd at N. York, Rhode Island, the Delaware, and one in Chisapeak Bay; some censure these stations, and if we judge by the consequences there is certainly some error in the arrangement, for independent of the Cruizers, the number of Ships unemploy'd in the above mention'd Ports have furnish'd the Rebels with an opportunity of carrying on an extensive and almost uninterrupted trade with the West Indies and many parts of Europe by which they have imported every kind of military store, besides every necessary article to

supply the wants of the people; and I am credibly informed that they have employed themselves with such success to the Southward that they have collected the means of prosecuting this diabolical war for three years.

General Howe confines himself to the Military Department, while His Lordship the Admiral presides over, or rather takes entirely to himself all civil arrangements.

Every proposal he has hitherto made to negotiate with the Rebels they have entirely disregarded; he therfore has published different Proclamations, in order, I suppose, to undeceive the minds of the people and to set clearly before them the advances Great Britain wou'd make towards a reconciliation. But this intention by no means succeeded, for whether from being unaccustomed to write, or from those about him being unacquainted with business, these performances were so clouded with mystery that they seemed more calculated to impress the minds of the People than to give them information.

It is strange that Commissioners invested with such amazing Powers shou'd employ themselves in writing Papers which are only ridiculed and laughed at by those they are endeavouring to negotiate with; instead of plainly proclaiming to them that Great Britain wishes to prevent the miseries that are likely to overwhelm her Colonies, and in order to effect that laudable intention requests that Delegates shou'd be chosen from each Colony to lay before the Commissioners their several causes of complaint.

If the complaints are unreasonable, or the terms they request improper, offer them those that Great Britain can grant with honour !

If they receive them the point is gained, and a permanent accord settled between the two countries; if not, the minds of everybody will be opened, they will see the aspiring and ambitious views of their factious Leaders, and many wou'd, I am convinced, leave these scenes of Anarchy, and return to the protection of that free and wholesome Government under which

they lived so happily. After such a conduct no-one can complain, and the sword must fall upon the guilty.

I believe I mention'd in my last letter that upon the Declaration of Independence most of the respectable Delegates left the Congress, and were succeeded by people of little consequence, but whose ambitious views added strength to the faction Adams had formed. This circumstance is so certain that I am credibly informed that many of the Principal People of this country wou'd feel themselves disgraced at being obliged to accept terms agreed upon by *these people*.

This circumstance convinces me that were each Colony address'd in the above-mention'd manner respectable people of very powerful interest, who have hitherto been silent from not having weight to oppose the prevailing faction, wou'd form strong parties for conciliatory purposes.

But supposing we had few or no friends, each Colony, flattered by the power of making terms for itself, wou'd shake off the authority of Congress, and each presenting their particular views, would so clash that they will break that union with one-another into which they were entrapped, not from a voluntary consent, but through the artifice of a few individuals.

Great Britain seems to have been altogether misled with respect to the Revolt of this country, for I am convinced that instead of sending two men of ordinary capacity, they wou'd have searched the whole Country to find two Sullys to send on this Mission.

I have not the honour of being acquainted with Lord Howe, but I have been studious to observe his public Character, and I am concerned to find that instead of searching into the minds of the people and consulting with those Europeans who have borne respectable offices under the Crown, and whose abilities have gained them weight and interest in this country, he disregards them, and seems rather to wish to remain uninformed than be obliged to request information.

The Congress are becoming every day more factious,

and to such a pitch do they strain their power, that they have taxed the Northern Colonies, and have punished with death those who have dared to oppose their Views; they have been less arbitrary to the Southward.

An Expedition into Connecticut, of which I had the honour to make one, proved to me that we had been totally unacquainted with their interior resources. I never saw a richer country or better cultivated and so well peopled, that tho' they had no regular troops, yet in the space of a few hours they had 6,000 men in arms, and men who fought with more inveteracy and resolution than I have yet seen them do on other parts of the Continent.

This expedition may nearly paint for you the power the Americans have in case you mean to force them by arms. Our General must make his movements with great expedition and caution, for if he makes the least *faux pas* Great Britain, with the most strenuous exertions, can not be sure of finishing this war in two years.

And when that happy time comes we have to hope that accommodating differences, or rather, forming a Constitution for this Country, may not be left to the present Heads, but for the honour of England that people of very superior ability may be sent to establish a mode of Government which may *firmly attach* the Americans to the Crown, both from inclination and dependence.

Now as I have sufficiently tired you with politics, my dear Father, I must conclude with acquainting you that the Campaign will open in three days. Four thousand men will be left here and on the adjacent Islands. From our preparations I am convinced that General Howe means to take Philadelphia before anything material happens, tho' I may be mistaken; all the reinforcements are arrived, except a few ships.

CHAPTER VIII

REVERSES

1777.

LORD NORTH PRIME MINISTER.

January.—Lord Cornwallis, on the eve of departure for England, is brought back to recover Trenton after Rhal's disaster.

Mawhood saves the situation at Princeton.

Washington retakes the greater part of New Jersey, Howe retaining only that portion that lies between Paulus, New Brunswick, and Amboy. Howe asks for reinforcement of 35,000 men; Germaine offers 8,000 and finally sends 3,000.

The Marquis Lafayette fits out a vessel at his own expense and arrives in America in the spring.

Lee turns traitor and represents to Howe that Pennsylvania and Maryland are prepared to receive the King's troops with loyalty.

May.—Germaine's letter received authorising Howe's invasion of Pennsylvania.

July 1.—Howe embarks for Philadelphia, leaving Clinton in New York. Howe defeats Washington at Brandywine; actions at Red Bank and Mud Island. Takes Philadelphia.

General Burgoyne marches down the Hudson from Canada to join Clinton at New York; is surrounded by Arnold and Gates at Saratoga, and forced to surrender.

October 17.—Howe spends the winter at Philadelphia; his lack of enterprise and slack discipline largely responsible for subsequent disasters. Charles Stuart had been elected Member for Bossiney in 1776, he returns to England this winter to attend his Parliamentary duties.

THE year 1777 was an unsatisfactory one for the British, beginning with the disasters at Trenton and Princeton in January, and culminating with Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga in October.

This was partially compensated for by Howe's victory at Brandywine and the capture of Philadelphia, but on balance the Rebels could congratulate themselves on having struck a heavy blow at British prestige, a fact that received recognition in France and brought them the official help of that country.

Washington's marvellous tenacity in combat, serenity in misfortune, and undaunted belief in ultimate success had so influenced the minds of his followers, and inspired

the conduct of his forces, that his army became formidable from self-confidence and indomitable through faith.

Charles Stuart, never very strong, began to feel the strain of two years' incessant fighting, and at the end of November, when the troops were going into winter quarters, asked for and obtained leave to return home.

Howe and Clinton had written to Germaine* that without additional troops it would be impossible to carry on, and Stuart was charged, in his capacity of Member of Parliament, to impress on the Secretary of State the absolute necessity of reinforcements. Both Generals threatened to resign unless their demands were complied with. Men, not advice how to use them, was what they wanted; hitherto Germaine had been more profuse with the latter than the former, and had attempted to prescribe plans of action.

As an officer who had taken a brilliant part in the fighting, the young Colonel would be able to represent things in their true light. This was much to be desired, as, up till now, factious opposition to the war had displayed itself by outbursts of cheering when Rebel victories were announced in the House, and even the news of the fall of Saratoga, one of the most humiliating episodes in English military history, had been received with derisive shouts and howls of insulting triumph.

Charles Stuart to Lord Bute on the Situation: a Retrospect.

Feb. 4, 1777.

The incapacity of the several Governors appointed by the British Ministry to the Crown Governments, who were in office on the eve of this Rebellion, is well known. I shall therfore only add some remarks I have made from a personal knowledge of them, and from what I have industriously learned of others, which together will, I think, prove that under these shadows of power, and under them alone, the Americans cou'd have rear'd the Standard of Rebellion.

* George Germaine, better known as Lord George Sackville, had a very bad military record, having been publicly degraded for his conduct at Minden, and struck off the list of Privy Councillors. It is not too much to say that as War Minister he contributed more than anyone to the disasters of the war and the loss of the American Colonies.

General Gage had lived much in this country, and possessed a good plain understanding, saw well the designs of the Colony he superintended, and had rectitude enough to acquaint Great Britain with them, but he wanted resolution enough to seize the Heads of faction, and put an end to party. Those Governors to the Southward, placed there thro' interest or birth, saw matters in a different light. The pretended affection of the people prevented them from looking deeply into the political state of the Country, and their own vanity flatter'd by promises of personal attachment induced them not only to listen to the artful and cunning insinuations of even the leaders of fashion, but to declare their Colonies submissive subjects of the Crown.

Thus deceived, the Minister induced a *higher power* to turn the whole vigour of the British Arms against a pitiful Province (Massachusetts), in consequence of which the Army remained block-aded in Boston, while the other Colonies had time to assemble and put in practice a system of Government which, were it to support any other cause, wou'd do honour to the greatest legislators.

Tho' the Heads of the Chief Party, or Congress, extended their views to Independency, yet that was far from being the prevailing opinion of that Assembly, the superior part of which, being sensible of the mildness of their former Government, had associated merely with an intent to oblige Great Britain to redress grievances they thought arbitrary.

But the vaulting strides of the Leaders soon convinced Congress that in order to avoid a destructive and continued War, it was necessary immediately to conciliate Officers, and as a further motive to this, their party (weakened every day by deaths and other changes) took the favourable opportunity of General Clinton's being at New York on his way to the South, to present him with terms signed by Hancock, Washington, and the greater and most respectable members of Congress.

Unfortunately, this intent was destroy'd by the document falling into the hands of a foolish, indecisive

person. General Clinton returned for answer that he had no power to receive them.

Disheartened by this, some changed their opinions, and Adams,* who had obtain'd intimation of this design, managed with such artifice, that in forming the new Congress he excluded those whose private opinions differed from his own.

This circumstance I relate to you as a fact, as it was made known to me by a person of strict veracity, who was employ'd in negotiating the business. The same gentleman, upon my Lord Howe's arrival, shew'd him the terms, when his Lordship declared that it was the greatest misfortune for both Countries that he did not arrive at that time, for the terms were advantageous and far beyond what he expected.

Lord Howe, who on his passage had slyly dropt Proclamations in different ports, expected on his arrival at Staten Island to reap the benefit of thereby receiving the submissions of the Americans, but great must have been his surprise when he saw on both sides the most hostile intentions.

The affair of Aug. 27th at Brooklyn, when General Sullivan surrendered and Washington was obliged to retreat, had all the appearance of a successful one, and if we had followed our fortune and prevented their Army from escaping we shou'd have *ordered*, not woo'd them to make terms.

Adams, Franklin, and other of their most artful men arrived at Staten Island in Compliance with the Commissioner's desire, but nothing was settled. This interview was of great importance! And I hope his Lordship made use of it, like a deep Statesman and refined Politician.

He had men of parts and capacity for Antagonists, and however they might have evaded or rejected his offers, he had to shew them they were made with dignity, sense, and spirit becoming Great Britain, and that he was worthy to be entrusted by his Country.

All hopes of an accommodation having vanished, after

* John Adams was eventually appointed the first representative of the United States at the Court of St. James's.

a too tedious delay we landed on York Island about 3 miles above New York, after a feint had been made for several days at Hell Gate, where we erected Batteries and fixed on a spot on the opposite side.

If it was cautious to prevent an attack on the Lines on Long Island, this landing seem'd to be attended with much risk, and the loss of men inevitable. However, the dastardly behaviour of the enemy gave us the Town and the greater part of the Island without opposition.

The General had great merit in avoiding an engagement which the enemy endeavoured to bring on by stratagem on the 16th; the hindrance shewed judgement and ability.

Our delay here, as well as hereafter, was unpardonable, as it only served to render the Rebels more formidable, and gained little or no intelligence, as was proved by our landing on Throg's Neck, where it was evident the General had been deceived. Tho' our delay there was irksome, we were repay'd by our landing upon the Continent.

I am sorry to acquaint you that we now begin to perceive the want of discipline. Those poor unhappy wretches who had remained in their habitation through necessity or loyalty were immediately judged by the soldiers to be Rebels, neither their cloathing or property spared, but in the most inhuman and barbarous manner torn from them. Repeated orders was given against this barbarity, but the punishment annex'd to the crime not being put into execution, the soldiers disregarded it. Thus we went on persuading to enmity those minds already undecided, and inducing our very Friends to fly to the opposite party for protection.

I cannot help relating here a circumstance that does honour to Washington's policy; all the baggage of the Hessian Brigade being taken at Newton, he wou'd not suffer his soldiers to pillage an article, but assembling the people of the country told them that what the Hessians had plundered from them it was his duty to restore, and made each peasant take such articles as had been plunder'd from them

Charles Stuart to Lord Bute.

NEWPORT, *Feb.*, 1777.

I have wrote to you frequently and have stated with as much exactness as I was master of the different movements of our army, but I am afraid the hurry of the times made my letters almost unintelligible.

I will relate the events of the last two months.

Our army, after a few long and exhausting marches, had driven the enemy across the Delaware; flushed with ideal conquest, General Howe thought himself able not only to subjugate the Jersies, but to form a chain on the Delaware to prevent the inroads of Washington.

In order to effect both these purposes he cantoon'd nearly his whole army in the manner described in this sketch, his left resting on Bordenton and Trenton, and his right on Newark, a dangerously extended line adopted in order to afford protection to the loyal inhabitants of the Jersies.

Thus situated, indolence and ease began to repay the Troops for the fatigue of a Campaign which they justly thought successful. Suddenly a warning was sent to Col. Rahl, who commanded the Hessian Brigade at Trenton, that the rebels had crossed the Delaware to the Northward; he, rather doubting this information, or not taking proper precautions in consequence of it, was surprised, and taken with 750 men, 8 pieces of cannon, besides officers of all ranks. This was on Xmas day (1776).

This event roused the whole army from their supposed security; they now saw clearly that proper precautions had been wanting to secure their winter cantoonments, that the inhabitants of Trenton had assisted the rebels, and that disaffection, under the mask of loyalty, still lurked among the people, causing them to commit clandestine and most horrid murders on both officers and men.

On this occasion Lord Cornwallis, who had actually embarked for England, was recalled to the command of the army in the Jersies, and Gen. Howe, seeing the

harrassed situation of the troops, which made it impossible for them to maintain their cantonments without a total defeat of the enemy, ordered His Lordship to assemble his forces at Princeton. This was done, and on the 2nd Jan. Lord Cornwallis moved with the intention of attacking the rebels, Washington having crossed and recrossed the Delaware and established a strong post at Trenton. Finding the enemy in great strength, and beacon fires flung out with every show of defiance, His Lordship decided to await reinforcements. The next day, while our army was marching with all the notions of speedy conquest, the rebels filed off to the right, and by making a considerable detour attacked Princeton in our rear, where a Brigade had been left, who were saved by the almost incredible bravery of Col. Mawhood and the 17th Regt., who, disregarding numbers, form'd a Column, and with bayonets forced their way thro' the enemy.

Disappointed, by this manœuvre, of bringing the enemy to action, it was thought proper to relinquish all the Cantonments except Brunswick and Amboy, for which towns therefore the troops marched, after being detained seven hours while a bridge was replaced that these miscreants had judiciously destroyed.

Charles Stuart to Lord Bute.

NEWPORT, *March* 29, 1777.

Nothing very particular has passed at New York, or here; indeed, the severity of the season has been such that the execution of any military scheme wou'd have been impossible.

The present Cantonments of General Howe's army are Brunswick and Amboy, between which towns are stationed some Troops in order to keep up the communications; the rebells remain in possession of the rest of the Jersies. This unmilitary position of our army, and the neglect of those high in office, who omitted making magazines of every species of forage when we were in possession of the greater part of the province of New York, has made it absolutely necessary for us to enter

into a kind of " petite guerre," which has kept the army the whole winter in perpetual harassment, and upon a modest computation has lost us more men than last Campaign.

The rebel soldiers, from being accustomed to peril in their skirmishes, begin to have more confidence, and their officers seldom meet with our foraging parties, but they try every ruse to entrap them, and tho' they do not always succeed, yet the following our people as they return, and the wounding and killing many of our rear guards, gives them the notion of victory, and habituates them to the profession.

Lord Percy has just obtain'd leave to go to England, his reasons for so doing I will make known to you in my next letter, which he will in all probability carry. I am highly bound to him for repeated marks of civility and friendship. He is more beloved in this army than any officer, and with justice, as he has made it his invariable rule of conduct to assist with his fortune such old officers who had merit, but not the means to purchase advancement. As to his military abilities, speaking impartially, I think he is at least equal to any of the Generals,— " mais Dieu sait, ça ne dit pas grande chose !"—he is active and spirited to a degree, but easily led, " grand parleur," and vain.

I doubt whether the next Campaign will put an end to this war, the plan seems to be for Gen. Howe to take Philadelphia, while Carleton takes possession of the northern Provinces. I make no doubt of Carleton's doing much, *if* he is able to pass the Lakes early. As to Howe's army, if they advance with as little system as they did last year, instead of conquering the southern Provinces, he must be content *as before* with narrating newspaper *victories*.

The rebels continue to take our ships oftener than we do theirs.

A Cartel has been settled, and all the prisoners have been exchanged, except General Charles Lee and Col. Campbell. They intend to retaliate on Campbell any

ill usage Lee may receive. No wretch was ever so abject as that Traytore; he crys for mercy, and even implores the common soldiers for compassion.

Two letters from Allan Maclean, the hero of Quebec, are of some interest. This officer had some right to complain of ill-treatment, as, but for his timely apparition with a force of 400 men, Quebec would have fallen to the combined attack made by Montgomery and Arnold in 1775. These two officers had both held commissions in the King's Army, and both adopting the cause of the Rebels, distinguished themselves by their activity and capacity.

The boldness of the attempt to storm Quebec, and sweep the British out of Canada, was characteristic of Arnold's tactics, and made him the idol of the American Army—an idol with feet of clay—as revealed by his subsequent conduct.

It was Sir Guy Carleton* who got the credit of saving Canada, and Maclean does but voice the grievance of so many of His Majesty's subjects recruited in America, that while they bore the heat and burden of the day, honours, decorations, and promotions were reserved for the officers of the Regular Army coming out from home to reap the fruits of victory.

Allan Maclean to Alexander Cummings.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 19, 1777.

DEAR SANDY,

I always think myself rather ill-used in being sent away from England so late in the season that I knew it would be impossible to get to Canada, but as it was His Majesty's own doing (whom God bless) I must be satisfied.

However, after being tossed at sea from the 23rd of Sept. to the 29th of Dec., in storms and gales of wind, and very near being shipwrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I arrived here, and here I am in the middle of the confusion, and you know I love a bustle dearly.

* Sir Guy Carleton was Lieut.-Governor of Canada, 1766-1775; Governor, 1775-1778; Commander-in-Chief in America, 1781-1783; created Baron Dorchester, 1786.

I was in hopes to have Major Stuart, Lord Bute's son, here, but he is at Rhode Island; he is very highly spoken of by the officers of the Army, as a young man of uncommon parts, of very great penetration, with unwearied attention and application to his profession. This character I had of him from Major Gen. Robertson, the cleverest fellow in the Army, and the most sensible man.

He, Robertson, served as a volunteer last Campaign, his Regt. being in the West Indies, and is now going home, not with the highest opinion in the world of our Commander in Chief here—but this is "entre nous," for I suppose it would be treason at home to think he wanted abilities, but the fact is, that poor devils as the Rebel Generals are, they out-generaled us more than once, even since I have been here, which is only six weeks, and it is no less certain that with a tolerable degree of common sense, and some ability in our Commanders, the rebellion would now be near ended.

Indeed, I find our mistakes in the campaign were many and some very capital ones; but I know I am writing to a friend who has some prudence, and will not expose me tho' I write real truths. I know every inch of this country, and 33 years as a soldier enables me to speak with some degree of confidence.

I do assure you that ev'ry advantage we got was wholly owing to the real bravery and intrepidity of our Troops, whose impetuosity was not only irresistible, but so terrified the Rebels that they durst not look them in the face.

The heads here are sensible of their own incapacity, for there is a public order to-day ordering all letters for England to be sent to Head-Quarters, that the Public may have no information but what comes through their own medium.

The Rebels have the whole winter gone upon a very prudent plan of constantly harassing our quarters with skirmishes and small parties, and always attacking our foraging parties. By this means they gradually accustom their men to look us in the face, and stand fire which they never have dared to attempt in the field.

But this is a plan which we ought to avoid most earnestly, since it will certainly make soldiers of the Americans. Lucky it is for our Commanders that the Rebels are averse to enlist for any length of time, and that nine tenths of the Rebel Army now are Militia, and the soldiers that they have this month go home next, so they always have raw fresh hands, which ruins them.

After what I said it would be unjust not to say that General Howe is a very honest man, and I believe a very disinterested one. Brave he certainly is, and would make a very good executive officer under another's command, but he is not by any means equal to a C. in C. I do not know any employment that requires so many great qualifications either natural or acquired as the Commander in Chief of an Army. He has, moreover, got none but very silly fellows about him—a great parcel of old women—most of them improper for American service; I could be very ludicrous on this occasion, but it is truly too serious a matter that brave men's lives should be sacrificed to be commanded by such Generals.

For excepting Earl Percy, Lord Cornwallis,* both Lt. Generals, and the Brigadier Generals Leslie and Sir William Erskine, the rest are useless. Lord Percy is greatly distinguished with Gen. Howe; Lord Cornwallis is, I believe, a brave man, but he allowed himself to be fairly out-generalled by Washington, the 4th Jan. last at Trenton, and missed a glorious opportunity when he let Washington slip away in the night.

Men of real genius cannot long agree with Howe; he is too dull to encourage great military merit—and our

* Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, was born December 31, 1738. He represented the Borough of Eye in Suffolk in two Parliaments; succeeding his father in 1767, he was called to the House of Lords, where he voted uniformly with the Opposition, who were favourable to the American Colonists.

When, however, war was declared, he accepted a command in the army destined to act against them. He acquired great reputation at the action of Brandywine and at the siege of Charleston. He fought successful actions at Camden and Guildford; but in 1781 made a disastrous attempt to invade Virginia, and was forced to surrender at Yorktown with 4,000 men. This practically terminated the war in America. His subsequent career was brilliant; almost his last public act was the negotiation of the Treaty of Amiens in 1801.

great men at home seem to be as little anxious about encouraging true military abilities as our Commanders here.

You will say I am too severe, but upon my soul I would be sorry to judge rashly, and I would rather praise any man than condemn him; I am not afraid that the judicious few, who are real judges, will think me wrong in saying that Gen. Howe is by no means equal to his present command. I also find Gen. Carleton is not thought much of at home. I will not pretend to vindicate him; his conduct deserves censure, but I assure you he is a much better General than Howe. But God knows that neither of them merited Stars, or Ribands—and to you, my friend, I can say that had I not been in Canada he would never have got his Red Riband, for Quebec would have been lost, and he would be a prisoner amongst the Rebels —and yet poor me have got nothing, not so much as the King's thanks! I am indeed the single man that has been forgot. This will not alter my conduct during this rascally Rebellion; on the contrary, I shall exert myself more to serve my King and Country.

But it is rather a mortifying circumstance that after 33 years in my Royal Master's service (whom God bless and preserve) that I should find myself now only a Lieu. Col. of American Provincials, tho' I have 17 years a Field Officer in the King's service.

I confess that it is not my own situation that gives me so much uneasiness as that of a number of old and experienced officers that I have been the means of bringing in to this regiment. . . . My own share of it I can bear with patience, but their situation wounds me to the very soul. In our disgrace we have the consolation to know we have done more splendid service to our country than any regiment in America.

Chance threw the opportunity in our way, and we seized it like men who were determined to preserve Quebec or perish in the attempt. There was not a King's soldier in Canada but my people, and we were always formost in all the rough work, and yet we are

the only people forgot; upon my word, I can never believe that our Royal Master is acquainted with our situation, or he is too good even to permit the injustice.

Had we a man of real capacity at the head of the Army the Rebellion would have been at an end, but still we must in the end get the better of them.

Their own interior distress will crush them in the course of the summer very completely, provided our Fleet will act with vigour, which it has never done hitherto—and it is a lucky circumstance for us that their own situation will bring them to reason sooner than the military abilities of our Commander would have done.

Washington this whole winter never had more than 7000 men in the Jersies, where we had 16,000, and yet we have been tossed and kicked about most amazingly, all our foraging parties constantly attacked, and tho' we did generally beat them we lost a great many good men.

In short, we made a poor figure, and yet our Troops are really fine fellows; no soldiers in the world could behave better.

There is this week a proclamation offering 16 crowns to such as come in with their arms, and 12 crowns to every man without arms, which brings in a great many of their deserters.

We have this week destroyed one of their Magazines, which will hurt them in some measure, but we will make more noise about it at home than the thing is worth; we have done so little, we must make the most of small matters.

March 14.

In my last letter I mentioned to you some cause of discontent given to Major Stuart, Lord Bute's son. . . . He therefore wrote to Lord Howe a very handsome letter, complaining of the very cavalier manner in which he had been treated . . . and praying, since he was not so fortunate as to be permitted to be on service, that he might get leave to return to England; but I apprehend

they will not wish him to go home. He is a fine young fellow, and I have lost my skill if he will not be one of the best officers in the King's service.

He is very clever, exceedingly intelligent, takes great pains, and is as bold as a lion. I also find Ld. Percy has asked leave to go home, for he is also disappointed.

I am glad to inform you that Ld. Percy and Major Stuart are on the best of terms; and I am convinced that the moment Ld. Percy goes home Lady Percy and he will live together if she chooses it.

I set out for Canada in a few days; I ought to have gone long ago, but everything here is uncertainty and delay.

Yours sincerely,
ALLAN MACLEAN.

CHAPTER IX

PHILADELPHIA—SARATOGA

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

March, 1777.

I SHOULD do injustice to your friendship, my dearest Father, did I not acquaint you that I am offered daily Lt. Colonelcies to purchase; from £4600 to £5000 are the prices given in this army. I do not mention this as a request, for I am too sensible of your paternal tenderness ever to have a wish for preferment that does not correspond with your designs.

Lord Percy will bring you this letter; he returns upon the pretence of settling some family affairs, but his real reason is the ill usage he has received from the Chief. He did me the honour to make me his confidant, and if ill-bred letters specifying an entire disapprobation of his behaviour at Rhode Island, a publick removal of those he had appointed to vacant office being sent out of the way of service while other idiots had considerably larger and more active commands, can authorise his return, he will no doubt meet with respect at home and applause for his spirited conduct. This I tell you as a secret, tho' it will soon be one of that sort that is babbled about everywhere.

I am happy to tell you that in spite of all our blunders fortune declares in our favour. Congress is dispersed, and the Rebels desert to us by 50s and 100s with their arms. Our Posts are the same. Washington is in the Jersies with a small army, and there is a strong appearance of its being at an end before the autumn.

It is singular that they still refuse to negotiate; I should imagine that proceeds from the mean opinion they have of those sent out for the purpose, and I should

not be surprised if you receive in England the concession of the several Colonies without previso whatever.

I am at present living with my friend Lord Drummond, a young man of uncommon ability, whose attention to the political state of this country has made him quite master of its several interests, and also of the interests of Gt. Britain towards it.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

New York, *July* 10, 1777.

On the 11th June Gen. Howe's army of 27,000 assembled at New Brunswick, leaving a small post at Amboy, and on the evening of the 12th (Gen. Mathews being left with 1500 men at Brunswick) we marched in two Divisions, the first consisting of near 6000 men. under Cornwallis and Grant, without baggage. The second Division formed the remainder of the army, and the baggage, pontoon, provisions etc., conducted by Howe and de Heister.

The first Division after marching 8 miles crossed the Milston, arrived at Hilsborough, and drew up upon the heights, forming a semi-circle round that village, in order that each flank might be covered by the Milston river.

The second Division halted at the small village of Middlebrook half-way between Brunswick and Hilsborough, forming a circle with baggage in the centre. By this movement the front of our army was within 4 miles of that part of the Blue Mountains called Bashing Ridge, where it was said Washington was, not only well posted, but strongly fortified.

During our six days there the Piquets of the 1st Division were frequently annoy'd, and our patrols so watched and attacked that they were prevented making any discoveries; the enemy's Corps was situated in a hollow between two high mountains entirely out of sight, except a few straggling tents which nearly pointed out their situation.

We traced out 4 redoubts at Middlebrook, and one

to cover the Bridge at Hilsborough, most of which were nearly finish'd, when, to our astonishment, we received orders to retire to Brunswick. In this short trip we had one Captain wounded, two lieutenants taken, and between 40 and 50 men killed, wounded, or taken.

Upon the stores being removed to Amboy, a disposition was made for evacuating Brunswick (June 26th), which we easily affected; but on our rear parties passing the Bridge about 500 of the rebels appear'd on the other side, and fired several cannon shot without doing any damage, but before the line of march was formed that party augmented to near 3000 with guns, Colours, and heaping every kind of insolence.

The General did not think proper to attack them, the consequence of which was that they threw 500 or 600 men into the wood upon our left, who warmly harrassed our rear for 6 miles, and killed or wounded 30 men.

On our arrival at Amboy every preparation was made for embarking the Troops, and one Brigade of Hessians had actually embarked. This induced Gen. Washington to quit his hold in order to attack us, on hearing which Gen. Howe ordered those Troops to disembark, and at day-break the next morning march'd in two columns; the right hand one, commanded by Cornwallis and Grant, were to pass by Woodbridge to Westfield, and the left by Bowen Town to the same place.

Washington's army was drawn up about 3 miles from the Mountains, his left at Sparkston, and his right extending towards Boundbrook.

Upon the alarms of our movements, Washington retired to the post he before occupied. Lord Cornwallis falling in with Stirling, near Matonaking, after a slight skirmish obliged him to retire. In this confusion we took 60 men, and 3 pieces of cannon; our loss was Capt. Finch, of the Guards, killed, and 30 men killed and wounded, besides 20 men who dropp'd down dead from the heat or fatigue.

This affair prevented the enemy from annoying us on our leaving Amboy, which we did 2 or 3 days later.

Yesterday (July 3rd) and the day before the Army embarked from Staten Island, and, as you can imagine, we are all anxious to see the issue of yet another scheme.

These retrograde movements appear just as incomprehensible to us as they can possibly do to you, for both in a military and a political sense it seems highly injudicious to have maintained posts, which have cost you near 2000 men, and then evacuate them as of no use, and to leave unprotected and exposed to a cruel and implacable enemy those inhabitants who have sought your protection and served you.

If Washington had made any particular movement with his army, or had any change occurred in other parts of America, it might be accounted for, but the report circulated by those in power is that it was thought necessary to march to Hilsborough *to offer Washington battle*.

The idea of offering these people battle is ridiculous; they have too much caution to risk everything on one action, or rather too much sense to engage an army double their numbers, superior in discipline, and who never make a show of fighting but upon the most advantageous ground.

If we wish to conquer them we must attack him, or if his posts are too strong, by a *ruse de guerre* place ourselves in that situation that he may expect to attack us to advantage.

But, notwithstanding the reports, I am convinced that, from the redoubts built at Middlebrook, and the pontoon bridge we incumbered ourselves with, we intended to establish a magazine there, and pursue our way to the Delaware to Flemingtown, where we must have inevitably cut Washington from his supplies by one day's march, and obliged him to quit the Mountains. Perhaps this might have been intended, but for the fear of our escorts being attacked bringing provisions from Brunswick.

This risk which all armies are liable to was our hindrance here, and has absolutely prevented us this whole war from going 15 miles from a navigable river. The consequence of this last unlucky retreat is that we have more clearly united those who were disaffected; we have helped to increase and inspirit the rebel army, and we have begun a campaign, that well managed would settle the affairs of this country, with the stigma of a retreat.

From a great number of circumstances I have great reason to believe that Philadelphia is our present object.* What our Chiefs think to gain by possessing that town I cannot judge; the name of having the capital of this country to the French or other Powers, who are ignorant of the state of America, may appear as the great step towards its conquest, but those who think impartially of the thorough rebellion that subsists on this Continent will agree with me that the taking a town already evacuated by the enemy as untenable, instead of being of use, will weaken your army by obliging you to leave a considerable Garrison to maintain it.

General Clinton, with 5000 men, is to defend these three Islands; Burgoyne, of whom we have as yet heard nothing, with an army of 6500 men, is expected to pass through one of the strongest countries upon this continent, and in case we go southward, he will have certainly the most powerful, the most inveterate and numerous colonies to oppose him, without any assistance from us. I tremble for the consequences, and can not help hoping that what now appears to us a determined project, is but a feint, and that we shall turn our arms to the northward. We should first dispossess the enemy of their forts on the North River, and assist Burgoyne either to reduce to obedience or crush the northern colonies, which, when effected, if the southern colonies

* According to Mr. Fortescue, Howe had all along intended sailing to Philadelphia, though he seems to have wished to give Washington the idea he meant to march there overland.

When Washington heard for certain that Howe had decided to go south instead of north, he exclaimed with delight: "Now, let all New England turn out and crush Burgoyne."

do not then ask for terms, you have the autumn, the finest season of the year, in which to deal with them.

P.S.—We have just received certain accounts that Ticonderoga is taken, but no details of the affair; this will in all probability cause us to go north.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

CHESAPEAKE BAY.
ON BOARD A TRANSPORT, *Aug.* 21, 1777.

I was not entirely wrong in my conjecture that Gen. Howe intended going to the South. We sailed from Sandy Hook on the 23rd July and arrived at the Delaware the 30th, stood up that river for some hours, when, as if it were a feint to perplex Washington, we put back to sea the middle of the same night, and on Friday got between Capes Henty and Charles [two Capes that form the entrance of Chesapeake Bay], and are this day off Anapolis steering for Baltimore.

During our voyage various reports have been spread concerning Burgoyne, but one in particular seems to have weight, as it is mention'd in all the rebel newspapers; it says that he has had an action with their Northern army at Fort Amherst (formerly Fort Ann), wherin their army was totally defeated, and their General Schuyler surrendered.

Our movements to the Chesapeake seem to indicate that Gen. Howe has hopes, or assurances, that Maryland will return to obedience; it is probable that that part of Maryland, Virginia, and the lower Delaware Counties situated on the peninsular form'd by the Delaware and Chesapeake, may answer these expections, as in general they have been well affected, and as they are so situated that no rebel army wou'd venture there when very few ships are left for their protection, but the Western Coast of this Bay, from all I can learn, are very averse to a reconciliation. They have hoisted the rebel Colours, and the arm'd vessels we have observed are too strong proofs of this unreasonable enmity.

We have had no intelligence of Washington's army,

tho' if he acts with prudence he must be on the banks of the Susquehanna, in order to protect his magazines, the principal ones lying in Lancaster County and on the banks of that river. He will also be able by this position to protect his convoys of supplies, recruits etc. all of which he must now receive from the Southward.

When the inflammatory debates at home have a powerful effect both on the cause and the spirits of the enemy, a soldier may be allowed to be a little of a politician, and to arraign those people who fight with words against this country.

I find by the English newspapers that the Heads of the Opposition are approaching to a degree of insanity or rebellion that surpasses the conduct of the Americans. Here a few artful men are playing a game that, let the catastrophe be ever so fateful, they know from the temper of the Mother-Country they cannot be great losers by. At home a Motion and a speech preceding it was made in May, and supported, which, in other days, wou'd have cost the Mover and Supporter their heads; it is their desire to give up the King's power over his Colonies, and the supremacy of Parliament; they justify the Americans in actual rebellion, declare they were forced to it by the laws of nature and justice, then factiously state arguments to encourage the rebels, which are founded neither on knowledge of this country nor on truth.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

Elk Town, *Aug.* 31, 1777.

We landed on the 25th Aug. about 7 miles up the Elk River at a place called Elk Ferry, on the Eastern shore of that river; you will see by the sketch I enclose that our usual carelessness prevails, and that had we had an active enemy our Corps wou'd be destroyed by detail, without a possibility of supporting one another.

When we were form'd in this line, it was believed that Washington was on the Brandywine Hills about 16 miles from hence, his right near Wilmington, and his left along the Brandywine Creek, and his advanced

Guard at Puchards Town. It seems singular, that when we are at some distance from these rebels, we omit taking common military precautions as a mode of showing our contempt, and when near to them our Chiefs show an odd kind of care which lets every advantage slip from us.

A want of firmness in not enforcing orders, and a total relaxation of discipline has been the cause of our beginning the Campaign by plundering and irregularity of every kind; most of the people either through disaffection or fear had left their houses, and those that remained had the melancholy prospect of seeing everything taken from them and the regret left of not having followed the stream. We have lost near 100 men, not from the sword of the enemy (for enemy we have not seen), but who have been picked up by stragglers marauding, or by desertion.

One deserter from Washington's army is just arrived, who says that his army has marched, and is within 2 miles of us at Ison Hill, but I doubt this intelligence. During the time we were at sea his army moved to Windsor, near 60 miles up on the North River, imagining that our plan was against the New England Colonies (as, indeed, I wish it had been).

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 27, 1777.

I am this instant come from a very bloody expedition (at Red Bank), my dearest Father, and hear the packet is to sail to-night.

The General has granted your request, and in a week I shall think myself happy with the rank of Lt. Colonel. Your love and kindness anticipate my warmest wishes, and I can only thank you by assuring you that my affection *if possible* increases by these requited wishes of friendship, and that my duty and obedience will ever remain unalterable.

A ball gave me a pretty severe scratch in the cheek, and another went through the crown of my hat at the Brandy-Wine, or else I have escaped full well from all

the dangers we have been in; if trouble do not increase, and it is consistent with my honour, I shall move heaven and earth to see you this winter.

P.S.—I am this instant named in orders Lt. Col. of the Cameronians.

General Robertson to Lord Bute.

New York, *Nov.* 13, 1777.

My Lord,

I have the honour and pleasure to wish your Lordship joy of your son's being made, agreeable to your desire, Lieut. Col. of the Cameronian Regt. He gets reputation faster than rank; he seeks this by courting danger where it may be found, and he goes out of his way to find it—he attended as a Volunteer at the attack Count von Donop was to make at Red Bank; on examining the works, they found them much stronger than what they were supposed to be; he agreed with von Donop on the impropriety of attacking them without cannon. Donop said that if your son would advise him he would delay the attack; the Major said that he was too young, and had not sufficient authority to have a delay of the Commander in Chief's orders rest upon his shoulders; Donop went on, your son accompanied him, a bullet mortally wounded Donop, another came so near your son's ear that for a while he lost his hearing. This was on Oct. the 8th.

I presume to give you this trouble that by your authority he may be forbidden, but on proper occasions, exposing a life which, if preserved, may be useful to his King and country, and do honour to his family.

Sir William Howe* had succeeded in driving the Americans out of Philadelphia by the action at Brandywine, and further resolute fighting at Red Bank and Mud Island had opened the navigation of the Delaware River to the English Fleet; he now wrote home to Germaine that as his requests for reinforcements had

* General Howe received the honour of knighthood for his capture of Philadelphia.

not been complied with, he wished to resign his command. This was on October 22. A few days earlier a great disaster had befallen the British army operating in the north.

Burgoyne had opened his campaign with so much initial success that he had been tempted to risk his force in a prolonged march through a disaffected country where the difficulty of provisioning them added to the dangers of his advance. He had been led to expect assistance from either Howe or Clinton, and neither appeared to rescue him from the daily increasing numbers of his opponents. The following memoranda of correspondence between himself at Saratoga and Clinton at New York give a poignant picture of his despair and Clinton's ineffectual attempts to succour him.

General Clinton:

Wrote to Burgoyne on the 11th Sept. that he knew my poverty in men, but if with 2000 men, which is all I can spare from this important place, I can serve him, I will make an attack on Fort Montgomery in 10 days time if he will let me know his wishes.

General Burgoyne replied:

I have lost the old cypher, but by the tenour of your letter I suppose you would have it to read. An attack, or even a menace of an attack, will be of use, it will take them from me, and I will follow them close. Do it directly, my dear Friend.

General Clinton wrote:

On the 2nd Oct. I start.

On October 4 General Clinton received a message from General Burgoyne by Captain Campbell as follows:

He was desired to tell me that Gen. B.'s whole army did not exceed 5000 men, that by the action of the 19th Sept. at Bemis Heights he had lost 500 or 600 men, that the enemy were within a mile and a half, that he knew not their numbers for certain, but believed them

to be about 12,000 or 14,000; that there were besides a considerable number in his rear, that he wished to receive orders whether he should attack or retire to the Lakes, that he had but provisions to the 20th of this month, and that he would not have given up communications with Ticonderoga had he not expected to meet a co-operating army at Albany.

He wished to know my positive answer as soon as possible, whether I could open a communication with Albany, when I should be there, and when there if I could keep my communications with New York—finally, if he did not hear from me he would retreat.

General Clinton, October 5:

This was the night before I made my attack on Fort Montgomery.

My reply was as follows: Not having received any instructions from the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Howe, relative to the Northern Army, and ignorant even of his intentions concerning the operations of that army, excepting his wishes that they should get to Albany, Sir Henry Clinton cannot presume to give any orders to General Burgoyne; Gen. Burgoyne could not suppose that Sir H. Clinton had any ideas of penetrating to Albany with the small forces he mentioned in his letter of the 11th Sept. What he offered in that letter he has now undertaken; he cannot, by any means, promise himself success, but hopes that at any rate it will be of service to Gen. Burgoyne, as Gen. B. says in his letter of the 23rd that even a menace will be of use.

General Clinton, October 8:

Sent two messages to Gen. B. from Fort Montgomery: "Nous y voilà, and nothing between us but General Gates. I sincerely hope that this little success of ours may facilitate your operations." "In answer to yours of the 28th Sept. by Capt. Campbell, I shall only say I cannot, for obvious reasons, presume to give orders, or even advise; I heartily wish you success."

These messengers were put on their way with orders to wait in the mountain in sight of Fort Clinton, to be witness of our attempt on that Fort, and if we succeeded to report it to Gen. Burgoyne, and say that afterwards we should try the Chevaux de Frise defending the Eastern Highlands, open the Hudson to navigation, and if fortunate they would see the British Galleys proceeding up the river towards Albany.

Capt. Scott of the 24th Regt. sent by Gen. B. gave me the following information:

Capt. Scott said that the army under Gen. B. was 5000, that of the rebels under Gates 12000, besides 4000 more, that the Continental Troops alone were equal to Gen. B.'s army. He said that the armies were encamped a mile and a half from each other, near Stillwater, the ground of both armies being very strong. Gen. B. can remain in his present position till the 12th Oct. and until the 16th, if the communication would be open by that time between the two armies of Sir H. C. and Burgoyne. If not, it will be necessary he shall make good his retreat to Canada before the ice sets in.

Gen. B. begs Sir H. C. will give him an answer in the plainest and most positive language, how he should act for the good of the service, whether he should proceed to Albany, or make good his retreat to Canada.

He had been obliged to give up his communications with Ticonderoga and the Lakes. Were he to quit Saratoga to get to Albany, he did not think he could be supplied with provisions for the winter, for the country there and on the Mohauk had been much drained.

In answer to which I sent a messenger.

Sir H. Clinton to Gen. Burgoyne: "I have received yours of the 27th and 28th of Sept., you know my zeal, but I must refer you to my letter of the 11th Sept.: 'c'est là ou je me tiens'; there is not a rebel cannon left in the Highlands, and Sir James Wallace and his squadron command the river. I cannot presume to order or even advise."

Went to New York to make new arrangements—General Robertson having been taken ill; leaving orders for the Troops to dismantle Fort Montgomery and strengthen Fort Clinton. On the 11th Oct. settled everything at New York, and gave orders for 6 months' provisions to be shipped in small vessels to be ready to push for Albany under the command of Gen. Vaughan.

On the 17th received orders from Sir W. Howe at Philadelphia to the effect that I should lose no time in sending him reinforcements to the number of 4000 men —unless I was on the eve of accomplishing some very material and effectual stroke. On the 22nd wrote to Gen. Vaughan: "Since you left us I have received a letter from the C. in C. saying he is much in need of troops—therfore, as in yours of the 19th you mention the difficulty of communicating with Gen. Burgoyne, and consequently can get no certain information regarding the actual situation he was in at that time, nor your hopes of being able to effect anything essential or material to favour it, I must request you, on receipt of this, to return to New York."

General Burgoyne, left to his fate, was obliged to surrender on October 17. Three thousand five hundred men laid down their arms, all the fighting strength left of a fine army that had started four months previously from Canada. Burgoyne was allowed to go home on parole; the rest were retained, contrary to agreement, as prisoners of war, but not accorded the treatment of such; the sufferings they endured make a black page in the history of civilised warfare.

CHAPTER X

CHARLES STUART ON LEAVE

1778.

LORD NORTH PRIME MINISTER.

The Duke of Richmond's motion to recognise the independence of the United States is opposed by Chatham in his last speech in the House of Lords; he had always desired to effect a reconciliation, but was not willing to abandon the sovereignty of England.

February.—The French sign a Treaty with the United States, and supply troops and a fleet.

In England many private people raise regiments. Lord Bute's second son, James, raises the 92nd Highlanders.

May.—Death of Chatham.

General Howe goes home in May; General Clinton succeeds him in the chief command.

As the result of conflicting instructions from home Clinton asks to be relieved.

June.—The English withdraw from Philadelphia to New York.

July.—The French Fleet under d'Estaing appears, and with an American force surround Rhode Island, held by the English under Pigott.

November.—d'Estaing slips out of Boston and sails for Martinique.

November 4.—General Grant with 5,000 British troops leaves New York for the West Indies.

He takes St. Lucia, but loses St. Vincent.

December.—Charles Stuart goes home on leave.

THE winter spent at home enabled Charles to bring his father the happiness and comfort of his presence. He was the favourite son, and Lord Bute, whose embittered existence found an outlet only in occupations as far removed as possible from the arena of politics, was delighted to show Charles the ideal haven he had created for himself at Highcliffe in Christchurch Bay.

This home of his latest choice he destined to be Charles's inheritance, and there, pacing up and down the cliff, father and son passed many hours of fullest and most sympathetic intercourse.

Early in 1778 an attempt was made by Sir James Wright and Doctor Addington, Chatham's physician (father of the first Lord Sidmouth), to bring about an alliance between Chatham and Lord Bute, but on this,

HIGHCLIFFE, CHRISTCHURCH, BUILT FOR THIRD EARL OF BUTE BY ROBERT ADAM.

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as on a previous occasion, Bute declared his unalterable intention of abstaining from taking any part in political affairs, giving as a very adequate excuse that his own unpopularity could but endanger the prospects of any party he supported.

He was well contented to be left alone to pursue his tastes, and certainly it was pleasanter to listen to the ripple of the incoming tide or even the roar of a south-wester, than to have ringing in one's ears the hoots and jeers of a crowd. Far pleasanter, too, to probe the secrets of nature and trace the affiliations of a plant than to unravel the mysteries of a political intrigue. In one way he could be of use to science and to his friends; in the other, he was man enough to realise he had failed, and pride forbade a further attempt.

There was great satisfaction in the family when Charles announced his engagement to Louisa Bertie, the second daughter and co-heiress of Lord Vere Bertie, son of the third Duke of Ancaster, her mother being the daughter of Sir Cecil Wray of Glentworth. The elder of the Bertie sisters had married some years previously George Hobart, afterwards Lord Hobart, and subsequently third Earl of Buckinghamshire.

The marriage, which took place on April 19, was an ideally happy one. Charles continued to the end of his life the devoted lover, husband, and friend that he always subscribed himself in his letters to his wife. A month only elapsed between the wedding ceremony and the young soldier's return to his military duties in America; the separation proving a sore trial to both of them, and hardly less so to his father.

I can't let you go, my dearest Charles [writes Lord Bute], without sending thee a tender line. May the Almighty who has so often preserved thee watch over thee and bring thee back in health and safety to the lovely partner of thy life, and to thy fond father, if it please Heaven to preserve thy life so long. I send thee the Zingri of Peckler we so much admired together, the most beautiful piece of antiquity. In looking at it thou wilt remember me and the days when we were first companions. My most affectionate love will attend my daughter-in-law,

Thine,
BUTE.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

PORTSMOUTH, *May* 14, 1778.

The *Lyoness* is here, my dearest Father, and the Fleet ready to sail. I therefore imagine that in the course of a very few days I shall leave this place. Burgoyne by going a contrary road I miss'd, he wou'd not be seen here; in all probability he brings no news from the continent of America, but burden'd with discontent I am told he means to aquit himself by words of the foolish Actions he has been guilty of.

Your Dutiful Affec[t]. Friend and Son,

CH. STUART.

**Mr. Jenkinson to Colonel Stuart.*

LONDON, *May* 15, 1778.

DEAR SIR,

In compliance with the earnest request you made to me the other night in the House, I will now give you the best information I can concerning the Destination of Admiral Byron's Fleet.† It is certainly intended that it should follow M. D'Estaing's Fleet wherever it may go; and from the account we have as yet received of the Equipment of that Fleet and from other circumstances there is the strongest reason to suppose that it will go to North America; but if from any future intelligence there should be reason to believe that this French Fleet is intended for any other Quarter, the destination of Mr. Byron's Fleet will be altered accordingly.

The letters from Paris of the 1st of May said that the French Fleet were got into Cadiz. We know now that this was not true; and we have received certain intelligence that they were seen on the 28th of last month off Algiers, and this is the last account we have received of them, so that we do not know when they go out

* Mr. C. Jenkinson had been Secretary to Lord Bute, became Lord of the Admiralty under the Duke of Grafton, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Hawkesbury in 1786.

† Admiral Byron, grandfather of the poet, was known as Foul Weather Jack. His fleet started June 9, and finally reached New York October 18.

of the Mediterranean. I have thus told you all I can learn on this subject, and shall be happy if it proves to be of any use to you; as I am with great truth and regard,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

C. JENKINSON.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

"LYONESS," OFF TORBAY, *May* 27, 1778.

Contrary winds have obliged us to anchor off Torbay. I therefore have once more an opportunity of writing to you, my dearest Father. . . .

I shall employ myself with making Plans of the last Campaigns if the weather will permit, which, with my observations, I shall send on my arrival in America. The Recruits intended for American Regts. are to be sent to Gibraltar, excepting the Hessian and Brunswick, which are to be sent respectively to Howe, and Carleton with one Regt. from Anhalt Zerbst. I send this to shew what a strange part they are acting; the Germans can be of no use and must insure a Retreat from that Country, which seems design'd by not sending the British, and the sending Troops to Gibraltar intended to resist the Americans, seems to indicate that no offensive War can be carried on from that simple argument; that if such a Force is inadequate one Year, a much less must be doubly so the next, but take the question on either side, inactivity, disgrace, or a retreat seem inevitable; I hope we shall prefer that that is most honorable, and preserve to Great Britain the few remaining Defences that are able to support her power. Believe me, my dearest Father, I shall act my part with the prudence you directed, . . . and that no consideration shall ever make me expose myself but that of being of use to my Country and of service to her cause.

Your affectionate dutiful Son and Friend,

CH. STUART.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

"Lyoness," off Torbay, *May* 31, 1778.

My dearest Father:

You will be surprised to hear from me again, and still more so when I assure you that there is as little probability of sailing from hence as there was a month ago from Spit Head; and shou'd we sail our affairs are so dexterously managed that we have an order to keep with another Convoy to the Banks of Newfoundland, by which means we shall be prevented from reaching New York before the middle or end of September, Southwest Winds prevailing invariably during this season. This provoking circumstance which wou'd make me lose the Campaign and prevent my returning next Winter, even shou'd there be Peace, has induced me to write to Jenkinson entreating him to send any information he may have concerning Byron's Fleet or the Packet, for shou'd they sail within a fortnight it is certainly my interest to stay and prefer that method of conveyance. As I send my Letter to Jenkinson by express this will go with it. Two things have happen'd here which alarm the People of this Country much; the *Alert* Cutter was fired at by a French Man-of-War about four miles from hence on Monday last, and on Fryday a Brig was taken by a Rebel Privateer off this Port. You see, my dearest Father, that even in this part of the world we are accepting insults. . . .

Your affect. dutiful Friend and Son,

Ch. Stuart.

Lord Bute to Colonel Stuart.

Luton, *June* 18, 1778.

I am happy by your short note, to find things have succeeded to our wishes, and the accounts that come from every quarter of your gallant and spirited conduct, as well as prudence beyond your age, would leave me nothing to desire if these accounts did not bring with

them terrible apprehensions, for I find all agree that you are for ever running in to the mouth of danger.

Even General Robertson after giving your spirit the highest praise, laments your going too often out of your way to hunt after peril, and begs me to lay on you my commands, my dear Charles, to restrain that youthful ardour. I own all this keeps me in agony, for tho' I should be vex't if I did not hear my son was first on every proper occasion, yet he has now established his character sufficiently, and should preserve his life for great occasions; do then, my dear Charles, enter into my feelings, and take a little more care of yourself for a Father's sake to whom you are most dear.

God grant I may see you this winter, tho' I tremble for the next dispatch while impatient to get them, and can form no guess of anything that is likely to happen, but I will endeavour to hope the best.

Your sister Caroline is married to Mr. Dawson,* a choice of her own, who seems a sensible man and extremely goodnatured. Her sweet temper deserves to be happy, and I hope in God she will be so.

Adieu, my dear Charles, I press you to my heart. May I soon do so in reality.

Thine most aff.,
BUTE.

* Mr. Dawson succeeded his father as Lord Carlow in 1779, and was created Earl of Portarlington in 1785.

CHAPTER XI

CHARLES STUART RETURNS TO DUTY IN AMERICA—FRENCH ASSISTANCE RENDERS THE STRUGGLE MORE ARDUOUS

On his arrival in America in the early summer of 1778, Stuart found Sir H. Clinton in chief command, Sir W. Howe having resigned and gone home. From his apathy and inertia Sir William had let slip many opportunities during the winter of 1777 and 1778, and handed over to his successor a force suffering from neglect and sickness, consummating by his carelessness the disastrous policy of Ministers at home, who, after periods of complete forgetfulness, woke up to interfere.

The French fleet under d'Estaing threatened Rhode Island, but were driven off by Lord Howe and a gale. One good result of the action was that the French failure created much ill-feeling between the Americans and their Allies, and henceforth relations were strained.

Clinton's instructions were to retain the garrison in Rhode Island, though both he and the Admiral on the spot were inclined to consider it a useless position from a military and naval point of view. George III. had, however, a very strong dislike to relinquishing anything, regardless of strategy.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

New York, *Sept.* 4, 1778.

My dearest Father,

I am this instant arrived here, and understand that the Packet is to sail in four hours; you may easily conjecture how part of that time will be devoted, as it is some time since I last wrote.

I had arrived at Rhode Island on July 8th, the day

after I had left Ld. Howe, and found Pigott's army in spirits. He had fortified the place by a line of Posts extending from Eaton's Beach on the east, round Banisters and Tomani Hills to the shore on the west of the Island.

The Rebels, commanded by Sullivan, made their approaches on his left flank, from Honeymas Hill, but having chosen their ground injudiciously their nearest Battery was at 900 yards, with little probability of their being able to approach nearer on that side.

There was much cannonading on both sides, and during the night much Musketry owing to our Patrols, who, as we expected an attack, had orders to push near the Enemy's works. The Rebel Army and Lafayette's contingent consisted of 16,000 men; ours was scarcely 6000 including sailors, who upon the first appearance of the French Fleet (July 29th) had had orders to burn 3 of our 32 Gun Frigates, 2 of 28 Guns, and 2 Ships of 18 Guns, besides Galleys—9 Ships in all, to prevent them falling into the enemy's hands.

As there was little probability of the Rebels remaining on the Island, I took a sketch of the works, acquainted Pigott with the reinforcement of 4000 men ready to join him from the Sound, and returned here. Lord Howe has since then gone to his assistance with his Squadron, and d'Estaing has been obliged to retire to Boston to refit from the damage inflicted. We have just heard that the Enemy has retreated to the mainland, General Clinton and the reinforcements coming Too late to intercept them.

A ship is also arrived from Lord Howe with accounts that he had taken a ship filled with pilots sent by the people of Boston to assist the French Fleet in entering that Harbour; some hoped from this circumstance that he had intercepted them before their arrival, but by deserter's accounts they are already arrived.

You will see by the enclosed papers the continuation of the farce the Commissioners are playing; one has already

marched off the stage, it will not be long before they all obtain a similar dismission.*

They all call loudly for war, and have a thousand wise plans for the continuation of it. God knows how our affairs will be managed.

The *Cork Victuallers*, which arrived some days ago, went by orders from home up the Delaware, and by the merest accident of taking a French brig off Reedy Island escaped being all taken; the *Lyoness* has, we fear, been told to take the same route, and will run the same danger.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

LAUREL HILL CAMP, KING'S BRIDGE,
Sept. 16, 1778.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I believe in my last letter I acquainted you that General Sullivan had raised the siege of Newport Lines (Aug. 28th), and retreated from Rhode Island.

General Clinton is since arrived (Sept. 1st). From the particulars I have been able to learn General Pigott, ill-informed, sent two Columns on Aug. 29th to attack the Enemy's rear before a man had retired, and instead of finding a few scattered troops, they fell in with a superior force under Gen. Greene, entrenched, and in all respects ready to receive them.

The consequence was that we were repulsed upon Quaker's Hill, with the loss of nearly 400 men killed and wounded, and obliged to retreat to our Lines.

* The Peace Commission consisted of Lord Carlisle, William Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland), and Governor Johnstone. These gentlemen sailed for America in April, 1778, and returned in December, having issued their manifesto in June.

William Eden had just married Eleanor, daughter of Sir G. Elliot, and sister of Sir Gilbert, of whom we hear later on as Governor of Corsica, and eventually as Lord Minto.

George Johnstone was the third son of Sir J. Johnstone of Westerhall; he had served in the Navy, and was at this time in the House of Commons. A lively temper had led to a violent dispute with Colonel Barré and a duel with Lord G. Germaine. It was a curious appointment to attach him to a Commission for soothing and quieting the American Rebels. Congress charged him with offering a bribe of £10,000 to General Reid, and declined to continue negotiations while he remained a member of the Commission.

The Enemy retired next day without leaving any cannon, or other article that might give us the éclat of having drove them from the Island.

The Corps that was intended for a reinforcement to Pigott went under General Grey to Buzzard's Bay, up Dartmouth Creek to Bedford, where they burnt a considerable number of Vessels, and destroyed a great quantity of stores. From thence they went to Martha's Vineyard Island, where they at present are collecting stock for the Garrison of Rhode Island.

As packets sail so often, my dearest Father, it is a considerable relief, in our present melancholy situation, to be able to transmit frequently exact accounts of the very extraordinary events that happen.

Amongst the number that may be termed so, is Lord Howe's resignation in the present critical situation of our affairs.

In all probability he had received the consent to the request he made for leave to retire by the last Packet; he, however, kept it secret, sailed after d'Estaing, and by taking the track between Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank expected to be at Boston before him; unfortunately he was too late by a few hours, and only arrived off the Port to have the mortification of seeing an inferior French Fleet anchor at Nantucket.

Not chusing to risque an attack in that Harbour he returned, and resigned his Command. His Lordship's enemies are violent upon this occasion, and censure his whole conduct since the departure of his brother; his friends even begin to wonder what private pique has been the cause of his delays.

I am ignorant of nautical matters, and therefore may say unwisely when I declare that I see no room for censure, except in the present circumstance. His Lordship knew that Gambier was an idiot, and that Byron was on his way to Halifax, and yet had not the Service sufficiently at heart to wait his arrival.

He knew that the French Fleet wou'd soon refit, and that ours must remain inactive until Byron arrived—

that during this time the French had the whole coast to range upon at pleasure, that Byron might be taken, Halifax attacked, and even this Port threatened.

The Civil Commissioners look upon a War of ravage or destruction to be the only means of effecting success in this Country; I doubt whether they have, on this point, either power or understanding to advise; I fancy private resentment has drove them to adopt quite contrary opinions from those they came here with, not from a greater or more extensive knowledge of the Country, but from a deep sense of the insults they have received, and a determination to revenge them.

I have made enquiries how far the people of this Country might be hurt by a war of destruction.

There are only three towns of any consequence upon the Continent. N. York (Charleston was destroyed almost by fire), Philadelphia, and Boston are so situated, particularly the first, as to make it necessary to march with your whole army, and of course enter again into the same kind of War that has already been so unsuccessful.

There are some of the Colonies without any towns in our acceptation of the word, but if anyone wou'd reflect on the extensiveness of the coast and the time it wou'd take to burn and destroy the breadth of ten miles from N. Hampshire to Georgia, I believe they wou'd agree that this scheme could not be effectually executed.

We have no occasion to try whether acts of severity will cause these people to submit—wherever our armies have marched, wherever they have been encamped during the last campaign, every species of barbarity has been executed. We planted an irrecoverable hatred wherever we went, which neither time nor measures will be able to eradicate. What, then, are we to expect from it, conciliation or submission?

There are some who argue that in case the Country is left, rigourous measures shou'd be adopted, in order to prevent too rapid growth of an Empire; this would be rational if one could be sure of injuring them sufficiently,

but it is rash to incur their determined enmity for ever. In Political language, we must weigh their Friendship and their Hatred, and decide accordingly.

I call'd yesterday on Sir H. Clinton to learn his intentions, and found him perplexed beyond words; he told me he had received such orders since his taking the Command, and so contradictory to his first instructions, that he was determined not to remain.

He told me that Haldinald made no requisitions for troops, and that we were stronger than ever on the Lakes.

The Expedition to the West Indies under Grant is to start next week; our cousin, William Medows, goes with it; 5000 British are destined for this Service.

A considerable part of the Army is to be station'd at Rhode Island under Lord Cornwallis for the winter, the remainder here.

I now have hopes of being with you soon. Washington remains on White Plains.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

LAUREL HILL CAMP, NEW YORK,
Sept. 22, 1778.

Four days after Lord Howe's resignation, Byron, with the *Culloden* and a Frigate, was seen off the Hook, but a severe gale of wind obliged him to take shelter in Rhode Island Harbour.

The arrival of Byron, instead of relieving us from our distresses as you naturally imagine, has rather involved us in more difficulties. He is arrived with power merely to direct his Fleet in pursuit of d'Estaing, and Gambier, tho' a younger Admiral, remains in full power to command upon the American Station.

Added to this the French Fleet are un-attackable in their present situation at Boston, and Byron's Fleet are not only remarkably sickly, but have been so very ill-regulated as to have brought from England only six months' provisions and stores; in consequence of which (supposing them to meet with no accident) they will be obliged to return in the course of the winter.

You see, my dear Father, what infamous neglect Lord Sandwich has been guilty of, and how little we are to expect true patriotism from even those who pretend to be guided by it.

Grey is returned without having met with opposition; he brought from Martha's Vineyard Island 7000 sheep.

I am afraid that while we remain in this inactive situation the French ships, aided by the New Englanders, will invest Halifax; however, Francis Maclean is arrived with the reinforcements, and if he has taken the precaution to fortify some Islands that command the entrance of the Harbour, I should think Byron wou'd be able to sail to its relief before they can effect the reduction. We know that the French will find it very difficult to remain in Nantucket the winter, and that if they are unable to take Halifax they will in all probability return to France.

We have various but, I believe, very exagerated, reports of disagreements between the French and Americans. From what I can learn, I find that the Americans have not approved of their conduct, and the French despise them most heartily, but Congress, knowing the importance of the Alliance, do every condescending act to strengthen it.

The Rebels, if they dared to utter their sentiments, have very forceable reason against their Friendship, they were taught to expect relief where they have found additional distress, and the following ridiculous anecdote shows more completely what a burthen they (the French) are to their allies.

When the French first arrived off the Delaware, Congress employ'd all their friends as contractors to supply the Fleet, imagining therby to enrich their favourites and bring a quantity of specie into the Country. d'Estaing received every article that was collected for them, but when their exorbitant accounts were deliver'd for payment, instead of disbursing as they expected, he gave them a receipt and an order upon

Congress for the Whole !—which notwithstanding their reluctance they were obliged to accept.

Johnstone and General Robertson are going home; the first has not only acted a strange part in Publick, but now he has resigned his Commission makes no scruple of trying to prevent any effect from the Commission by declaring that Lord Howe not only means, but has all along meant, to give up this Country.

General Grant with 5000 British sails the first week in Oct. for the West Indies;* my regiment was to have gone on that service, but a Friend of mine found means to have another appointed without my knowledge; notwithstanding that I detest the man that is to command and dread the climate, I long to go there, and I own I was a little hurt at this act of friendship !

Washington has moved from the Whiteplains to Peek's Kill on account of forage; this makes no alteration in our situation; Lord Cornwallis is destined with part of the Army for Rhode Island, and if the same inactivity continues, I hope to sail for England the end of next month.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

Sept. 24, 1778.

I believe I shall have just time to acquaint you before the Packet goes that we are going to make a movement with the whole Army.

The arrangement is as follows: Lord Cornwallis with 7000 men is to cross into the Jersies and take post at Fort Lee, Hackinsack, Aquacannonck, and down the Paasaick River.

Grant is to make a movement from Staten Island towards Elizabeth Town, whilst we, with the Guns of the Army, divert Washington's attention by moving from Kingsbridge to Phillipsburg, Rochelle. Washington's present position is at Peekskill with a considerable Corps on this side of Crotton River; Gates with 8000 men at Danbury, and the nearest Rebel Post at Dobb's Ferry.

* General Grant did not sail till November 4.

You see by this position he, that is Washington, not only covers the Provinces of New York and Connecticut, but in the course of 24 hours can draw his whole forces to any spot we can march to from Kingsbridge; this circumstance, in my opinion, makes our movement a very injudicious one, for as we certainly do not mean to attack, but only to act on the defensive, it puts it in his power to make one resolute, or various attacks with his whole force upon half our army, or so perpetually harrass us as to make a retreat necessary.

This may, however, have the effect of rendering Ld. Cornwallis successful in procuring forage, but I cannot help thinking, in the present state of our affairs, that not one man's life shou'd be risqued except in effecting the great Cause they were sent here for; and as Long Island produces a sufficient quantity of Forage for the Army it is another reason that persuades me to condemn the whole measure.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

VALENTINE HILL CAMP,
Oct. 7, 1778.

My last letter acquainted you with Ld. Cornwallis's movement to the Jersies, and the prospect we had of advancing into the Country. On the day following we marched, and meeting with no opposition took post with our left at Phillip's House on the North river, and our right extending into the country.

Lord Cornwallis, in order to cover his foragers, placed his right at Stralenburg, and his left at Newbridge, fortifying his left with redoubts and batteries, and a Tête-de-Pont on the opposite side of the Bridge. A few days ago Ld. Cornwallis and General Grey marched with two Columns to surprise a Rebel Post near Old Japan. To render it effectual three Batts. marched from hence and crossed the N. River to attack their rear at the same instant; but two deserters from one of our Regts. acquainting the Enemy with our intention, the party, which consisted of 300 men, retreated, but forgot to

inform a hundred and 10 of their number who were near them. General Grey had the good fortune to surround their cantonment before they were alarmed, by which means 60 were killed, including a Lt. Col. and Major, and 50 taken, most of whom were wretchedly wounded with Bayonets.

As they were in their beds, and fired not a shot in opposition, the credit that might have been due to the Corps that effected the surprise is entirely buried in the barbarity of their behaviour.

An Expedition took place against Egg Harbour the day before yesterday, consisting of 400 men, which will, I make no doubt, succeed, if the Rebels are not previously informed of it.

I enclose you a Newspaper containing two as extraordinary letters as this contest has produced. After Johnstone's behaviour I believe you will agree that if any further folly cou'd possibly render him more contemptible, not only to his Country, but to all mankind, this last paltry excuse, instead of the promised vindication of his character, will completely effect the purpose. What he has meant by the low, cunning, disgraceful part he has acted here, is to me a mystery; perhaps he may justify himself at home, where his behaviour may not be thoroughly known, but until that opportunity offers, he has the unpleasant reflection of having acquired by his conduct and conversation in this Country, the hatred of the Army, the detestation of all the Officers of his own profession, and the contempt of both our Friends and Foes in America.

The very insolent answer of Congress to Clinton in the other paper to which I allude, is, in my opinion, equal to a declaration that they will have no further correspondence with us—indeed, it is impossible after this indignity, and the answer they gave to a similar requisition of the Commissioners—for us to condescend to any kind of intercourse whatsoever without derogating from all national honour and dignity.

I believe I forgot to mention, in my last, that instead

of answering the Commissioner's letter in the usual way, the Clerk of the Congress sent a copy of resolutions passed about six months ago, by which they refused to comply with the Treaty until it was ratifyed by Parliament.

This very haughty conduct of these gentry, and the inactivity of Washington, who notwithstanding the advantages he might gain from our weak but insulting position, remains on the other side of Crotton River, convinces me that they have received intimation from their Agents here that it is our intention to leave the Country; and consequently they look upon it as unnecessary to lose men when their most sanguine hopes are upon the point of being gratified.

A French Gentleman is arrived from Boston, who not only confirms the account of disagreement between the Boston people and the French, but also says that there was a fray between some of d'Estaing's sailors and the Townspeople, where men say lives were lost, amongst the rest M. de St. Sauveur, a Lieut. in the *Languedoc*, and nephew to the duc de Nogier. The French, I understand, are otherwise discontented, and do not hesitate to declare that the Americans have failed in their engagements with them.

Byron is arrived from Rhode Island, and during Gambier's illness will take command of the Fleet. Admiral Barker will sail for Rhode Island with the Ships ready for sea, but you must not expect to hear of any attack between the two Fleets, as d'Estaing is in a Port too strong to be forced, and in all probability, now the season is so far advanced, will remain there.*

In the midst of these embarrassing circumstances—added to the delay in the departure of the West Indian

* On November 4, d'Estaing slipped out of Boston and sailed for Martinique, the important French possession in the West Indies, together with St. Lucia and Guadeloupe. On the previous September 6 the French had captured Dominica from its English garrison; in retaliation Grant with his 5,000 men and a squadron under Barrington attacked and took St. Lucia, defeating d'Estaing when he arrived on the scene. William Medows greatly distinguished himself in this dashing enterprise.

Expedition, owing to the non-arrival of the Aug. Packet —there is hardly one General Officer who does not declare his intention of going home, the same with Officers of all ranks who, could they procure leave, wou'd be happy to leave the army. I assure you, my dearest Father, this want of spirit staggers the resolution I had of returning, lest I shou'd incur the imputation that ought to fall upon their unmanly pusillanimous behaviour. However, as God knows, I can be of very little service to my Country by remaining here.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

Oct. 24, 1778.

The Expedition to the West Indies sails next week with the addition of the 71st regt. Dominica is certainly taken, and I fear that before Grant can arrive Lord Macartney's Islands will share the same fate. We are on the point of being cantoned for the winter. Byron has sailed to cruise in Boston Bay, and has great hopes that d'Estaing will quit the Harbour to encounter him.

I shall, if possible, return next month, if I do not hear from you, as I wish to be guided entirely by your advice. I shou'd be extremely sorry to take a step of this kind (notwithstanding my own feelings and inclinations) without knowing your wishes.

Lady Louisa Stuart to Mrs. Charles Stuart, her Sister-in-law.

Nov., 1778.

I am extremely concerned, my dear Mrs. Stuart, to find that the scene before your eyes grows every day mere melancholy,* but thank God that you have just had the comfort of fresh intelligence from our dear Charles.

My Father thinks his letter cheerfully written as far as regards himself, and always mentioning his dear wife with the most affectionate tender expressions, and speaking of her as his chief object.

* Mrs. Stuart's mother, Lady Vere Bertie, was dying.

His Regiment, he says, is not ordered to the West Indies, so you may be easy on that account and I hope God will preserve him from every other danger.

We have just heard a very unpleasant piece of news—that three French Frigates have taken the Island of Dominica—I fear Grenada* has too had a great chance of sharing the same fate, as it is quite defenceless, and half the inhabitants are French. It would be extremely disagreeable, for though, if my dear sister Jane and Lord Macartney were taken, I hope we should have no reason to doubt of their safety or civil treatment, it might be a great inconvenience to their affairs. However, I flatter myself there is some comfort to be drawn from everything, for it is probable that such an event would hasten their return to us.

Lord Bute to Colonel Stuart.

Nov., 1778.

I see things in the same light you do, and approve extremely of your idea of carrying on the war, but what they intend doing here is to me a profound secret, and I doubt if they are fully determined themselves on any permanent plan.

You will be surprised to hear that Governor Johnstone has been received in the most gracious manner; I hear, he says, he has done more himself than all the Force sent, by sowing the seeds of enmity thro' the whole continent, I suppose! He is believed by the route made with him.

Lord Howe is not yet arrived in Town, so one don't know how matters are to go with him.

No one can conceive the ground Opposition mean to take, for, as they can hardly take the part of America at present, they will find it difficult to make out any ground for clamour or faction.

Your elder Brothers have had a military life of 4 months—Mountstuart in the Camp at Warley, James at Southampton, who continues fonder than ever of

* Lord Macartney was Governor of the Island.

the trade. I wish heartily he could get into the Regulars, tho' it is rather too late.

I got last night a letter from Lord Adam Bertie telling me he had been in great anxiety with an article in the News, when you and the Duke of Ancaster were said to be Prisoners. These infernal Newspapers seem to be studying every day some thing that will alarm or vex me.

I regret every day I live more and more ever having a permanent settlement in a country that of all Europe is the most improper for a gentleman. The folly of Sir James Wright has, as you will see in the Papers, opened the mouth of Hydra malice and venom against me afresh; Lord Chatham, with his dying breath, did everything in his power to expose me to the Peril I have so often been obliged to face.

It made it necessary for me to speak out at last, and to make Mountstuart take a very public notice of these infernal machinations, not that I have not already had the lie given me by several of these anonymous villains, but the solemn declarations I have made will probably have weight with those eyes one would wish to open.

We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Stuart for a few days at Luton. Poor lady, my heart bleeds for her, when I think of the summer she has passed, with a dying Mother constantly before her. There is no need to desire me to comfort her, my dear Charles; one cannot know her without loving her, both for her own sake, as well as for yours; she is perfectly secure of my warmest affections.

My health has suffered so from a bilious fever during the whole of this summer, and all this infernal business is adding fresh fuel to every attack. I never put my foot in Town without someone to worry me—people who are never abused wonder I mind anonymous writers, but few feel for others what they would do in their own case—besides, some are by nature shielded with callosity. I was cast in a different mould.

Your aff. Father,

BUTE.

Lady Brownlow Bertie to Mrs. Charles Stuart.

SWINSTEAD, *Aug.* 18, 1778.

A thousand thanks to my dear Mrs. Stuart and her good Mother for their kind desire of hearing from me; indeed, my worthy friends, my wounded spirit will hardly permit me to dwell on the melancholy scenes I have lately undergone, but your good nature will excuse my incoherence.

Last Wednesday, as soon as the fatal blow was struck, we brought the poor Duchess and the Ladies here; you can better paint to yourselves their distress than I can, or indeed am able, to describe; suffice it to say we were all in the deepest affliction, and yet the poor Duchess show'd more fortitude and resolution than I could have expected.

They left this place on Sunday morning for Newmarket, to stay for two days and then to go to London, my dearest dear Lord accompanying them. He may truly be said to have a wounded spirit; as you, my dear Mrs. Stuart, know his feelings, and the tenderness of his heart, I need not enlarge on that subject, nor indeed could I write at all was I to do it.

I heard from them yesterday; they bore their journey better than my dear Lord expected, but he suffered much in seeing ye meeting between ye poor Duchess and her Father, whom she had not seen since her Mother's death. Only think, my dear Mrs. Stuart, what woe in ten days, Mrs. Panton's death, Mr. Linley's most shocking end, and the poor Duke no more.* God

* Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster, died August 12, 1778, his eldest son having predeceased him. Robert, the second, succeeded, but died the following year. Priscilla, the elder daughter, was allowed the Barony of Willoughby d'Eresby, and married Peter Burrell, from which marriage descend the present Earls of Ancaster. The dukedom passed to Lord Robert Bertie, brother of the third Duke. The Duchess mentioned here was Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton, the King's racehorse master at Newmarket. The boy who fell out of the boat and was drowned at Grimsthorpe a few days before the Duke's death was Thomas Linley, son of the proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre. He was brother to the beautiful Miss Linley, who married Richard Sheridan. There is a portrait of the brother and sister by Gainsborough.

only knows when I shall recover my spirits, they are now at the lowest ebb.

I had the pleasure of Mrs. Hobart's visit yesterday for an hour. I told her the particulars of the poor Duke's Will, which are as follows—the Duchess whole and sole Executrice to her children, £1200 Jointure, £4000 in money, the house in Berkeley Square with ye furniture, and her diamonds. To each of the Ladies £20,000, to Lord Lindsey all his Estates, and in case of want of issue there to Lady Priscilla and her children, in case of want of issue there to Lady Charlotte and her children, and should that fail, to the Duchess for ever at her entire disposal.

As this is the seventh letter I have wrote this morning, and have so violent a head-ache, I am not able to hold my pen, but am all times

Dear Mrs. Stuart's most aff. Friend and very humble Servant,

MARY ANN BERTIE.

Another letter on the same subject follows from a different member of the family, Lord Robert Bertie.

I received a letter from Lady Brownlow Bertie; she tells me Ld. Brownlow is gone to Newmarket with the Duchess, from whence she goes to London. I find by her letter that the Duke did not care sixpence for his Father's family. I think at least he might have left after the Duchess's death the Remainder to Lord Brownlow; some people like to aggrandise their family, but his Grace seems to have done everything in his power to exterminate his. I shall conclude with saying he died no better than he lived.

The day I received the Express from Grimsthorpe they sent me word from the Secretary of State Office they were that evening going to dispatch a Messenger to New York, and they would keep him back till I sent a letter to the present Duke, and the next day had the opportunity to send a duplicate by a Man-of-War.

I apprehend that the Duke's will may give some work to the Lawyers, for if Lord Lindsey (by his agreement with the Duke) has not given him a Power to dispose of his Estates, the Duke could not give it in the manner he has done. Lady Robert desires to join in kindest love to Lady Vere and all at Branstone.

Adieu ever your most aff.,

Robert Bertie.

CHAPTER XII

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD GEORGE GERMAINE—DISSENSIONS

1779.

LORD NORTH PRIME MINISTER.

January.—Charles Stuart in London interviews Lord George Germaine.

May.—Clinton captures Stoney Point and Verplanks.

July.—Stuart arrives in America to find consternation, Washington having recaptured Stoney Point and taken Paulus Hook.

Clinton's discouragement and unpopularity.

Stuart refuses the post of Adjutant-General.

August.—Americans attack Penobscot and are repulsed.

September.—Proposed evacuation of Rhode Island. Disagreements between Clinton and Admiral Arbuthnot.

Stuart returns home, his regiment to be redrafted.

Letters from Clinton on events of 1779 and 1780, relating to the campaign.

Spain declares war on England.

The French and Spaniards besiege Gibraltar.

December 26.—Clinton sails with 7,000 men for the capture of his new base at Charleston.

1780.

LORD NORTH PRIME MINISTER.

April.—Rodney fights an indecisive action with the French Fleet under de Guiche off Dominica, and joins Clinton at New York in the autumn.

May.—Clinton carries out successful operations in Carolina, captures Charleston, which Lincoln surrenders with 5,000 men, and leaves Cornwallis in command. Cornwallis is left at Charleston to continue the subjugation of the Carolinas.

Rochambeau with 7,000 French troops arrives to join Washington.

Gates, the hero of Saratoga, is sent south, but is defeated by Cornwallis and Rawdon at Camden.

Major André, Clinton's Adjutant-General, who had been negotiating the betrayal of West Point, is taken and hanged as a spy.

Ferguson is defeated and killed at King's Mountain.

Holland declares war.

The Empress Catherine of Russia forms the armed neutrality of Norway, Russia, and Sweden against England, who stands alone against the world.

The Lord George Gordon Riots against concessions to the Roman Catholics.

Charles Stuart in London.

THE early part of this year Charles Stuart spent in England, attending to his Parliamentary duties, and it is from London he writes to Sir H. Clinton.

Colonel Stuart to Sir H. Clinton.

LONDON, *Jan.*, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I have to acquaint you that such commands as you entrusted me with were executed to the best of my ability.

I arrived in London on the 28th Nov., was received well by Lord George Germaine, but found him and the rest of the Ministers so entirely employed with the affairs of Ireland, that it was not so easy to make them attend to those of America, which in Lord G. G.'s estimation are of but secondary importance. I stated to his Lordship the just apprehensions that d'Estaing's Fleet had occasioned, and that in consequence of the interception of the Spanish papers, wherin several Posts were threatened, orders had been given for the Evacuation of Rhode Island, urging your three reasons for the propriety of this measure. 1st., that the Defences were not in a situation to withstand attacks of the French and Americans. 2nd., that the Garrison, tho' too small for its protection, would be a considerable reinforcement to the army. 3rd., whatever Power were superior at sea would reduce it.

He said the measure was judicious, but argued from the accounts of Rebel Newspapers that it was impossible that the French Fleet could be upon the American coast, and in further support of this opinion told me he had received a dispatch from Admiral Arbuthnot to that effect.

I took the liberty of differing with his Lordship, and affirmed that no authentic intelligence could have been received, and, tho' I knew before that he neglected information that did not coincide with his wishes, yet I was astonished and hurt to find that upon such shallow grounds he should be lulled into a blind security which might prove fatal to our affairs.

The next letter is from Charles Stuart's uncle, Stuart Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Lord Bute's only brother,

who had taken the additional name of Mackenzie on succeeding to the estates of his great-grandfather, Sir George Mackenzie. He had held the office of Lord Privy Seal for Scotland, and had been promised the post for life by Gorge III.; this promise the King had been forced to break in 1765, when the Grenville Ministry supported the popular clamour against Bute. Chatham reinstated him.

J. Stuart Mackenzie to Colonel Stuart.

HILL STREET, *April* 20, 1779.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I would have answered your letter sooner, but came too late from the House. The American Enquiry comes on Thursday next, but I imagine little will be done that day, except read the correspondence between Govt. and the Generals. That night the House will adjourn to the Thursday following, when the matter will be dealt with, and I am very clear you should be in the House, as many, many things may arise which no mortal can forsee, and upon which you may be very sorry afterwards to have been absent.

I cannot absolutely inform you what precise line Govt. may take in the affair, as that in some degree must depend on circumstances, but I have very good reason to believe that, should any proposition of a Vote of Thanks be attempted for such slender services, it will be strenuously opposed.

Your aff. uncle,
J. S. M.

The following note from Lord George Germaine is couched in most flattering terms, but it is difficult to believe that Charles Stuart would appreciate it very much coming from that quarter:

PALL MALL, *May* 4, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I did not receive your letter till 3 ocl. this day as I was going to the House of Commons, where I hoped to have seen you.

Admiral Arbuthnot by this time has probably driven

the enemy from Jersey, so I think your going there would be of no use, but I cannot, however, forbear admiring your spirit in desiring every opportunity of distinguishing yourself in the service of your country.

I am not so old but that I expect to see you in high command, and happy should I be if I could contribute in placing you in such a situation that your merit entitles you to claim.

Most sincerely yours,
GEO. GERMAINE.

In July Charles is once more in America, and writes to keep his father informed of the course of events.

STATEN ISLAND, *Aug.*, 1779.

I arrived in America in the middle of July, and was not at all surprised to find, instead of peace being concluded (which the Minister flattered himself and every body else with the hopes of), that the Enemy had acquired a success, which empowered them to recruit their army, while the King's Forces were not thought sufficient to take the Field.

Gen. Clinton thinking his army too inconsiderable determined to await reinforcements then on their passage from Gt. Britain. It was his intention to take the Field against Washington as soon as the expected Troops arrived, but a Post that the Enemy took obliged him to dispute King's Ferry, a strong position near the entrance to the Highlands.

He accordingly marched in May, and succeeded in capturing a Redoubt called Lafayette and the Position at Stoney Point.

Verplank and Stoney Point are nearly opposite one another on the Hudson River, 45 miles from the Town of New York, and our possession of these Positions was of consequence as it obliged Washington to conduct any Convoys that he might receive from New England by a considerable detour through a Mountain country and by bad roads. The General added one more reason in the conversation I had with him for the maintaining this

Post, which was the hopes he had of assisting Ethan Allan, who through a Second hand had declared himself willing to treat.

Both Positions were strengthened by the Engineers, and Colonel Johnson put in command at Stoney Point.

I arrived in America to find the utmost consternation prevailing; Washington had surprised and captured the Post with a loss to us of 700 men and 6 or 7 pieces of brass cannon. Some attributed the fault to Colonel Johnson or the Engineer, who, they said, had taken an improper piece of ground for his works, and ill constructed them, yet I could plainly perceive that the principal censure fell upon the Commander-in-Chief.

As he had always indulged me with a very particular degree of his confidence, he opened his mind to me very freely upon this occasion.

He stated how particularly cruel it was to be served so ill by subordinate Officers, blamed Col. Johnson tho' with that delicacy that it hardly bore the name of censure, he told me with tears in his eyes that he was quite an altered man—that business oppressed him, that he felt himself incapable of his station; "believe me," he said, "my dear Col. Stuart, I envy even that Grenadier who is passing the door, and would exchange with joy situations—no!" he added, "let me advise you never to take command of an army.

"I know I am hated, nay, detested in this Army, but I am indifferent about it, because I know it is without a cause, but I am determined to return home. The Minister has used me so ill that I can no longer bear with this life."

As I looked upon this despondency to be more the effect of our ill success than proceeding from mature reflection, I took the liberty of reasoning with him upon the subject, and pointed out such steps as I thought might make him as thoroughly beloved as he believed himself disliked; but he hearkened to me very little, and was in that humour that I believe he would have instantly resigned the Command.

I could not, however, help touching upon the reforms I had before mentioned previous to my going to England in the different departments. I urged the necessity and practicability of some steps being taken to correct the most infamous abuses, and in order to enforce what I said, I assured him that such steps would be the sure way of re-establishing him in the affections of the Army.

However, nothing would persuade him, and he dwelt upon returning to Britain soon, and being naturally of an unsteady disposition he had not the resolution to persevere in what might cause him some trouble.

One Brigade was left under General Sterling to fortify Stoney Point, and as Mercer the Engineer had fallen into disgrace, one Capt. Ferguson, a strange adventurer, tho' a man of some genius, had undertaken to make that Post formidable in a short time.

Upon enquiry into the causes of discontent I soon found that the friends of General Howe were foremost in disapproving and censuring every action right or wrong that might be executed by his successor. He was called feeble, undetermined, and unsteady, and the disaster at Stoney Point attributed entirely to him.

But further misfortunes followed. The enemy, flushed with success, achieved by a well concerted scheme what our credulity alone could have made practicable. They persuaded the Commanding Officer of Paulus Hook, who was a Major Sutherland, to detach the greater part of his garrison into the Jersies, and the same night surprised his Post, tho' in the execution of this business they were so thoroughly alarmed as to leave the Magazines entire. One Redoubt with the Major held out, and they retired before morning with 68 prisoners of War.

As the Commanding Officer was tried and acquitted by a Court-Martial, I shall say no more but that it was entirely due to the General's mercy that he escaped, as he, the General, acquainted him two days before of the enemy's design, a warning he totally disregarded.

This affair, treading upon the heels of the former

contre-temps, served to inspirit the Rebels and gave a degree of venom to the General's enemies.

I pitied and felt for him, and indeed he was tremendously depressed, and I am afraid his temper from these two unlucky blows of fortune became much soured.

Colonel Stuart to Lord B ute.

STATEN ISLAND, *Aug.* 24, 1779.

General Vaughan will take charge of this letter; he is departing at a most convenient time, for our affairs by no means wear that favourable appearance that the credulity of Lord G. Germain may still lead him to believe. Tho' the last campaign was ineffective, yet had we people of genius amongst us to have encouraged the growing factions on this Continent, it would have been more advantageous than all the preceding ones.

Former feuds were beginning to rekindle on the Frontier, and towards the close of the winter their army was mouldering, their credit ruined, and a powerful insurrection had actually taken place under Ethan Allen against their Govt. In this situation, with their distresses at their height, those in power were obliged to disclose what they had hitherto made a policy to hide from the people, and by a publication affecting the greatest candour, they proved themselves so involved as to be unable to prosecute the war unless 15,000,000 (15 million) paper dollars were delivered into the Treasury and destroyed, promising 4½ per cent. interest to each State for the sums destroyed.

The paper was collected and burnt at Philadelphia, and individuals obliged to be satisfied with the security of a Government that has declared itself ruined.

Cabals about this time rose to a great height in the Congress. Lawrence resigned the Presidency, and was succeeded by Mr. Jay. Senator Adams, the chief promotor of the Independents, took umbrage at his brother being recalled from Paris (where he had been Minister) and left the Congress, tho' it is said he is since returned.

Notwithstanding their quarrels, they do not forget

their usual exertions in the cause against Gt. Britain, and whatever little convulsions the ambition of individuals may occasion in allotment of power, yet they all agree in uniting against the Mother-Country.

The General informed me that in the spring Washington had only 7000 men distributed between three posts, the first near White Plains to protect the eastern Colonies, the second in the Jersies near New Windsor ready for any movement up the North River, the third at Morristown to cover the Jersies and the South. It was to prevent supplies reaching him that Clinton placed himself upon Washington's principal communication at Stoney Point and Verplanks, two peninsulas that project into the North river and cover King's Ferry. As soon as assistance arrived it was the General's intention to march to Pluchamin (a position directly between Washington and his magazines) and force him to a general action.

I had scarcely time to rejoice that a plan so consonant with my wishes was formed, before the General told me that the Minister had prevented the execution of it by ordering detachments, that he had also received a requisition from Haldinald in Canada; in short, that near 8000 Troops were to leave the Army, and consequently the remainder would be reduced to a mere defensive.

Only imagine the cruelty and disgrace of our situation, my dearest Father! The reinforcement not arrived, and when it does of no further use than to execute the schemes planned by a set of sycophantic Refugee Americans to encourage a timid Minister to prosecute a war, which they care not how destructive it is to the Mother Country.

What satisfaction can it be to Lord G. G. to say he has reduced the Province of Georgia, when half the army are dead by sickness and wounds, and the remainder exposed to a defeat. The same with Penobscot (a wilderness that no man of this country can point out the advantage of) where a post is established and 500

men or a thousand are left, which men are a burden to maintain, and if they are not already fallen, must soon fall a sacrifice to the enemy. I understand a further expedition is intended against Boston; it only needs this last stroke to render us as abject as the contriver of these schemes. Sanguine as I have been, and will remain, I cannot help feeling to the heart our situation, and I wish to heaven, that if no initiative is allowed, we may at least be saved from being the victims of bad management.

When the Fleet arrives my Regt. is to be drafted, but I intend to stay the remainder of the Campaign; I assure you, my dearest Father, it is by no means my wish, but as they are all desponding, I think it my duty to show firmness and exertion. I have suffered cruelly in complyance with my duty.

What Sir H. Clinton felt about his own position is amply shown in a communication to Lord George Germaine, the last paragraph of which he showed to Stuart:

With regard to myself, I cannot stay. All the world are witnesses how mortifying this command has been to me.

I was promised an army complete, and a reinforcement of 12,000 British, and 2000 Germans, instead of which 9000 are taken from me, and those mostly British.

By my first instructions I was left to myself, by those which followed I have been almost choked, and the putting me under the requisition of General Haldinald is mortifying indeed.

I take it for granted Govt. has been forced to these measures; I do not complain, I wish only to retire.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

STATEN ISLAND, *Aug.* 24.

I was about this time upon duty at Staten Island, and to my surprise heard that Lord Rawdon* had resigned the Office of Adjutant Gen., and some of my

* Afterwards Earl of Moira and subsequently Marquess of Hastings.

friends assured me by letter that I was Appointed his successor.

The first impulse of my mind in this case was to try and effect a reconciliation. I was well acquainted with Lord Rawdon's talents; I loved him as a friend, and knew that he was the only man of integrity in the General's family; besides, in the propriety of his conduct in that Office, he had so effectually established himself in the esteem of the Army that the few who retained a respect for the General were owing to his means.

I reflected, also, what a triumph this would be for the General's enemies who hurry to seize on any occasion to degrade him, and would not fail of making this serve their purpose.

These thoughts made me follow my first idea, and unacquainted as I was with the circumstances of the quarrel, I went to New York, and having an audience of the General explained with openness the detriment this variance would be to him, extolled Lord Rawdon's virtues, and delineated to him in their true colours the many inconveniences that would arise from the separation of two people whose mutual interests were so nearly connected, who had lived like friends and really loved one another.

He took what I said well, and after regretting that trifles should part people that had so long lived in friendship, he told me a number of stories which altogether might have given Ld. Rawdon disgust, but separately were hardly worth mentioning. "Perhaps," said he, "I am an odd man, Lord R. is young and too warm; I am warm myself."

But the principal circumstance that brought the business to a crisis was some jealousy he had concerning Lord Rawdon's Corps, and I could well perceive from his manner he had been harsh with Lord Rawdon on this subject. Another circumstance and a more particular one, which in some measure served to widen the breach almost beyond the power of its being closed, deserves mention in detail.

Upon the first raising of Provincial Corps, General Howe had established the Rank of their Officers in the Army as youngest Major, and so on thro' all grades, in consequence of which the highest Commissions in these Provincial Corps were received by Officers of subordinate Rank in the Regular Army. This led to great injustice, nay so preposterous that, for instance, Lord Cathcart, who had not been in the Army two years, ranked above a Lt. Colonel in America of whatever standing or service.

This imprudent arrangement occasioned a remonstrance from all Field Officers to H.M., wherein they asked for redress. Lord Rawdon took up their cause, which exasperated the General and widened the breach.

Knowing that loss of time was dangerous in this affair, two days after I went to the General. It seems he had offered to meet His Lordship halfway, but that his Aide-de-camp, with mistaken caution, had advised him to wait for a few days till Ld. R. had cooled. " Would to God," says he, "I had employed you, all would have been well, but now all hopes are at an end; read this letter;" upon which he gave me a copy of a letter, the original of which Ld. R. had sent to the Sec. of War.

In this letter His Lordship mentioned his having resigned his office on account of bad health, begged to keep his Rank, and, unluckily at the bottom, made use of an expression wherein he insinuated that no fault of his had occasioned his resignation. Here was an end to my endeavours; I, however, had the satisfaction of shewing myself a friend to my country from disinterested motives.

The General kept me very long this day, and I could plainly see that he wished me to accept the office of Adj. Gen., but was too proud to ask, lest I should refuse. I had some reason likewise to think that Ld. Rawdon had hinted my name to him as a proper successor; however, be that as it would, His Lordship entreated me to accept of it, saying, " It will not be the same to you, I was under an obligation to him; you will keep him in order; he dare not be rude to you."

These hints made me weigh the matter well, and finding the Gen. so disliked that no act of his could appear gracious,—besides being acquainted with his fickle disposition,—I was determined not to risk the love of the Army and my own happiness for a mere name. I say a name as I was sure, by my popularity, to effect any measure with him I thought good; as my friends indeed told me, that he was afraid to refuse me any request that I should ask him.

With these resolutions I called upon him a few days after to wish him joy of the arrival of Admiral Arbuthnot with the Fleet on Aug. 25th; when in the course of some conversation relative to the Staff of the army, he, by way of sounding me, said, "You would not act in the same way as some people have done, if you was Adj. Gen. to Prince Ferdinand,* would you?—I say Prince Ferdinand, as I think you would not condescend to be Adj. to any one else?"

I said, no, and changed the subject.

It was reported throughout the Army that I had refused the Adj. Generalship; indeed, I might certainly have had it, but the approbation I received from this supposed step gained me great credit, and my disinterestedness with the Gen. made him look upon me as his best friend. I might be blamed for this, but I was determined to be frank and sincere, and tell the Gen. the truths which his situation frightened the generality of people from doing, or else interfered with their interest, and it was my independence of him that could alone entitle me to that privilege. I had no favour to ask, and was too proud to pay him court or to condescend to make any demand but what my Rank as Lt. Col. entitled me to.

It was in some measure this that set me in a different light even from the Generals themselves, and the only prominence I seemed to require was that that led me into difficult and dangerous services. I own in order to

* Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick commanded the German troops in English pay during the Seven Years' War on the Continent of Europe. Clinton had been his A.D.C.

keep this up I adopted a kind of policy that was of material service.

Instead of levying the Gen. I seldom went near him, never dined at his house, so that he was obliged to send for me, and when I did go there I was even seen before the Generals themselves.

Pardon this long digression about myself; I owe it to you as my friend, and as this has been a kind of lesson in politics to me, pray inform me how I have behaved.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

Aug. 25.

Instead of 6000 men arriving in Arbuthnot's Fleet, only 4000 had embarked, and from the number of London gaol recruits that had been sent on board many had died of an epidemic distemper, which spread so upon their arrival that only few of them were in a condition for duty. Many of the Troops caught it, owing to a remarkably unhealthy season, and I believe I may safely say that one third of the Army were sick.

I had forgot to mention that Francis Maclean, having established a camp for the loyalists, according to Government's orders, at Penobscot in the Massachusetts, had begun to fortify that Post. But the Rebels, being jealous of the situation, sent 16 Privateers, besides a number of armed Transports with men to attack and reduce it. Maclean's force were hard pressed, and had it not been for the opportune arrival of Sir John Collier with his Fleet, their bravery would not have availed to save the Post; a young ensign, called John Moore, is much spoken of for his behaviour and coolness under fire.

The enemy have taken 10 Victuallers, going from here to Georgia, besides 30 large trading ships from England loaded with salt provisions and cordage, so that at present they are amply provided with every article.

The People on the frontiers of Pennsylvania have been much harrassed by the Indians, and Sullivan, tho' he marched with 1500 men against them, has not been able to prevent this mischief, what a disgrace this is to

Burgoyne whose pretended humanity refused their assistance.

The repulse of the Rebel Gen. Lincoln, who attacked Maitland at Hose Ferry (June 23) with 4000 men while Maitland had only 500, proves the superior valour of British Troops, tho' the loss of so many gallant men, and the being obliged to leave all our possessions in South Carolina takes from the advantage, and I am afraid proves what I have said, that that Army in the end will be overpow'rd and beat.

I make no doubt but Col. Mark Provost's conduct is highly commended in England; the appearance of enterprise is always well received, but when that march is deliberately considered it will prove a step by which he inform'd the Enemy of the only avenue to Charlestown, and they are too apt scholars not to profit from our information and errors. Added to that the want of discipline and disorder of the Army nearly occasioned a Mutiny among themselves, and has entirely alienated the Friends we found in that country.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 26, 1779.

In my last letter I informed you of the General's intentions against Charlestown and South Carolina, the plan being to take possession of Charlestown, and then make a large circuit in that country in order to arm the friends of Govt.

On Aug. 23rd Lord Cornwallis sail'd with 3000 men for Georgia, 4000 more are ready to embark with Arbuthnot and Clinton as soon as this place is fortified, when the whole will join and operate according to the plan I mentioned. But now the whole is altered, Lord Cornwallis is come back and the Expedition for a time counterordered.

In a hurry I have just time to tell you that d'Estaing, the middle of Aug., passed between St. Domingo and Cuba, what is called the Windward Passage, and the

end of the same month was seen in latitude 30 steering for Georgia to co-operate with Lincoln against Prevost in Savannah.

In all probability that Colony is gone. Further accounts give us little reason to doubt his hostile intentions against this Post, and we expect him daily.

Byron sailed the end of July, but no-one knows where, Sir P. Parker having wrote to that purpose.

I am just going to manage the evacuation of Rhode Island with Prescott; the transaction is entirely left to me.*

Transactions in Regard to the Evacuation of Rhode Island. —On the 29th Sept., 1779, the C. in C. sent for me and informed me that it was the Admiral's opinion that the French Fleet had given up the thought of Jamaica, and were certainly destinied for the Ports of New York or Rhode Island. As Rhode Is. therefore was in danger it became a matter of consideration whether that Post was tenable against the united efforts of the French and Americans, or whether it would be more prudent to withdraw the Garrison.

The General informed me that in consequence of a conversation he had with the Admiral when he informed him that the Post of Rhode Island was of no use to the Navy, he had thoughts of evacuating it, as by that means he would be able to augment his Army and operate to the Southward. In consequence he accepted my services to undertake the business with General Prescott.

I proceeded upon this embassy, and after having made proper observations, returned to lay them before the C. in C.

About this time a packet was taken carrying despatches to Spain from the Governor of Havana and the papers brought to the Admiral. He found from these that it was d'Estaing's intention to attack Halifax some days after this. He immediately wrote a letter to the Gen. begging that the Evacuation of Rhode Island might be countermanded, as should Halifax be taken that Post

* Rhode Island was evacuated on October 28.

was of the utmost consequence; he intended to sail with all his ships to the relief of Halifax. In answer to which the General wrote to the Admiral to meet next morning, and a consultation was held between them and Lord Cornwallis.

In consequence of this I was given full power to consult with Prescott, declaring that my opinion was to be looked upon as the C. in C.'s, while verbal instructions left everything to my policy to direct.

In short, I was to have a Council of War held to determine whether the Post was tenable, but previous to that Council I was to dispose the minds of the members so as to make them consent to the Evacuation. This was no easy matter, as the First and Second were at variance, and the Navy Officers, of course, received contrary instructions;—Peevish and petulant letters were continually passing between the Gen. and the Ad. upon this subject, and that of his going to Halifax, and upon my going down to the Hook.

The Ad. took me into his Closet, and with tears in his eyes told me he was tired to death by the Gen., and giving way to his passion, abused him for his want of candour and folly. He then shewed me a long letter which the Gen. had just sent him, remonstrating against his going to Halifax, with his own answer, wherein he said that he went to Halifax in consequence of the General's declaration that nothing was to be done to the Southward—that he came to America merely for the good of the service, and if the Gen. had any plan to propose, he would adopt it, but if not it was his duty to defend the first Post in America when so seriously threatened.

He, however, in some measure changed his mind, and ordered Com. Drake to go to Halifax, while he remained to forward any expeditions that might be on foot. I accordingly returned to the General, who, not being able to contain himself at the disappointment of his plans in regard to the Evacuation of Rhode Island, abused the Ad. in the grossest terms, called him full of

deceit and artifice, and declared that he never could agree with one who meant to mislead him.

Seeing matters in this situation with an entire want of confidence between them, I own I was happy to have this burden taken from me, and asked leave to go home, which was granted. Subsequently the Ad. saw the Gen., and the result of the interview was that no ships of the Line are to go to Halifax. This indecision seems to be the rule of those, from whose conduct the American conquest is expected.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

EUROPA, AT THE SANDY HOOK,
October 25, 1779.

MY DEAREST FATHER:

I have just learnt that a Ship is to be dispatch'd to England privately, and my good friend the Admiral is so good as to say he will take charge of and send this Letter. From the number of my employments ever since I have been in America, I have not had time to write one composed Letter. I am now in the same state, and fear I must defer relating particulars untill I see you. The French have certainly been off the Coast of Georgia, and I greatly apprehend, tho' we have no certain account, that the Troops station'd to guard that Province are fallen.* We have taken a Spanish Packet containing dispatches, from Havana to Spain, also Letters from the Governor of Cape François to the Governor of the Havana, wherein that Govr. mentions the intentions of d'Estaing in the following manner—He says that d'Estaing laid his plans before him, and that as the Spanish Fleet in the West Indies cou'd not yet join the French, it was necessary to defer their operations against Jamaica untill further orders were received from France; that for the present it was d'Estaing's intention to carry the five thousand men he had on board to Carolina, in order to reinforce the Americans, after which he wou'd take

* This was not the case; news came in November that d'Estaing had been repulsed in Georgia.

Bermuda, and proceed to Halifax, reduce that Post and garrison Newfoundland. On board the Packet were likewise Plans of Florida and the Spanish intentions of attacking that Province, also Papers stating every particular relative to the Spanish forces and Settlements in South America.

We have accounts of the Spanish having made their attack on East Florida, and failed by the badness of the weather. A report prevails that two French Seventy-fours attack'd and defeat'd Sir James Wallace off Georgia, who being very much pressed was obliged to strike.

I am now at Sandy Hook with the Admiral [Arbuthnot] and cannot help mentioning that at the age of eighty he has all the fire of youth, with an openness and candour that does honour to human nature; fortunate is our Country to have entrusted him with this command, for if I am not very much mistaken he will be above a little Paper War with Ministers, and go upon the noble principle of serving his country to the best of his abilities, and confiding in his integrity rely upon his country for justice.

I shall be with you soon, my dearest Father, and anxious I am to see you and everything dear to me. I fear very much for this country, tho' even now a thorough determination from home, seconded here with vigour, wou'd do much towards its conquest.

Colonel Stuart to Lord Bute.

PORTSMOUTH, ON THE JAMES RIVER,
Nov. 1, 1779.

MY DEAREST FATHER:

I received your kind and affectionate Letter of Fryday last. It made me particularly happy to find that you wish my speedy return from a Country and War where I now most heartily agree with you there is no honor to be obtain'd; I have till now had some hopes, but the very Foolish speech Ld. G. Germain made the other day that Washington cou'd not raise four thousand men, and that now Clinton wou'd conquer America

without a Blow, convinces me that his measures are taken upon common report instead of being the result of a fix'd steady plan. I am far from shrinking from Danger, but such is likely to be the situation of our affairs in that Country that I see no end attending them, but a disgraceful one: . . .

Your dutiful, sincere and affect. Son,

CH. STUART.

P.S.—We certainly sail tomorrow.

CHAPTER XIII

LETTERS TO COLONEL STUART FROM SIR H. CLINTON AND OTHERS IN AMERICA

1779.

October.—d'Estaing repulsed at Savannah.

December 26.—Clinton sails with 7,600 men to capture his new base at Charleston.

1780.

May 5.—Charleston surrenders, and Lincoln with 5,600 men become prisoners of war.

Clinton returns to New York, leaving Cornwallis to complete the conquest of the Carolinas.

August 16.—Cornwallis defeats Gates at Camden.

September 16.—Arnold, in command of the important post of West Point on the Hudson, negotiates with Major André to hand it over to the British.

October 6.—Major Ferguson is trapped at King's Mount by backwoodsmen and killed with 400 of his men.

October.—The Armed Neutrality of Europe is formed hostile to England.

1781.

January 20.—Benedict Arnold inflicts considerable damage on the Americans at Richmond.

Tarleton is defeated by Morgan the American at Cowpens.

March.—Cornwallis forces Greene to retire at Guildford Courthouse, but suffers heavily himself.

April.—Rawdon wins a fine action at Camden.

May.—Cornwallis abandons Carolina.

June.—Clinton, fearing for safety of New York, orders Cornwallis to send troops to its defence.

Cornwallis invested at Yorktown.

THE 26th Regiment was ordered home in November, 1779, to be redrafted, its Colonel returning with it to superintend the process. Sir Henry Clinton, loath to lose his youthful confidant, kept up a correspondence with him, until he was relieved of the command of the British Forces in America by Sir Guy Carleton in May, 1782.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

New York, *Nov.* 19, 1779.

Dear Sir,

My last told you that d'Estaing with 22 Sail of the Line, 14 Frigates etc. and 6 or 7000 Troops was on the coast of Georgia, and had probably landed.

I now have the pleasure to inform you that our report is this moment arrived with an account that d'Estaing and Lincoln [the Rebel] made a general assault upon Savannah on the 9th of last month, and were repulsed with great loss, since which the Rebels have retired to Charlestown, and the French on board their Fleet.

We have likewise taken Washington's despatches to d'Estaing, by which it appears that Rhode Island and this place are or were their last object. 'Tis not thought they can remain on this coast; when they quit it it may possibly be our turn.

Faithfully your obedient servant,

H. Clinton.

P.S.—I am sure *you* dont abuse me for quitting Rhode Island—till we are superior at sea, we are not sure of keeping it 48 hours.

Chief Justice Smyth to Colonel Stuart.

New York, *March* 25, 1780.

My last letter to you was entrusted to Lord Caithness, if it comes to your hands you will find it written in much gaiety of heart, for there certainly is great sympathy between the state of the pocket and the animal spirits.

I had just then received intelligence by a letter from Mr. de Grey of my appointment to be one of the Council to assist Sir Henry Clinton in the execution of his new Commission, and the public report was that the pay of the said Councillors was settled at £500 per annum. I find no such news, however, in Mr. de Grey's Letter, nor in that I received from the Secretary to the Commission sent from James Island, South Carolina, by Sir Henry Clinton's order. I begin therefore to think that

the honour will be much more certain than the profit ! . . . Perhaps it will be said that it is beneath the notice of a Judge to ask for or accept fees for Advice; it is sufficient that he has the honour to be so distinguished; but in the present weak state of my finances I consider myself something like the Spanish Don's lean Coach horse, scarce able to crawl under the weight of shining happiness ! Mr. de Grey is pleased to tell me that my presence at New York will probably be of essential service—that Lord North and Lord George Germain hope I will make no objection. . . . If you think, Sir, that no allowance be really intended for the Councillors, perhaps a few words from you to Lord George Germain might set the animal spirits right.

Yesterday Gen. Robertson commenced his administration as Governor of New York. As he has been here so many years, and not always in the most favourable light, his arrival did not afford so much delight to stupid starers as perhaps a new man might have done.

I hope you will have good news of Charleston before this arrives—but somehow, Sullivan's island and 1776 hang upon my mind.

Things in this Garrison, and in Washington's Camp, remain pretty much the same—we, of course, in the best possible condition—they in the most wretched. It seems they had public rejoicings for good news (so-called) from Ireland, but I hope that Lord North has disappointed their hopes of a Rebellion in that Country.

You will read in the public papers some strange writing sent abroad by people calling themselves the State of Vermont—their claim to independence, to be sure, is as well founded as the pretensions of any of the new-formed States. I am told by Mr. William Smith (one of Sir Henry Clinton's Council, a man of deep knowledge in all the measures which led to the present Rebellion, and intimately versed in the affairs of Vermont) that notwithstanding certain expressions of resentment against Gt. Britain, Loyalty is at the bottom of this Opposition to Congress, and if so, some use may perhaps

be made of these Vermonteses—in short, if Sir Henry shall be inclined heartily and willingly to co-operate with his Council, I verily think they will be able, with his assistance, to touch certain springs hitherto untried, which may produce effects little expected at present; zeal, diligence, and address may do much, and I trust these qualities will not be wanting.

I wish you would come over again, and be one of the Council with us—tho' I am persuaded you are better employed in the Grand Council of the Nation. May all happiness attend you and prosper your consultation for the public good. . . .

Your very obliged and obedient Servant,

FRED. SMYTH.

P.S.—You who know something of the present state of the New York market, tho' the magnificent Lord George Germain may be ignorant of it, will realise that twelve pounds per chaldron for coals and twelve shillings per pound for candles are melancholy reflections by a fireside in a long winter evening. Hence, my not unnatural anxiety with respect to the fees of the Commissioners.

W. Home to Colonel Stuart.

CHARLESTOWN NECK, *May* 12, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

I owe you a thousand thanks for the obliging letters with which you have honoured me before your departure from New York. I am sorry to say that several applications, both to the Secretary and to Major André, have since been made in favour of Kinneer's boy, without result. However, I shall not give up the point, but propose taking advantage of the *happy event* of the Surrender of Charlestown to renew my application, and I shall take the liberty of shewing to Major André your last letter on the subject.

I am at present waiting for the return of Major Crosbie, who has gone into Town, to get the Articles of Capitulation signed by Gen. Lincoln, and then I am to take possession of the Gate with my Company. . . .

We broke ground within 800 yards on the night of the 1st April, and our approaches are now carried across their wet Ditch and up to their Abattis. We should this night have been in possession of a detached Work had they not surrendered. In my humble opinion, however, Mr. Lincoln has acquired honor by his defence of the Town.

The Rebels had fortified to-wards the water with a number of the compleatest batteries of Cabage Logs that I have ever seen, and between them they had a line for Musquetry—They dreaded nothing from that quarter, but from the Cannon of the Ships, and they had taken such precautions, that I believe they could have been but little hurt by a much more powerful Squadron. Towards the land and across the Neck they had been at great pains to make the most they could of a situation which would admit of very strong fortification. . . .

We are certainly much indebted to the Navy for our success in this expedition. Only two Twenty-four Pounders and 4 Twelves, with a few Royals, were brought from New York to besiege this Town, with which we might have fired for a Twelve Month without affecting the Enemy, but Admiral Arbuthnot, zealous to the greatest degree to serve his Country, supplied us amply with Guns, Men, and Ammunition, of which we had scarcely a round. . . .

The Admiral also, with his Sailors, anticipated us in forcing the Enemy to abandon a Work they were making on the Eastern Shore, and to his intrepidity we owe entirely the surrender of the Fort on Sullivan's Island.

The Terms of Surrender are—Every grown person who has carried arms to be a Prisoner of War. Inhabitants not carrying arms, and chusing to take the Oath of allegiance, to be permitted to remain in the Town and have their Property secure. Inhabitants chusing to adhere to Congress to leave the Town, and their property behind. We expect to find two or three General Officers,

and between 3 and 4 thousand men who will be Prisoners, and a great Train of Artillery.

They have been reduced to living on a Quart of rice per man per day. Mr. Lincoln, by letting himself be blockaded, has in all probability lost both Carolinas, as there is no Force in either of them to prevent us from doing what we please. Our loss is inconsiderable, five or six Officers killed and wounded, none above the rank of Captain, and about 250 men.

I congratulate you on this happy event, and the prospect of its being soon and greatly improved.

I remain ever most faithfully and affectionately yours,

W. Home.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Aug. 26, 1780.

Many thanks for your letter of the 8th Feb.

I must refer you to Gen. Dalrymple for particulars respecting our situation since the arrival of Gen. Rochambeau and 6000 French; 3000 more are expected, and Washington, in consequence, having been able to raise a great army, our situation is become critical.

It requires Gen. Dalrymple's knowledge, good sense, and zeal to represent things as they are.

Should the Govt. determine to reinforce us, I need hardly say how flattered I should be to see the 26th Regt. and its Chief among the number.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Sept. 16, 1780.

I have the pleasure to tell you that, although I have no confirmation from Lord Cornwallis, I have not the least doubt but that his Lordship, with whom were Lord Rawdon and Tarleton, did on the 16th Aug. annihilate the Southern Army under Horatio Gates at Camden.*

Intercepted letters from Havana to Europe tell us that many Provinces of Peru were in rebellion. Will not this open the eyes of the Spaniards!

* Cornwallis had indeed inflicted a crushing defeat on Horatio Gates, whose "bubble reputation" as the victor at Saratoga was thus effectually pricked.

Sir G. Rodney is this day arrived from the W. Indies with 10 Sail of the Line; 'tis presumed he follows a Fleet of French to this coast.

God send an honourable peace soon, my little exertions shall not be wanted to obtain one, but we must be reinforced or I should despair. Should that happen you may complete the 26th as soon as possible, and come and serve here; you know how highly I esteem your services as an officer and as a friend.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Sept. 18, 1780.

A long contemplated and most important stroke, the seizure of West Point, was discovered before I could put it into execution. The rebel General Benedict Arnold has made his escape to us, but we have lost our Adj. Gen. André.* I feel it beyond words, but I have nothing to reproach myself with. A few hours more, and all the Forts in the Highlands—all their stores, cannon for siege, and other provisions, boats, galleys, gun-boats, 4000 men etc. was ours. Their army obliged to submit, and this while Washington was consulting with the French General Rochambeau at N. London.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Nov. 1, 1780.

The sudden departure of the packet gives me only time to say three words, and enclose some intercepted letters referring you to Gen. Dalrymple.

'Tis supposed Lord Cornwallis advanced into North Carolina; I sent Gen. Leslie about ten days ago to attempt Gate's principal dépôt at Petersburgh on James River, and to establish himself on Elizabeth River, or act as Lord Cornwallis shall direct.

* André was hanged as a spy, and Arnold rewarded by the British with £10,000 and the command of a Brigade.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Oct., 1780.

The Rebels tell us that Ferguson with 1400 men, chiefly Militia, was cut off the 7th near Charlottenbergh.

Lord C. should have been too wise to have risked such a detachment, and so composed in the air.

The Highland business, and the loss of Ferguson, is too distressing to me to repeat.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Jan. 20, 1781.

I informed you that the Pennsylvania Line had revolted, that I had, of course, encouraged them and offered support and asylum; should Congress attempt to force them, they will probably join me.*

Jersey Line have followed the example of Pen. and like it has been cajoled. As nothing but force would have given the revolters a direction towards us, and the Congress were too wise to make use of it, I think everything is likely to take the turn I would wish. Above half the Pen. and Jersey Line will be discharged; the other is paid but, of course, discontented.

I have all to hope, and Washington† all to fear. Nothing can re-spirit that part of Washington's army again without money from France or Troops; this last the French certainly expect.

I have not heard a word from Europe since the 4th Oct.—it is almost time I should!

I have reason to believe that Arnold has taken Richmond [capital of Virginia], and if so Gates must quit the Carolinas, if Lord Cornwallis has not already forced him to it.

The eastern Troops of W.'s army do not shew a spirit

* On January 1, this year (1781), a mutiny broke out among the Pennsylvanian troops, and about 1,300 men marched in a body towards Princetown, declaring their intention to proceed to Philadelphia to lay their grievances before Congress. With judicious handling Washington succeeded in re-establishing order; the just demands of the mutineers were met by concessions from Congress.

† Washington wrote, in January, 1781, that his army had never been in so distressing a state since the beginning of the war.

of revolt; these go home at the expiration of their term, but 'tis said they will enlist again.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Oct. 12, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis is, as you know, invested at Yorktown. Washington and Lafayette have nearly 18,000, Militia included, and a French Fleet of 36 of the Line. We have 25 and two 50s with Troops on board and will start in a day or two, to try by joint exertions to succour Lord C.

If the Navy succeeds in their attempt, I hope our Troops, when put ashore, will not fail.

'Tis not a move of choice, but of necessity. If we do not try to save that Army we can't succeed; if we do, we may. Lord Cornwallis is of opinion with me that the only way to do it is to go to him, and having found a junction, we may attempt against the enemy in our turn.

I go myself, and if I succeed I shall resign the Command to his Lordship.* When the operation in Chesapeake was ordered, I was promised a Naval superiority, why we had it not, those who promised it can best tell, but if the Corps in Chesapeake is risked, or may be lost, 'tis owing to want of Naval force. Lord C. has, I hope, provisions to the middle of Nov.; and he tells me that the enemy have given him time to put his works in a better state than he expected.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Oct. 16, *at night*, 1781.

Lord C. changes his tone a little on the 11th.

The enemy advance regularly, but very fast; he does not like his ground so well as I had reason to think he did; in short, he is hurt at the delays; so are we all; I am afraid of nothing else; we are now ready and waiting for a wind. I am blind with writing.

* Sir Henry Clinton remained in command of the British forces until May, 1782, when Sir Guy Carleton superseded him. It was this officer's task to carry through peace negotiations, the preliminaries for which were already in course of discussion at Paris. Hostilities ceased on Sir Guy Carleton writing to acquaint General Washington that the Independence of the United States was conceded by the British Government.

Sir H. Clinton to Colonel Stuart.

Nov. 10, 1781.

In my last I told my apprehensions for Ld. Cornwallis. Alas! they were too well founded; from the manner the enemy posted their Fleet to cover the Siege, I think we should have succeeded had we arrived in time.*

I must beg leave to refer you to Lord Lincoln and Dalrymple.

Chief Justice Smyth to Colonel Stuart.

New York, *Nov.* 3, 1781.

Sir,

I acknowledge with great thankfulness the honour of a few but very acceptable lines from you dated last June, and delivered to me Oct. 20th.

The packet by which this is brought brings also the confirmation of some of the blackest tidings ever received from this country—unfortunate Lord Cornwallis, after so many well-fought battles, to be so fatally undone! This event must, we think, produce great consequences.

When calamities of this nature befall a nation, it is natural to enquire how it came about? who is to blame?

When the French Troops left Rhode Island, and marched towards this place, the prevailing opinion here and in the country was that an attack was intended on New York. Sir Henry Clinton seemed to be confirmed in this idea when Gen. Washington joined the French and advanced nearer to us.

We had instantly a period of great confusion; much appeared necessary to be done to strengthen the fortifications, new walls to be constructed, the Militia to be called out.

General Robertson advised that the shops should be closed. The number of the enemy, we were told, and it was believed at Head-quarters, were upwards of 11,000. They drew near Kingsbridge, then retreated to West Chester, and the White Plains—at length they burnt their Barracks, broke up their camp, and marched into

* Clinton sailed five days too late. Cornwallis had surrendered Yorktown on October 16.

New Jersey—thence to Philadelphia, and so to the Chesapeake.

The French Fleet arrived from the West Indies, after encountering Admiral Graves, and getting very much knocked about. Admiral Digby arrived with some of our ships, so that our Fleet strengthened, but was still inferior to the French in number.

Things grew serious for Lord Cornwallis. Council after Council was held here composed of Admirals and Generals, and 'tis said many officers of the Navy seemed averse from the plan to relieve Ld. Cornwallis—Admiral Rodney turned the scales by some very spirited, heroic language, and at length it was resolved that Troops with the General should be taken on board the several Men-of-War. Many, however, were still to be re-fitted. Lord Cornwallis grew pressing for assistance; day after day was fixed for departure—still the ships were not ready; it is said much more repairs were done than was needed—in short, there was a cry of fire and murder, yet the good people did not think fit to give their assistance till they were completely dressed, even to curling their hair ! and so we lament the consequences.

I have frequently had the satisfaction to hear of your health, but not a line for the Chief Justice of New Jersey ! How many Gentlemen have arrived at this town justly proud of the honour of your acquaintance, and glad of the opportunity to give Colonel Stuart of the 26th for a toast ! I will not, Sir, be troublesome to you, but I wish most heartily to deserve your friendship.

Tho' you will doubtless have heard how highly delighted we have been with the appearance and behaviour of the young Prince* at this place, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of speaking in his praises—an old philosopher said that Princes learned nothing well but to ride on horseback, as their horses will not flatter them —but I must say the behaviour of his Royal Highness does great credit to his instructors as well as to himself

* This was Prince William, the future King William IV.

—any Father might be proud of such a son. As one of the Council to the Peace Commission I had the honour of an invitation from Admiral Digby to dine on board the *Prince George* where the young Prince was perfectly at home and was infinitely more agreeable than I expected to find him. The Admiral also seemed to temper his respect for the Prince with a very proper authority. Paying our Compliments on departure, the Admiral observed the boat was not yet manned—the Prince instantly started up and took his hat—"I, Gentlemen, will see your boat manned"—I told the Admiral that I little expected in the course of my life to have the honour of such assistance from a Prince.

"That Prince," said the Admiral, "is a Midshipman on board this ship, and never stops at any part of the duty of his station." Would to God, I say, he could have witnessed more propitious events in this country, he might then remember his voyage hither with pleasure.

With all possible respect and esteem,
I have the honour to be,
Sir, your most obet. servant,
FRED SMYTH.

The writer of the letter that follows is James Stuart, Lord Bute's second son, who in the previous year, 1780, raised at his own expense a Regiment of Highlanders, the 92nd, which with four other Regiments had been ordered to the West Indies in February. They arrived in Jamaica just as the unhealthy season was beginning, and, owing to the infamous condition of the barracks where they were quartered, lost more than a third of their number in six months.

James Stuart to Colonel Stuart.

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORTS AT ST. LUCIA,
July 19, 1780.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

After having been confined on board ship for fourteen weeks, we arrived at Barbadoes the 12th of this month, staid there but a few hours, an Express having

arrived from Sir George Rodney ordering Walsingham with all his ships and Transports to this place as soon as possible.

I was much afraid we were to remain here in this cursed place, nothing to be done, and so unhealthy that the Troops die amazingly fast every day, but luckily we are to sail from here in a day or two for Jamaica, not to be landed there, but to proceed on our intended Expedition. Where that is nobody knows [this was but too true], as the cat is not yet out of the bag!

Before you receive this you will have heard of Sir G. Rodney's actions; the Officers call them here nothing but drawn Battles—the Admiral has quarrelled with all his Officers, says they are all cowards, and they call him an old Woman! in fact, he dispises them, and they him. Thus do our affairs go in this part of the world. Is it not terrible.*

I called on the Governor, General Vaughan, yesterday, who enquired much after you. He is pretty well, but heartily sick of his situation, says Lord George G. has broken his word to him, and talks of going home very soon. I forgot to mention to you that the French and Spanish Fleet left these Seas the day before yesterday, some say for Jamaica, but that is not much credited as the Hurricane months are coming on soon, and they cannot act then. Another report is that they are to go together to Cape François, there to separate, the Spaniards to go to their own Settlements, and the French to proceed to America. This is the most credited of the two reports. They say they have beat us, and Sir G. Rodney says he has beat them out of these Seas, and will follow them immediately.

Ever your Aff. Brother,

James Stuart.

* This refers to the engagement with de Guichen (April 17), when the unfortunate misreading of a signal deprived Rodney of a victory which was almost in his grasp. "Correct reading of a few fluttering rags of bunting," says Fortescue, "might have altered the whole course of history." De Guichen sailed for Europe, and Rodney joined Clinton at New York.

PERIOD III

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

1780.

THE GORDON RIOTS.

1781.

Lord North Prime Minister. In America the English under Lord Cornwallis win the Battle of Guildford, September 26. Lord Cornwallis is besieged in Yorktown by a combined force of French and Americans commanded by Lafayette and Washington Cornwallis surrenders, October 16.

1782.

Lord North resigns. Marquis of Rockingham Prime Minister. Rodney wins his great victory over Count de Grasse in the West Indies. Death of Lord Rockingham. Lord Shelburne Prime Minister. Pitt becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer. Siege of Gibraltar raised. England acknowledges the Independence of the United States.

1783.

The Peace of Versailles signed between England and France and England and the United States. Duke of Portland Prime Minister.

1784.

William Pitt Prime Minister.

1788.

The King has a return of his malady.

1789.

The King recovers; great rejoicings everywhere.

1790.

Fox declares his sympathy with the French Revolution.

1792.

Pitt in introducing the Budget hopes for a long period of peace. Preparations for war.

1793.

War with France is declared.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GORDON RIOTS

1780–1794.

The next few years were, from a professional point of view, disappointing to an ardent soldier longing to participate actively in the various military enterprises in which this country was engaged.

Charles Stuart would have liked to accompany General Medows to India in 1781, but was refused permission; he then offered as a simple volunteer to go to Gibraltar, the gallant defence of which, under Elliot, against the Spaniards is one of the classics of military history. Official sanction being withheld he yet went there privately, remaining three weeks, and on his return journey spent some time and incurred no small risk in investigating the district surrounding the mouth of the Tagus.

Later, at his own expense, at the cost of £200, he reconnoitred the barrier fortresses of the Scheldt, took soundings, prepared plans which would enable the Dutch, with small assistance, to hold these against the aggressive demands of the Emperor Joseph. The scheme was turned down by the War Office, with the unfortunate result that the Dutch appealed to the French, who in return for their support bargained for valuable commercial advantages, and obtained the promise of Dutch influence in India where French interests conflicted with our own.

Repeated disappointments and the conviction that his father's son had nothing to expect from Government officials at home, induced Charles to think of retiring from the Army, and acquire by purchase the post of British representative in Venice. Negotiations were begun through his friend Lord Rawdon, who also, it appears, like Stuart, had been treated with scant recognition for his services throughout the American War, and had serious thoughts of seeking employment with the Venetian Government.

However, nothing came of the project, and the period

that elapsed between this date and 1794 was spent partly attending to his duties in Parliament, partly in travelling in Europe for the advantage of his son's education.*

What a wise friend Charles Stuart had in his father is shown by the advice contained in a letter dated Luton, January, 1780.

Lord Bute to Colonel Charles Stuart.

I approved of your offering yourself for any service, as well as the manner in which I understand you did it; I thought it shewed your ardour, but pray consider the present situation. Is there any one service you could point out for activity here at home? Certainly not, and can you be surprised that they should be silent about your proposal to attend a Siege, that they, knowing the Fleet they have sent, will soon put an end to?

And this you look upon as an insult; I think nothing of it; that they gave you a negative about Gibraltar is by no means a proof that you are not to be employed elsewhere.

I protest in this situation of things, I don't comprehend your meaning, when you ask my advice. Tho' indeed one thing calls for advice, seriously, my dear Charles, and that is that you should cease to think your honour every minute concerned because this or that desire is not complied with; for this will not only affect your looks, words, and actions, subversive of the capital point you ought to have in mind, which is that of gaining another step in Rank before the War ends.

This is of the utmost consequence to your whole future military life, and to obtain this I cannot see your honour in the least affected, tho' you should avoid shewing your dislike or resentment on being disappointed in something you may ask.

You cannot have an idea of giving up your profession, after having on so many occasions distinguished your-

* His family consisted of two boys, Charles, who, after completing his studies, entered the Diplomatic Service, and John, who joined the Navy.

self, and yet I am sensible there is no one line one can follow in which one will not meet disagreeable things.

The soldier will see too often his services neglected from either ignorance or partiality. He will be received with coolness, when he ought to be caressed; this is attendant on all human affairs—shewing an impotent resentment on these occasions is putting a bar to all future hopes.

How often have I heard my uncle John* on the subject! stating the neglect of the Duke of Marlborough, the little notice taken of his gallant conduct at Malplaquet, of Cadogan† being sent down to supersede him when he fought at [?], with many other instances of the same nature, always accompanying them with the observation that if he had followed the first impulse of passion, and not prudently shut his eyes to many provoking slights, he had never rose to the elevated station he enjoyed.

This was the language of a man, Charles, who far from being of an enduring temper, often got into very disagreeable situations from heat and unbridled passion. I could tell you the same things of Lord Stair, tho' indeed a man of more even temper on the whole.

Therefore my opinion is that you should endeavour to have some conversation with Lord Amherst,‡ and that without any resentment, or a clouded brow, "sans humeur, mon ami," when you will naturally tell him your wish to be thought worthy to be employed in any active enterprise, and this without any reward or emolument.

A few months later it looked as if war was to be brought to the door of the private citizen, and London itself

* John, Duke of Argyle, began his military career under William III., who gave him the command of a Dutch regiment at the age of seventeen. He fought with great distinction throughout the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, and was eventually made Field-Marshal.

† General Cadogan, Marlborough's Quartermaster-General.

‡ Sir Jeffrey Amherst was Commander-in-Chief in America till 1763, and Governor of Virginia till 1768; he was created Baron Amherst in 1776, and became eventually a Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief.

threatened with destruction. Great numbers of the clergy of all denominations had been busy stirring up the minds of the public to denounce the repeal of the penal laws against Roman Catholics. It was sufficient to raise the cry of "No Popery," to suggest to an inflamed popular imagination that plots were hatching by which life and property were in danger, and the whole town was in an uproar. Lord George Gordon placed himself at the head of the anti-Popery faction, and his fanaticism was made use of by those who sought the subversion of the existing order of things. Government looked on supinely, while prisons were burned and private houses pillaged, refusing even to countenance the efforts made by the military authorities to restore order. The Opposition, of course, encouraged anything that embarrassed their political adversaries; the King, alone, acted with energy, and retained his composure. Charles Stuart was an eye-witness of the riotous proceedings.

The Gordon Riots.

Colonel Stuart to his Father, Lord Bute.

June 3, 1780.

My dear Father,

The King's Bench and Fleet Prisons were burnt to the ground last night. A Regiment was ordered to march from Lambeth to the first place, but by mistake they received a counter order by which means the Troops did not arrive in time enough to protect it; the Military were also too late to save the Fleet; they, however, fired upon the Mob and killed two men.

At a little after ten the Bank was attacked; 200 of the guards received the Mob and part fired, but in so cautious a manner that only 8 or 9 were killed and disabled. The Mob afterwards distroyed a house near the Mansion House, and one or two houses in Holborn.

Col. Twistleton, who commanded the party at the Bank, informed me that they were led by a Person in a Navy uniform with his sword drawn, that many decently dressed people encouraged them till they were near the Guard, but that they then retired and pretended to be spectators.

One very singular circumstance he likewise told me; a very well dressed man was killed whose face they took great pains to hide, but after most of them dispersed a curious watchman looked at the body, expressed some surprise, and said he knew the Person. Upon which they seized the Watchman and dragged him to Morefields, where they swore him in the most sacred way to secrecy. As they also took off the body, nothing has been discovered.

I would not have mentioned this had not the Sheriff related verbatim the same story, which he said he had from the Watchman. At five this morning I rode by the remains of the King's Bench, and into the Borough, where I got into the centre of a Mob consisting of two hundred dirty fellows, who with colours flying were insulting some parties of a Regt. of Dragoons, who were just arrived from the country and were filing off to the Public Houses.

I then passed over London Bridge by Newgate, Morefields, the Bank, and Fleet, and found everything as quiet as if nothing had happened.

You will think it strange that Lord Amherst, out of near 12,000 men, should have only 300 men in the City, besides those stationed at and not to leave the Tower, but such was the case, and so alarming did it appear to me that I could not help proposing a Plan to my Uncle for the Defence of this side of the River, and he insisted on my stating it to Lord Hillsborough. That the three Bridges should be held with considerable Detachments and a cannon, that the Tower should cover the right Flank, the Parks the left; in the Parks two thousand men; on the six stations between, a thousand men at each—viz., Whitechapel, Morefields, Chester House, Greys Inn, Soho Square, Leicester Fields—commanded by six Generals, who would send constant Patrols maintaining communications between each Station.

I went to the Bank in the evening and dined with the Officers, and was surprised to hear that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had come to the resolution to petition

Parliament to repeal the Act in question, and that the Mayor had published a handbill declaring that he would release all the Prisoners taken in the several Riots, which timid act he performed immediately.

From what I could learn many of the Common Council and Aldermen do not disapprove of the state of affairs; indeed, were one to judge by the conversation of the well-dressed people of the City (abstracting what is said through fear), they construe this attempt to produce order as a mode of dragooning them into tyrannical measures.

A stronger detachment is sent to the City, for by Col. Twistleton's desire, I called on my return on Lord Amherst to represent the situation, and stated the necessity of protecting the South Sea House etc.

I forgot to mention that the Mob robbed the Toll-houses on Black Fryers Bridge last night, and that the troops killed two men on the Bridge; the Mob also exacted money from all the houses in the City, and plundered people that were in hackney coaches.

They say the coal-heavers have joined them; however, they are so artful as to prevent the discovery of when, how, and where they assemble, and the same with respect to their dispersing. A few have demolished some houses in Grub St., and they say some rising has appeared in the Borough.

I cannot find out that they have any intention of going into the country; however, what you say is so just that until this business sees another shape I join my prayers to your thought of going further from London with my Mother.

Parliament has adjourned to Monday sennight. I shall remain in London to wait your orders; indeed, at all events, the times are so interesting that it is necessary for one of us to be at the fountain head of evil.

Regiments are marching in from every quarter, and I have taken care that your house is well protected by the military.

Colonel Stuart to his Father.

June 8, 1780.

My dear Father,

I came from the City to Whitehall at nine ocl., and there found the Council sitting and examining Lord George Gordon, who had been made prisoner in the evening. I remained there till ten, and left them still employed.

I am so horrified and tired that I scarcely feel able to acquaint you with what has passed; indeed, I am so provoked that it adds to my fatigue; a small printed hand-bill will shew you that the timid resolutions of the City Magistrate are seconded by a similar conduct of the advisors of his Majesty. When once the Military are called out with vigour, their punishment should be immediate and exemplary, or else (as at Boston) they become ridiculous, and encourage those they were meant to intimidate.

The fear that appears among the better sort of people in the City surpasses description; they talk of whole streets where there are none but disaffected people, they mistrust one another, and those I have conversed with generally agree that many very principal men among them are deeply concerned in the business; notwithstanding which we have not been able to make any discovery. If one may judge from sour looks, and contemptuous sneers towards the Military, I should think at least two thirds of the City were against the Government; but as one must make allowances for the established prejudice of this country against the Profession one would over-look it.

All is Peace and quiet this evening; that the Almighty may cause it to remain so is the serious wish of

Your aff. and dutiful son,

Ch. Stuart.

I send an express with this as I am informed the post is detained. If that is the case, pray send me word, that I may in future write by the coach.

Colonel Stuart to his Father.

1780.

I wrote last night at eleven o'clo., but have since heard that the Posts are stopp'd, and therefore conclude my letter remains at the office.

Nothing happened last night except an attempt to fire the old cells of Newgate; the Troops were, however, in time enough to surround the Prison and take fifty of the mob; more were taken in the course of the day, and some this morning; so that upon the whole near a hundred and fifty are prisoners in Wood Street, the Poultry, and Artillery Ground.

I have seen the Prisoners, and am sorry to add that they all appear too wretched to have been the schemers of so deep and well conducted a project.

People were yesterday evening ordered to destroy their blue cockades,* and several men who did not immediately comply have been wounded by the Troops, the order has taken full effect, and no person with that badge appears.

The Stocks have rather rose than fallen, and no particular run has been upon the Bank; this I took to be owing to the association of all the monied men in the City, who are too much interested not to wish the fullest exertion of Military Government.

What would tend to ending this business would be the execution of the confined men, but the Mayor and Aldermen in general play a Strange part; they told the Mob the other evening that if they dispersed the Prisoners should be released, and their fears still operating they solicit the Col. of the Detachment for the release of the men, in order (should any punishment take place) that it might appear the sole act of the Military.

I enclose you a Hand-bill sent about, and the Paper it mentions; more and more are my apprehensions of the deep designs of artful people, but strange to tell the People well affected are so alarmed that they will not give any information lest their houses and property should suffer.

* The "Protestant" badge adopted by the rioters.

A very particular friend of mine has this command here, and he has just informed me that he has settled a plan to acquire information.

Lord Amherst has just wrote to him, a letter he has read to me, and it contains the surprise of His Majesty and his confidential friends at the Mayor's conduct in releasing Prisoners, and an order for him to attend the Council this evening. As I shall go with him I may inform you more. Everything is quiet, but want of determined measures by His Majesty may involve this country further than he imagines.

I shall take care he knows the truth of everything.

I am always in the City except at nights, and take my station at Grocer's Hall, now the City Head Quarters.

The form of the Bill of Releasement of the Prisoners by the Mayor was, "Wheras People were taken for a supposed Riot, the Mayor and Council think proper to release them."

Adieu, my dearest friend and Father.

CH. STUART.

Colonel Stuart to his Father.

1780.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We are at last pretty quiet; yesterday the soldiers dealt death about pretty freely and took several prisoners, and I hear only of a small riot in the Borough.

We hear, as yet, of no leaders, tho' it is no common Mob that opens prisons, and makes an attack on the Bank; Newgate and the other prisons, excepting one, are wholly destroyed.

Six Regiments are encamped in Hide Park, the Guards in St. James's Park, and several Regiments of Dragoons patrol the streets; none have been as yet near your house, which you may now, I think, reckon pretty safe.

Ever yours,

CH. STUART.

My dear Father,

I wrote to you last week only to say that all things remain quiet.

The King and his Brothers are reconciled, which is the only event this commotion has produced—nothing was said of their wives, who will, I suppose, remain as before.

Those who are to be tried for Treason can't, by the forms of Law, be tried these 15 days; the others, for Felony, will be tried at the Old Bailey Sessions. Of the treasonable reports of French money, and its being talked of at Paris before it happened, etc., I shall say nothing till the event shall prove the justice of such reports.

Your aff. Son,

Ch. Stuart.

1780.

My dearest Father,

I was very happy to find your letter upon my return from the City.

In the course of the night an attempt was made to burn some houses in Spittle Fields, but the Rioters were fired upon by some of the independent Companies and were killed, wounded, or taken. I should mention that these Companies have shew'd great spirit during the whole of this business.

In consequence of a complaint made by Lord Beauchamp, the Mayor was examined by the Council, when he declared that his fears had prevented his doing his duty in Moorfields on Tuesday night.

Lord G. Gordon was likewise examined, and I am told, in a sulky manner refused giving any information whatever. When he was taken, they sealed the boxes containing his papers, and upon searching his person found a pocket pistol, and a large knife; the officers asked why he carried such weapons; he replied, "to defend himself against the Roman Catholics."

This morning the Secretary to their association was taken, likewise the printer of the seditious Paper I

enclosed in my last, the Treasurer and the Captain of the Banditti. Upon the Treasurer was found, as report says, £2000 belonging to the Association.

They all refused to give any account of their proceedings.

Mr. Woodford whispered to me to-day that he had heard at the Secretary of State's that Sir J. L.* was shrewdly suspected of having assisted these gentry with money, and this circumstance so nearly agrees with what my Mother told me before she left Town that I should apprehend grounds for the suspicion. No disturbance has happened to-day, and from certain accounts there has been none in the country, which is a material piece of good news, and leads me to think that the irregularity of this Mob has plunged them into the depth of their scheme before the business was generally ripe.

The principal people of the different Wards are wishing to enter into an association for raising among themselves a number of men for the protection of the City in time of danger. Six thousand is the number thought of.

It is computed that near 1600 men have escaped from prisons, and I am told that the roads near London are so infested with vagabonds that there is no safety; indeed, the streets of London are so crowded with low people that one would imagine all manufactures and trade at a standstill.

Notwithstanding your desire, my dearest Father, I should not have sent an Express with so little intelligence, had I not returned so late from the City, too late for the post. Adieu.

June 10, 1780.

My dear Father,

The King came to the House to-day, and made a speech acquainting them what he had done, and professing his desire to support the Laws and Religion of this country.

* Who is Sir J. L.? Could it be Sir James Lowther?

The addresses have been voted unanimously. Opposition, from their sparring, seem to be much divided; I understand there is irreparable division between the Shelburnes and the others.

Lord Mansfield* spoke as well as he had ever done, laying down the Law of Treason in such a way that no man chose to answer him.

We are all quiet at present, tho' I think the seeds of the late Insurrection too deeply sown not to produce a crop if the Military should be removed.

I am ever yours dutifully,

CH. STUART.

June 12.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

Frederick† is in Town, and mentioned the day before yesterday that he had the intention of going down to Luton.

As Mr. Mackenzie is in London, he will inform you of what passes in Council. There is still some People trying to foment the Evil, for this morning an anonimous Paper seal'd was found in or near More fields, addressed to Ld. G. Gordon, and under the direction, " the Military shall rue the day they acted against the people "—and in the Paper the grossest abuse of the King, calling him a Papist, and declaring that he should lose his Head, begging the People to be firm and united, and that 30,000 men would soon make their appearance in Scotland to release Ld. G. Gordon.

The above Paper was immediately sent to Ld. Amherst.

As I have nothing material to add, I will no longer detain you than to call myself

Your aff. and dutiful Son,

CH. STUART.

* The Earl of Mansfield was Lord Chief Justice of England. His house in Bloomsbury was destroyed by the rioters and his magnificent Library burnt.

† This was Lord Bute's third son.

Lord Mountstuart to his Brother Charles.

HILL STREET, *Monday, June* 12, 1780.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have just now your letter of yesterday's date. I came to Town this morning, and have been about a good deal all day, in order to learn whatever I could collect of the state of affairs; but the reports, the surmises, and the suspicions of People are so various, that I hardly know what to write; however, I shall here set down what I think most likely to be well founded.

I was at Council this morning, where all the principal Keepers of Prisons in London were very minutely examined about the late Riots; some of them were Justices of the Peace—other Magistrates were examined yesterday and the day before, in order to ground proofs against the delinquents, of whom many are apprehended and probably many more will be, as they are discovering some every hour.

An Order in Council was issued this day to the Judges to report to-morrow morning the speediest method in Law for Trial of the Rioters, most of whom, it is supposed, will be tried for Felony, and that quickly.

Lord G. Gordon* being committed to the Tower for High Treason, his Trial cannot, for that reason, come on soon, but I learn from a very good source, that there will be sufficient proof of his being guilty of High Treason. From the best information I can collect, there have been 400 of the Rioters destroyed, and we are now in as peaceful a situation here as ever London was. . . . What the Rioters might not do if the Military were removed, there is great difference of opinion; those that consider these tumults as a mere accidental thing, occasioned by the handle of Religion, look upon all disturbance as entirely over, when some of the Criminals shall be brought to punishment; others, again, who suspect the plan to be deep laid, and that the American

* Lord G. Gordon was acquitted of High Treason, but eventually died in Newgate in 1793 while undergoing a term of imprisonment for libel.

and French money are concerned in it, imagine that the flame has only subsided, and will burst forth again by and by with still greater violence.

It seems to be the opinion that the Act (the pretended cause of all these disturbances) should not be repealed; but how that may be, time only can shew.

I heard a letter read to-day from Bristol, giving an account of an appearance of an insurrection there, but the Mayor, Aldermen, and Magistrates at once resolved to call out the Military and to give them orders to act at once without further ceremony in dispersing any Riots that might take place—which vigor prevented all mischief.

At Bath they burnt a Roman Catholic Chapel, owing to the timidity of the Magistrate there.

I understand there is a reconciliation between H. M. and his Brothers, on a very proper application made by them on the present situation of things. If anything new arises I will write to you again.

Dear Brother,
Most aff. yours,
MOUNTSTUART.

Lord Mountstuart to Charles Stuart.

HILL STREET, *June* 14, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have hardly anything to tell you in addition to what I wrote the night before last.

All is quiet here; they are hourly apprehending numbers of the Rioters for examination, and I heard from a sure hand to-day, that there are 25 of the Surrey people against whom there appears to be ample evidence of Felony; what numbers there are in the same predicament on the Middlesex side of the Water I could not learn, but it is supposed there are more than those on the Surrey side.

Those of Middlesex are to be tried at the Old Bailey on Wednesday the 20th Inst.; at the same time there

will be a special Commission of "Oyez and terminer" to try the Surrey offenders.

By the forms of Law, the Special Commission, if issued for Middlesex, could not proceed under 15 days, in which time the old Bailey will, of course, sit.

The Council and the Secretaries of State are Indefatigable in endeavouring to discover the guilty, and more especially the Ringleaders of the sedition.

I am convinced, myself, that tho' the beginning of the tumults was entirely owing to the Fanaticks, yet they had no notion of the outrages being carried so far, and that the American Emissaries took the advantage of the mobbing once begun, to carry their diabolical purposes to the great extent they did. Many circumstances that I have pick'd up demonstrate to me the truth of my conjecture.

I don't know whether I mentioned in my last, two of the Waiters at the St. Albans Tavern (the place of meeting of what was called the Protestant Association) had been apprehended, as very principal Ringleaders, and in whom most Confidence was Placed,—one of these waiters (the most guilty by far of the two) made his escape owing to the criminal stupidity or neglect of the Magistrate; however, he was yesterday retaken in Hertfordshire, and is now in custody. He had the keys of Newgate in his possession, a most important circumstance, the Speaker tells me, in point of Law.

Colonel Miles (sometime since an Officer of the Guards) but of late years engaged in all faction, is also apprehended; I hear things come out daily very strong against Lord George Gordon for High Treason.

Lord Mansfield, I heard, was this day at his Court in Westminster Hall, where all the Courts are sitting as usual.

Sir Henry Clinton's success at Charlestown* gives great pleasure to many, the news of it came at a favourable moment.

I am, dear Brother,
Most affect^ly yours,
MOUNTSTUART.

* Charleston had capitulated on May 5.

June 10, 1780.

I have received yours of yesterday.

Both Houses have this day resolved upon a joint Address to His Majesty, in answer to His Speech to Parliament to-day, and they are to present it to-morrow. The Address passed both Houses "nemine contradicente."

We are to go upon the Petition for the Repeal of the famous Bill to-morrow, but it is not easy to foretell what the fate of it will be. There are those on both sides of the House who are for supporting it in all its parts; some, again, for repealing certain clauses—others, but I believe they are few in number—for repealing the whole.

The City of London presented a Petition to-day for the Repeal; Wilkes spoke strongly against their Petition, which shewed great divisions amongst the Citizens, and we had some plain symptoms of the Rockinghams and the Shelburnes being adverse to each other.

All was very quiet and very decent when the King went to Parliament.

Adieu, my dear Brother.

Yours,
MOUNTSTUART.

Lady Bute to her Son Charles.

LUTON, 1780.

I am much obliged to you for your care of the house in S. Audley St. and the sending me word of your safety; the road here was as quiet as possible. I find upon enquiry that all the Troops in this neighbourhood are moving towards London as fast as possible.

It is now real Civil War; Heaven defend us all and preserve my dearest son.

Lord Bute to Charles Stuart.

LUTON, 1780.

Mean as my opinion is of those in power, your letter astonishes me—one neglect, one blunder, one pusillanimous action after the other!

Your curious anecdote relative to one of the leaders and Sea officers seen among them, the approbation given them even by the better sort, and the conduct of the Mayor and Aldermen, all confirm me in the opinion I had formed, on reading the speeches of some Lords—that Popery was only the pretext to bring together numbers, who once assembled and triumphant were intended for very different purposes.

Two objects appear likely, one the driving away the present Ministry, the other a deliberate design formed to destroy the Monarchy and establish some wild scheme of Democratical Govt.

Alas! He who by able, spirited, and decisive conduct, could alone baffle these dangerous views, has not only not one friend near Him in this hour of peril, but not one manly head to advise, nor even execute His orders with vigour.

My dear Charles, in high station, would perhaps save a nation, but I feel uneasy at this being expected of him in this species of Mobbish War,—what Condé called "une guerre de pots de chambre."

I should feel otherwise were matters more explained, and a true Civil War was begun—the only thing—well managed, that could give hopes of a permanent Government; yet terrible as such a remedy would be, I protest I don't think there is resolution enough nor ability, nay, even honesty sufficient amongst those at the helm to take that manly part.

No, it will end in tame subjection to the dictates of the dregs of mankind. What a shocking scene I am painting, and how aggravated to my feelings by my time of life, and miserable state of health, that precludes me from action when my dearest and best is up in arms.

You say one of the family should be in the way; in truth, dear Charles, you, and you alone, are the only one I can have confidence in, or opinion of, in such an eventful hour.

I was in hopes of hearing that Martial Law had taken place, and soldiers no longer fettered by a wretched

Justice of the Peace, that one would see things brought to decision, but by your account, all London not being in flames seems owing more to the forbearance of the Mob than any opposition they have met with.

Parliament adjourned for ten days at a time when, perhaps, the King's Crown depends on swift action—people of all ranks running away, no one proper measure taken. Oh ! terrible. I won't talk more of it, tho' I could fill whole pages with my present thoughts.

CHAPTER XV

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

The political events alluded to in the letters here given followed each other with startling rapidity, confusing to those that witnessed the various changes of Government, and more than puzzling to those who read of them at this distance of time. A short summary may be found useful.

Lord North* resigned in March, 1782, following the announcement of the capture of Yorktown, a disaster that also precipitated Lord George Germaine from office.

Lord Rockingham's second period in office as Prime Minister (or to speak more correctly as First Lord of the Treasury) terminated after a few months with his death in July, 1782, and Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, succeeded him with William Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fox, who had been Secretary of State, and Burke resigned.

Shelburne was forced into resignation the following year by a coalition formed between the erstwhile opponents Fox and Lord North, and after an interval of 37 days, incessantly occupied with negotiation, a Coalition Government was at last got together under the nominal headship of the Duke of Portland, Fox and Lord North serving as Secretaries of State.

Pitt introduced a resolution in favour of Parliamentary Reform, which was rejected, and Fox presented his India Bill.

The Coalition Ministry was dismissed in February,

* Lord North retired with a pension of £4,000 a year. He had, says Walpole, "besides the Office of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, received the Garter, the place of Warden of the Cinque Ports, a Patent place for his son, Bushey Park for his wife, a pension of £4,000 on his late resignation, and some said a grant of part of the Savoy, tho' that has not been verified—for a man who did not care for emoluments this was doing pretty well; it might almost have kept him faithful to his Master."

1784, and *William Pitt* became Prime Minister, forming a Government from both parties.

Henceforth, for some years to come, the struggle was waged by the King and Pitt against the Opposition led by Fox and North. North's defection was bitterly felt by George, whose best-loved Minister he had been.

Lord Bute to Charles Stuart in Venice.

LONDON, *Feb.* 24, 1783.

Lord Shelburne has resigned, and a new set kissed hands, as you will see in the Papers—the Coalition, as it is called. How long it will last, or what excursions they will pursue, I know as little as I do of China.

It would take days to tell you the unheard of scenes which have passed these three weeks. My heart bleeds for my Dearest—but none of this is proper for a letter.

Mr. Coutts to Charles Stuart.

STRAND, *March* 4, 1783.

You will have heard before this reaches you everything I can tell you of public matters—that your brother was named by Lord Shelburne to go to Madrid, and that soon after, on the Address on the Peace with France, and with the United States, the Ministry was repeatedly beat in the Commons, and what is still more remarkable run within 12 in the Peers.

An offer was made to Mr. Fox, and rejected, and he and Lord North have made a sort of Coalition. The prospect of the former being made Minister must, I think, shake loose many of Ld. North's friends, as they are called—hungry people—who are his friends no longer than there appears a possibility of his being able to feed them, and who will be friends to anyone on the same conditions.

Every mode of averting the shackles of Fox has been tried, and the first Lord of the Treasury has gone abegging—to Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, Mr. William Pitt, all of whom refused.

Many say it will be settled to-day, and that Mr. Fox will prevail, tho' probably no Govt. will last long.

Your brother, Lord Mountstuart,* is but slenderly connected with the present Ministry. He may, I think, go to Spain if he pleases, whoever comes, but as usual your family do not act wisely, your brother James voting against the Ministry while Ld. Mountstuart has accepted an Embassy from them! I have often told my sentiments to everyone of them, "Act firmly together, and you must be of consequence, otherwise no side will look at you, and you will be ill-treated by all in turn."

Mr. Jenkinson,† it is said, will be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Yours aff
THOMAS COUTTS.

Lord Bute to Charles Stuart in Italy.

LONDON, *March* 25, 1783.

In the meantime we are without a Govt., and if I told you the shameful conduct of those who should be carrying on the King's business, you would not credit it. . . . Their demands, their language, their behaviour to the King has been such as to make your generous blood boil.

This has made the King act a most determined part tho' abandoned; he was under the necessity of sending for the most ungrateful of beings, Fox, whose conduct has been past description.

This very day, for the first time, I see a ray of light, and begin to think the King safe, but ten times have the quarrels of this noble pair, Fox and North, seemed to preserve the country from their ascendency, and ten times night has contradicted what the morning told us.

* Mr. Thomas Coutts's daughter married Lord Mountstuart in 1800 as his second wife.

† Mr. Jenkinson had been at one time Secretary to Lord Bute; he became Secretary of War under North and joined Pitt's Government as President of the Board of Trade. He was raised to the Peerage as Lord Hawkesbury.

Mr. Coutts to Charles Stuart.

STRAND, *April* 1, 1783.

When I wrote to you on March 4th, I did not think it possible this Country could have been (on this foolish day) without a Ministry!

Mr. Pitt resigned his place yesterday, and the second Address from the House of Commons to the King has been postponed for a few days. The general inference from this is, that the Coalition of Mr. Fox and Ld. North must come into place immediately, for no-one else can be found to take the reins of Government.

What effect this will have on Ld. Mountstuart's Embassy I know not. I rather think he will not go; I confess I am rather sorry for it, for as he has taken that Line, his quitting it looks like (what he has been accused of) want of steadiness.

Yours,
T. C.

P.S.—All is settled, and Mr. Fox and Co. kiss Hands to-morrow.

Mr. Coutts to Charles Stuart.

May 6, 1783.

Many think the present Ministry will not stand their ground long, and indeed their opponents are very powerful. It is in their favour that people are tired of changes and having no Government, and a man like me, who has nothing to wish or to fear (except the prosperity or downfall of his country) hardly knows who to look up to.

The great abilities we are told Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt possess, which they have hitherto had little opportunity of proving, except in Debates in Parliament. make us hope to see both of them establisht, if it were possibile in a firm and stable Ministry.

The Reforms,* as they are called, which have taken place and are still threatened, seem to have unhing'd and thrown loose the Constitution—God grant it may settle again and become permanent.

T. C.

* This refers to Pitt's motion for Parliamentary Reform and Fox's India Bill dealing with the problem of Indian Government.

Mr. Coutts to Charles Stuart.

Nov. 19, 1783.

Ld. M. continues to be in a state of uncertainty as to his going to Spain; if he does go I see he will not stay long. Paris is his ambition!

Mr. Fox has begun a very strong line with regard to the India Co. He seems to enjoy taking the bull by the horns; if he can manage him he will acquire great credit, power, and influence—and patronage, which last is much wanted since Mr. Burke's reform, *as it is called.*

If he fails we must have a change, and indeed I see little reason to look for much stability in a state so reduced, so loaded, and where all public virtue seems at an end.

Mr. Pitt's character is the great contrast to Mr. Fox's. If he continues virtuous I think, in time, he will surmount, and perhaps do good.

Lord Temple exprest to me the other day a high opinion of you. I told him you had been shamefully treated in your profession.

Mr. Coutts to Charles Stuart.

Dec. 12, 1783.

As to Mr. Strange selling his station—it is certainly a matter of extreme delicacy, but that I suppose is his affair. Such things have been done before, tho' I agree a good Minister should set his face against all such things.*

But I believe a good—that is to say, an *able, honest, Minister,* we shall never see again in this country. Public Spirit is become a mere sound, and I believe Mr. Fox has no more ability, by which I mean sound judgement, than his neighbours, nor do I augur much better of his opponents, tho' it must be allowed that their private life has been hitherto less full of impure stains and blunders.

In their Public capacity, except Lord North alone (who has ruined this Country, and damned his own

* This refers to the proposed purchase of Mr. Strange's post as British Representative in Venice.

character as long as History shall record his name), they have done nothing yet; they have talked indeed wonders, and shew'd capacity enough in that way, in which it would seem all ability and everything commendable is included.

Monday next, the 15th, the India Bill will be debated in the House of Lords, and it is thought the Division will run nearer than usual in that House. Ld. Mountstuart must, I think, take one side or the other.

Thomas Coutts to Charles Stuart.

Dec. 23, 1783.

Since I wrote you last there has been strange work in Politics.

The Ministry beat in the House of Lords, Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt accused of secret influence, the King accused by Mr. Fox of duplicity, Lord Temple dismissing all the Ministers on Friday, appointed Secretary of State on Saturday and resigning on Monday;—Mr. Pitt sent for a second time, and accepts as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He sent word to the House he did not mean to dissolve the Parliament. Lord Mountstuart decided for Mr. Fox, and taking a warm part, happy that his family cannot now be accused of secret influence; Lady Bute very much pleased with that circumstance. I hope your family may become of more consequence by it than they have hitherto been; if they can stick together it must be so.

Thomas Coutts to Charles Stuart.

Jan. 8, 1784.

Politics run so high, and things are in such a state, that there is no saying how soon civil commotions may be kindled. In that case *you* should be here, and I at Bologna. A Dissolution of Parliament many think must ensue if Mr. Pitt cannot get a Majority next week in the House of Commons. Lord Bute is at Highcliffe; I took the liberty, when a Dissolution was near, to write

him warmly my sentiments with respect to you, as I hoped nothing would induce him to give your seat in Parliament, in your absence, to anyone else—fearing, as votes are wanted, they might put some other in yr. room to have numbers on the spot till you come.

Jan. 23, 1784.

To-day Mr. Pitt brings in his India Bill; if the House should divide in his favour, perhaps the Administration may go on to the end of the Session, or longer.

Lord Mountstuart and his brother adhere to Mr. Fox, which I believe Lord Bute by no means approves of. While the contest was between the Ministers he was indifferent, but when it becomes a contest between the King and Mr. Fox, His Lordship's attachment to the King prevails over every other consideration, and he loves the King so much that he cannot bear to see any of his family go counter to him.

Lord M., I imagine, is somewhat perplext; I wish with all my heart he was in Spain.

I have been expecting to see you here, and therefore have wrote little. As to your Army ideas, my dear Sir, I am not a competent judge, but I have always understood that Colonel's rank precluded the necessity of a Lt. Col. attending his Regt., and in time of peace there can be no dishonour in being absent.

I do not like the idea of your going to Canada, and sincerely wish it may be got over.

Thomas Coutts to Charles Stuart.

Dec. 17, 1784.

Lord Rawdon has not received your letter, consequently has not written to you, but in his letter to me dated at Lord Cornwallis's, the 13th, he expresses himself in very kind and handsome terms respecting you, and regrets it being too true that neither Zeal nor ability are ground for their possessor to build any hopes upon, in the Military Line in this Country.

But that it may not be possible for any future occur-

rence to contradict the professions His Lordship makes of his desire to serve you, he has informed me in confidence that he was personally tempted to undertake the command.

His determination was, if the present operations in Europe should induce the Republic to send an Army into the field, he would prefer the guidance of it to anything which this country could offer, but his prospects at home put the acceptance of a peaceable command totally out of the question. He added, "it is very unlikely the Venetians should have any thoughts of going to war, as soon as I am assured they have not, I will immediately propose Col. Stuart for the command of their Forces, with the intimation that he has already the King's leave to go into Foreign Service."

I need not desire you to make no mention of this, as I have assured Ld. Rawdon he may depend on my discretion.

As to Venice going to War, I have no idea of it—I shall be glad to hear from you upon this, and also what is likely to be between the Emperor and Mynheer.

Jan. 4, 1785.

I find you think the Emperor* will certainly make War —but it seems madness—against Holland, France, and Prussia, unless he can draw the Empress on his side, and even then the Porte may be brought in against her. It is thought, too, here, that the Emperor has not the money; our weakness seems our best security for keeping out of the scrape.

I shall be glad of your sentiments, when you see anything occurring.

* Joseph II. of Austria made an attempt to reverse the Barrier Treaty of 1715 and open the Scheldt to navigation—a policy that vitally affected British interests, and threatened to involve Europe in war. An alliance between France and Holland frustrated his intentions.

An "Entente" had existed since 1781 between the Emperor Joseph and the Empress Catherine.

CHAPTER XVI

FAMILY MATTERS

The next two letters serve to show the warmth of Charles Stuart's affection for his wife, and illustrate the relations existing in those days between husbands and wives.

Charles Stuart to his Wife.

Mantua, 1885.

I promised to write to you, my dear love; if bad weather could discourage me, I really believe I should leave you to judge how very unpleasant it is after a wet journey to feel oneself under the obligation of sitting down to write, and I am certain it would be my interest not to do so, as your kindness never fails pleading an excuse on my behalf, under such circumstances.

But cold and unpleasant as I feel, it does not dishearten me—if I do not send a cold letter—all is well, and this very long apology fit to be burnt for its incoherence.

Verona failed answering my expectations; the pictures were, in general, bad or destroyed; the antiquities, however, made amends, and I saw them with as much pleasure as if it was for the first time.

From Verona here the country is horrid, and if I learn that hence to Bologna is equally bad, I shall be tempted to return through Verona.

There is Opera at Verona as well as at this place, but unfortunately they did not perform last night.

Take care of yourself, tho' you will hardly have time to read this caution before you hear it from my mouth.

Adieu, my Angel, you will only judge me by thinking that I am only happy with you.

Your fond aff. and faithful Husband,

C. S.

Charles Stuart to his Wife.

ITALY, 1785.

I am heartily sorry, my dearest one, that my letter of the 19th should have made you unhappy, and confess myself in fault for not having considered sufficiently your delicacy, and for having given way to the melancholy that oppress'd me on not receiving the letter I expected, strange to say, it is only now arrived, dated the 17th of this month, with that you wrote yesterday.

I love you with the tenderest fondness, my Louisa, and that affection is frequently the cause of my uneasiness, a letter failing, the smallest disappointment where you are concerned thwarts all my happiness, and from the greatest composure drives me to discontent and misery; there is no philosophy in this, I admit, but so I am made, and you who have more coolness must rectify my intemperate letters by your judgement, and the knowledge you have of my heart.

I love you most of any lady in the World, yet blame you most ! how strangely inconsistent does this appear, yet easily accounted for; the actions of others are indifferent, and I could live among the generallity of people an unobservant or disinterested, easy-tempered man as I have done, while the smallest word or action of yours interests my heart and soul, sets me on fire, and makes me approve or disapprove with a vehemence that is not prudent, but that at least claims some excuse from being uttered and wrote by a husband devoted to you.

I now come to the subject of your letter. I allow that you have reasoned most admirably on the omission of the word " dutiful," and the alleging that you substituted words of affection in its place cannot fail of making an impression upon me—but, my dear love, for the present, put the literal meaning of the word out of the question, it hurts me that you should omit a term that certainly did me great honour after the invariable use of it for seven years.

You write that you thought it would have hurt me that you should make use of a word that only marks the obedience of one under subjection; I must repeat that this reflection was after seven years, but if your pride took alarm, and you thought the word "dutiful" conveyed an idea of this sort, you should have told me, and I would have begged you to drop a term that did not correspond with your notions; but reasoning with you as a dear and affectionate friend, which I sincerely do at this moment, I have so different a conception of the word, that I look on it as a bold declaration that one is fulfilling moral and virtuous duties to the best of one's powers, and that therefore one lays claim to be particularly considered by the person under whose protection one happens to be.

From this sense of the word "dutiful" have I ever made use of to my Father, and shall continue to do so to my dying day.

I will relieve you now, my dearest wife, and sincerely hope that this method of reasoning will calm your mind.

I do not want to change your opinions, but if this letter and my conduct does not lead you to impute every expression I have ever made use of, and every action of my life to pure affection, you do great injustice to your fond Husband and Friend,

CH. STUART.

JULY 21, *at night*, 1801.

A letter I prize from my beloved Husband.

LOUISA STUART.

The letters which follow are written by various members of the family, and give an account of events affecting the family.

Lord Bute to Charles.

HIGHCLIFFE, *April* 6, 1791.

You forget you were to draw on me for all the expences of your Election.

I long to see you, My dear Charles, for it is an age since

we met! I told Home* I meant to desire you to bring him here; I would not lose the opportunity of seeing my old friend on any account; God knows, I am not in a situation to forego that pleasure. I grow stronger in the use of my leg, and can creep on crutches from room to room, tho' I fear it will be long time before I have the full use of it.†

In the meantime life is very tedious, but my great age promises speedy relief.

Let me hope to embrace you about the 25th. Lady Lonsdale is here and Strange.

Lady Portarlington to Lady Louisa Stuart.

March 17, 1792.

Oh, my dear Louisa, how I feel for you, and how I wish I could partake in the melancholy employment of giving comfort to my dear Mother.

You may imagine how shocked I was at the first account of my Father's dangerous state, and notwithstanding Lady Macartney's good news in writing every day since, I have been in a miserable state of suspense from Sunday till this morning.

I fear we must not flatter ourselves with any hope, and it gives me great comfort to hear he suffers very little pain, and that my Mother is so calm and resigned. My first wish was to set out and never stop till I arrived in London, but I could not get my Lord to Agree to it, and I daresay my Mother would at present rather be alone than have anybody with her.

How I do wish I could have my Father's blessing before it is all over! and how I wish I could comfort my Poor Mother. Do pray tell her how much I feel, ten thousand

* His great friend, John Home (1722-1848), the author of "Douglas." Lord Bute obtained a pension for him.

† In November, 1790, Lord Bute had fallen over the cliff at Highcliffe, and had escaped apparently with only a sprained ankle; however, the shock must have told upon him, for he never completely recovered. He spent most of the last few years of his life at Highcliffe, where his well-known Botanic Gardens furnished him with never-failing interest.

times more than I can express, but I would not torment her with letters at such a time as this.

I am very glad to find my brothers have been so attentive, and Lady Lonsdale also. God bless you all and protect you.

Your ever aff.,
C. P.

Lord Bute died March 11, 1792. His death is recorded thus in the *Gentleman's Register* of that month:

At his house in S. Audley St. after a severe illness, aged 79, the Right Hon. John, Earl of Bute, Viscount and Baron Mountstuart, Knight of the Garter, one of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, a Baronet, Ranger of Richmond Park, Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen, and President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

This nobleman, after having passed through various offices with great ability, was, in 1762, appointed Prime Minister of State, and the nation being nearly exhausted by long and expensive though successful war, he concluded a peace on terms more advantageous to this country than had ever been obtained before.

Though his conduct at that time was attacked by a Party in opposition to Government with much severity and illiberality, yet there is no doubt but the impartial page of history will do him ample justice.

Lord Bute declared, on coming into office, that he would resign as soon as he had made peace, and he kept his word, for that great work being accomplished, he retired in the plenitude of power to enjoy a life of learned leisure. He was naturally disposed to philosophical studies, his knowledge was extensive, and his morals irreproachable. He was a lover and an encourager of learning and learned men, especially when genius and respectable character were united in the same character.

It was on this principle that he asked and obtained of His Majesty a pension of £300 for Dr. Johnson.

As the Earl of Bute lived esteemed and respected, he

has died most sincerely lamented, leaving few equals behind him for knowledge, sense, and dignity of mind.

He is succeeded in titles and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Mountstuart, who sits in Parliament as Baron Cardiff, having married Charlotte Jane Windsor-Hickman, elder daughter and co-heir of Viscount Windsor of Ireland.

"A Funeral Procession with His Lordship's Remains set off from S. Audley St. for Rothesay in the Island of Bute, where they will be interred." The language of the undertaker reveals nothing of the sadness or of the dramatic in the concluding scene of John Stuart's life and death. Back to Scotland, whence he came, back to the lonely lochs and wooded hill-sides of the Western Isles, to lie for ever in the shadow of Rothesay's ruined walls among wiser generations of his forefathers, Lords of their littler World, unmocked, unreviled, and untouched by the bitterness of public life.

There they lie, not heeding the mournful note of the pipes as another of the Clan comes for burial beside them. Comes he with glory or humiliation matters not to them; success or failure has no more substance than the mist that rolls in from the Atlantic, and now blots out, now reveals, the mountain summits.

* * * * *

There does not appear to be any record of intimate communication between Lord Bute and King George since the days when the intensity of party feeling made it necessary for them to part, yet Bute always retained his loyalty for his erstwhile friend, and suffered acutely for him in all the misfortunes of his reign.

For many years he had forgone residence in London, and even in England, whilst the vulgar obsession lasted of a supposed intrigue between himself and the Princess of Wales.* Such lies outraged his feelings and disgusted him with the people who could use them to make the Monarch unpopular, and bring a woman into contempt. He preferred to leave the country, which he did, and wandered through Spain, and Italy, and France,

* Even Horace Walpole, who might, and did, know better, insinuated that the Princess supplied Bute with money to build Luton; as a matter of common knowledge, Bute was immensely rich, and to put it vulgarly, could have bought up the Princess three times over.

deriving an interest from the collection of books and works of art.

His taste and magnificence were shown in the extent and disposition of the grounds and furnishing of his house or, rather, palace at Luton, and in the plans and designs for his London residence, now known as Lansdowne House, constructed for him by the brothers Adam, and sold before completion to Lord Shelburne. His youngest daughter, Louisa, used to relate in her old age how she remembered, when a child, going with her father to see the first stone laid of Lansdowne House, the surroundings of which were bare and open as a ploughed field.

Lady Mary Coke, Lord Bute's cousin, describes the palatial Luton, of which nothing survives but the entrance gates adorned by the Stuart coat-of-arms Writing in 1774, she says:

Luton has made great progress since I was here. The house is entirely finished and furnished; the furnishing is in great taste, and some of the furniture magnificent, as almost all the rooms have fine pictures. The quantities Lord Bute has collected astonishes me.

Fine glasses there are only in one of the drawing rooms, the rest are to be brought here as soon as the new project for casting larger plates here than they do at Paris is brought to perfection.

Almost all the rooms are hung with light green papers, which shew the pictures to great advantage. The chairs, beds, etc. chiefly satin, light green and white, which has a very good effect. The Apartment I lay in was done in white satin, and I was so afraid that my maid's hands should not be clean, that I lay with one side of the bed curtains open.

A great many of the chimneypieces were done in Italy, the designs very pretty; I never saw a house so fully furnished, nothing is wanting, tables of all sorts, commodes, etc. The library is one of the finest and the most agreeable I ever saw. It consists of three rooms, the collection of books amazing.

But tho' there is nothing wanting of the inside, I

desire you will tell Lord Strafford* that the plan is so unfinished on the outside that I wonder Lady Bute can be content, and if Lord Strafford was now to see it, he would, I am sure, be of the opinion that Lord Bute should build another front.

The Portico is one of the prettiest I ever saw; there are niches for statues, in one is placed of white marble, a copy of an Antick at Rome, and the other is now executing, but the Front, which if finished would be the most beautiful one could see, in its present state of having a tower at one end and none at the other, has a very awkward appearance.

There is a very fine flower-garden making, with stoves for exotic plants. The only thing that has not got done is the river, which, I believe, is exactly the same as when you saw it, and is extremely fine, but will be much finer when completed.

Lady Bute seems very pleased with Wortley, and thinks it might be made a very pretty place. From that she said, I should think, if anything happened to Mr. Wortley,† she would certainly build another Front that would have the view of Wentworth Castle, which she talked of very much and gave it the just praise in saying, that besides being so very fine, it was the most cheerful place she ever saw.

Lady Bute never carried out her plans for Wortley, and was content to live simply in the lodge at Wharncliffe Chase described thus enthusiastically by Lady Louisa, who far preferred both Wharncliffe and the Hampshire home to the more sumptuous Luton:

* Lord Strafford was the husband of Lady Mary Coke's sister, Lady Anne, second daughter of the Duke of Argyle.

† Mr. Wortley here mentioned was Lady Bute's brother disinherited by his father, though should he have a legitimate heir, the Wortley estates would descend to his issue and not to Lady Bute's son, James, which they eventually did. Mr. Wortley died in 1776 without an heir. Wentworth Castle is within a few miles of Wortley Hall.

*Lady Louisa Stuart to Lady Caroline Dawson (afterwards Lady Portarlington).**

WHARNCLIFFE, *July*, 1778.

Never tell me of your Welsh scenes. What a view might Mr. Dawson or you take from this window! This spot is really Paradise, and I only regret I cannot find words to describe it well enough to give you the least idea of its beauty, or to justify myself for talking a little wildly upon the subject, but you have so often seen me in raptures at the idea of such scenes as these, that you will not wonder if the reality almost turns my brain.

This Lodge is placed like an eagle's nest, upon the summit of a very steep rock, which is entirely covered with wood, and the trees grow almost close to the walls; we are not four yards from the edge, and if we should tumble out of our uppermost window, might have a good chance for rolling down the whole way. . . . I am in such haste, and have so many things to say, that I believe I am very incoherent; but, no matter, I am almost as much pleased with the house as with the place. My Mother told me it was such a wretched hovel, that I was surprised to find it as well as it is. We each have a bedchamber, and ther is a room entirely hung with old tapestry to dine and sit in. What can one desire more? To say truth, it is an old Farm-house, and has little furniture, but yet the old housekeeper keeps it so nicely and neat and clean, that it puts me in mind of romances where you meet with cottages belonging to shepherds and shepherdesses. I do assure you I never saw any place like it in this respect, and I would sooner lay my cap upon the floor here than upon a chair at Luton. All my Mother has told us about Yorkshire cleanliness seems to be true. . . .

She laughs at me for my raptures, but I am much mistaken if you would not join with me in preferring

* This and the following extracts from Lady Louisa's letters are taken from the privately printed volume entitled, "Gleanings from an Old Portfolio," edited by Mrs. Godfrey Clark in 1895.

this cottage and situation to any great house and fine park we know of. I had pictured the rocks and hills to myself so often, that they only answer my expectation; but the woods surprise me most; they are immense, beyond imagination, and besides the greatness of the scene, the whole country looks so much more fertile, more "riant" than any I have seen; it seems so populous, and the inhabitants look so contented, that, in short, what would I give to have you here!

It is impossible I can ever like Luton after being accustomed to such glorious scenes as this.

Luton, in spite of, or because of, its grandeur, does not appear to have appealed as a home to any of the family. Lady Louisa speaks of the "intolerable yawnings" of the gatherings there, and gladly escaped with her father to the more unsophisticated existence and comparative solitude of Highcliffe. She was ever her father's devoted companion, and apparently bore him no resentment for the dismissal of a suitor. This was her cousin William Medows, afterwards Sir William Medows, to whom she remained attached all her life, following his career with pathetic eagerness.

Many years later she wrote of him with the same feelings as those she had been obliged to stifle in her youth.

Other suitors presented themselves, of whom one was Henry Dundas (afterwards Viscount Melville), the same Dundas with whom her brother Charles was brought into frequent contact when the former became Secretary for War; and for whom Charles had an official dislike, shared by his sister in an unofficial way.

To escape from London was for both Lord Bute and his youngest daughter a real joy, and Highcliffe appealed to the sore heart of each. It meant to Lord Bute leisure for the pursuit of his favourite hobby, botany (the bookshelves in the Highcliffe of to-day testify to his patience and research, and are piled with MS. catalogues written in a curiously crabbed hand of extraordinary neatness). For Louisa, sitting in her little bow-windowed room overlooking the restless blue of the Channel, there was all the time she wanted for those long letters in which her friends delighted.

For both there was "the divine compassion of the sea" acting like a benediction after stress and strain.

Of Lady Louisa's taste and judgment in literary matters, Sir Walter Scott had a very high opinion, and frequently consulted her as a critic and friend. The convention of the age precluded a "lady of quality" from writing with a view to publication, or the world of letters would be richer for many of her productions. These were perpetrated in secret, and destroyed by herself before her death; the few that survive suffice to show that a gifted "memoirist" was lost to posterity by the firm principles of Tory upbringing and native modesty.

Fortunately the recipients of her epistles treasured them in many instances, and it is from these that a few extracts are made to show something of family happenings.

Lady Louisa to Lady Caroline Dawson.

LUTON, *July*, 1778.

For my part I am sufficiently accustomed to dumb people, for here are brothers Fredrick and William, who speak about six words a day, and instead of being any company, only serve to give me the vapours by walking up and down the room without ceasing; don't think I mean my room, for I assure you they never deign to visit that, but after tea, as my Father and Mother always retire to the library, I have brought down my work and set with these two gentlemen to try if any acquaintance could be made with them, and, as I tell you, I am entertained with their eternally walking backwards and forwards, or now and then flinging themselves upon the couch, yawning, and asking me questions as, "When do we go to London? When does Caroline come back? Whether the Duchess of Portland comes here this year?" and so forth. Sometimes, indeed, they have got into a dispute, but otherwise I give you an exact description how our evening passes till there is a joyful acclamation at the sound of the supper-bell.

The rest of the day is employed as usual in trailing to the farm and dawdling to the flower garden.

Lady Betty and Mr. Mackenzie are expected every moment, which will please my Father very much. I daresay we shall have them here for some time. You must know my Mother attacked me one day last week for looking melancholy, and said she was sure I fancied he neglected me and had been fretting about him. There was something of truth in it, but I cannot tell how the thought could enter her head; however, I would not own such a thing.*

Lady Louisa to Lady Caroline Dawson.

1778.

We went to see the Medows this morning; they showed us an old newspaper with a full account of the Entertainment given by the Officers to Lord Howe in Philadelphia. Have you heard of it? There was a Carousal, and the names of the Knights and their Mistresses, as Lord Cathcart, Knight of the Burning Mountain, defending the beauty of Miss Polly Chew against Captain Watson, Knight of the Golden Sun, or the Silver Moon, I forget which, with their Squires, Captain André of the 26th (Charles's regt.), champions Miss N. Redmond, with the Mottoe "No Rival," and Two game-cocks fighting as a device on his shield.

Lady Louisa Stuart to Lady Carlow.

1784.

Lady Jane dined here yesterday, and I went home with her, and whom should we find waiting for us but General Medows. He stayed till past ten ocl.—nay, till I had lost my heart. I bid Lady Jane talk no more of

* An allusion probably to Lady Louisa's thwarted attachment to her cousin William Medows, youngest son of Philip Medows of Thoresby, Nottingham, and Lady Francis Pierrepoint, sister of the first Duke of Kingston. Lord Bute would not hear of the engagement, and Medows subsequently married a Miss Hamerton, and had a distinguished career in the Army, becoming eventually Governor of Madras.

His elder brother, Charles, ultimately succeeded his uncle to the estates of the last Duke of Kingston, and was created Lord Manvers.

William was at this time serving in America with Lord Howe's army, and sending home news of himself and Charles Stuart.

Lord Rawdon's heroism nor Mr. Erskine's vivacity. The General shall be my beloved. I wonder whether his wife admires him as she ought; I am sure some folks do not, or he would be in another position. He was Lt. Colonel of Lord Percy's regiment, fought at the head of it all the war, and was wounded.

Lady Louisa to Lady Portarlington.

HIGHCLIFFE, 1788.

This house has increased more than fourfold since I saw it, but is the most comfortable I ever saw, perhaps from having been begun upon a small plan, and pieced on by degrees. All the rooms look to the sea-front, so there seems no end of them. You come first to the dining-room which has a door into the garden, then there is a small ante-room, then a room with a bow-window, leading into another forty feet long—a beautiful room that goes up two stories. My Father has his laboratory and two libraries, and many more cupboards and closets than I ever saw in an old house. . . . My bed-chamber and dressing-room are over their bed-chamber, the prettiest rooms you ever saw, all plainly furnished compared to Luton, but perfect, neat, and pretty; my sitting-room is painted like Charles' thatched house at Bure, and by the same man—so pretty. I wish I could carry it with me wherever I go.

Lady Louisa to Lady Portarlington.

S. AUDLEY ST., 1789.

The King is recovered, and everyone else gone mad! Oh, what a winter we have passed! The Drawing-room on Thursday was crowded many degrees beyond any Birthday I ever saw, and really made a frightful scene —many people crying and fainting, and going into screaming fits. I was so squeezed and demolished myself, I was near crying too, and trembled so when I was thrown against the Queen, I did not know what she said to me. Lady Macartney was in violent hysterics after she came home.

Lady Macartney to Lady Portarlington.

CURZON ST., 1789.

I daresay you was glad to hear of the invitation to S. Audley for next Tuesday evening to Windsor. It has been given in the most gracious manner, and apartments ordered to be kept for my Mother and Louisa. My Father who came to town unwell is quite recovered, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased at present. Lord Mountstuart is just come from Paris, and Mr. Stuart with him. Mr. Coutts and all his family were there. It is strongly reported that Mr. Stuart is to marry the second daughter,* and that Mr. Coutts will give her £100,000.

Lady Louisa to Lady Portarlington.

S. AUDLEY ST., *May* 12, 1789.

I have done nothing extraordinary in the way of diversion since the Windsor ball, except going disguised to a Masque at the Dutchess of Ancaster's, where I had a good deal of fun, for I drew Charles into a long conversation, and should have brought him to make love to me if Mrs. Hobart had not suspected me, and told him maliciously he was wasting his time. I had made myself a very droll figure, and attracted a deal of attention. The Prince of Wales laid hold of me two or three times, and had a vast mind to be better acquainted, taking me, I believe, for a lady of a certain sort, so I was obliged to steal off quietly and hold my tongue.

Lady Louisa to Lady Portarlington.

LONDON, *April* 30, 1789.

I am quite ashamed when I think how long it is since I wrote to you last. Lady Macartney professes always to write from London, so I hope she did last week, and then you would know that we were all well; my Father better, and only taken up with the important

* Lord Mountstuart himself, not his son, married as his second wife Frances Coutts.

business of preparing for the Windsor Ball, which in good earnest was a fuss!

I am glad it is over, for I was much afraid my Mother would have suffered by it, but, however, she was so much pleased, and in such good spirits, she is rather the better than worse. I am the tired person.

It really was the finest sight I ever saw, and answered one's idea of Royal magnificence. The vast size of the room, all so well lighted up, and the number of persons dressed alike, had a splendour not easily to be described. . . . You have seen the King's uniform, so I need not describe that. The ladies were in the same colours of blue and scarlet and white. The dancers had a Garter blue bodice trimmed with a scarlet and gold edge, the stomacher white, laced with gold cord, the sleeves with a crepe festoon on the shoulders, tied up with gold tassels, a scarlet and gold band round the arm.

The petticoat was white crepe with a flounce trimmed top and bottom with a white and gold fringe, and the same edge of scarlet and gold. There was also a train tied up behind, of crepe with the same ornaments.

The chaperons wore a blue night-gown, trimmed with a very white and gold fringe, tied up in a festoon on one side like a robe, with a thick gold cord, and vast great tassels, a white petticoat, and an apron under the gown made with four straps before, edged with scarlet and gold, and a girdle of the same fastened with diamonds (true or false) buckles. Altogether it had a very magnificent appearance, and the dancers' dresses were very pretty, except that the festoon on the shoulders was unbecoming to those who were not slender.

There were about six and thirty couples, which, I assure you, made it no small fatigue, as one was forced to go through the whole, and not sit down at the end, and the good old oak floor had no more spring than if it had been marble. I had Lord Hopetoun for my sins! . . .

The Royal Family supped together upon the raised platform, attended by the Pages in a uniform like that of the company, only pale grey instead of blue. You

may imagine what a show they made, looking down on the rest, who were ranged in two long tables reaching from one end to the other, superbly lighted with inumerable silver branches.

The King looked better than I had expected to see him—rather thin and older than he was, but on the whole very well.

In 1794 Lady Louisa had the grief of losing her mother, whose constant companion she had been since her father's death had broken up the family circle. Mary, Lady Bute,* though her character does not stand out very clearly from available records, must have possessed considerable strength of mind to enable her to bear up under the vicissitudes of her life.

Taking without elation her husband's rapid rise to high station, and brief reign of power, she also bore with

* Mary, Countess of Bute, was the mother of five sons and six daughters. The eldest son was created Marquess of Bute in 1796. By his first wife, a daughter of the last Lord Windsor, he had seven children. In 1800 he married a daughter of Thomas Coutts the banker, and had another son, Lord Dudley Stuart, and a daughter, Frances, who became the wife of the second Earl of Harrowby.

Lady Bute's second son, James Archibald, succeeded to the Wortley estates, and was the father of five children.

The third son, Frederick, was for some years in Parliament, and died unmarried.

The fourth son, Sir Charles Stuart, K.C.B., the chief subject of this book, married a daughter of Lord Vere Bertie, and had two sons; the eldest, who was created Baron Stuart de Rothesay, married Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke, and had two daughters: the elder of the sisters was Lady Canning; the younger, Lady Waterford.

The fifth son, William, was rector of Luton, later Archbishop of Armagh.

Of Lady Bute's daughters, Mary, the eldest, married Sir James Lonsdale, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. There were no children of this marriage.

Jane married Sir George Macartney, the distinguished diplomat, who was created Earl Macartney in 1792.

Augusta married Captain Corbet, and died in 1778, leaving one son.

Anne married Lord Percy, afterwards second Duke of Northumberland; Lord Percy divorced his wife in 1779. There were no children of this marriage. Caroline married Mr. Dawson, afterwards Lord Carlow, and subsequently Earl of Portarlington; she had nine children.

Louisa, the youngest daughter, died unmarried at the advanced age of ninety-four, in 1851. As a girl she was attached to her cousin, Colonel Medows (afterwards General Sir William Medows), but her parents refused to allow the marriage.

composure the long martyrdom of popular persecution. With an unobtrusive heroism she sought to shield Lord Bute from the most painful results of vindictiveness, treating the matter lightly when her coach-windows were repeatedly broken, hiding away as often as she could the disgusting caricatures and scurrilous prints, laughing as if she enjoyed the joke when stones came hurtling through the window of her bedroom in South Audley Street as she lay in bed. What did draw forth a remonstrance was the issue of an edict from Ministers that the whole Bute family must remove themselves to a distance not less than thirty miles from London! This in the middle of the season, for a mother with three or four marriageable daughters to "dispose of," was more than she could bear with equanimity; a reprieve was asked for and reluctantly granted.

Lady Bute died November 6, 1794. Her death is thus commented in the *Gentleman's Magazine:*

At her house at Isleworth, in her 77th year, Mary Wortley Montagu Stuart, Countess of Bute, and in her own right Baroness Mountstuart, only daughter of the late Edward Wortley Montagu.* She survived her Lord not three years, and her eldest grandson not ten months; by her death the Hon. James Stuart Wortley Montagu,† her second son, gains possession of her fortune and estates in Yorkshire.

* Edward Wortley Montagu was the son of Honourable Sidney Montagu (second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl Sandwich) by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley.

† James Stuart Wortley's eldest surviving son was made a peer with the title of Baron Wharncliffe.

CHAPTER XVII

LADY MARY COKE*

No account of the Bute family would be complete without some attempt, however slight, to give an idea of that amazing member of it, Lady Mary Coke.† Horace Walpole's description of her comes very near doing justice to her eccentricities.

Horace Walpole to Horace Mann at Florence.

Nov., 1777.

I can tell you of two English above the common standard coming to you. The great Indian Cæsar, or Alexander, if you please, Lord Clive, is one, the other Lady Mary Coke. She was much a friend of mine, but of late a marriage,‡ which she particularly disapproves (having flattered herself with the hopes of one just a step higher), has a little cooled our friendship.

In short, tho' she is so greatly born, she has a rage for Royalty, and will fall in love with, and at the feet of, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, especially

* The extracts given here are from Lady Mary Coke's "Letters and Journal," privately printed in 1889.

† Lady Mary Coke was the youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, by his second wife, Jane Warburton. She was born in February 6, 1726. In 1747 she married Edward, Viscount Coke, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester, but, refusing to live with him as his wife, she gained the title of the "Virgin of Holkham." After two years of constant disagreement and litigation, the couple separated finally. Lord Coke died in 1753, and Lady Mary was left a rich widow, young, good-looking, and independent. She died in 1811 in her eighty-sixth year, and was buried in the Argyle vault in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey.

‡ The marriage to which he alludes was that of his niece to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. Lady Mary was under the happy illusion that the Duke of York had been passionately in love with herself, and only hesitated to propose marriage out of deference to the King's wishes in regard to such alliances. On the Duke's death Lady Mary mourned him like a widow.

the former, for next to being an Empress herself, she adores the Empress-Queen, or did—for that passion, not being reciprocal, may have waned.

However, bating every English person's madness—for every English person must have their madness—Lady Mary has a thousand virtues and good qualities. She is noble, generous, high-spirited, undaunted, and is most friendly, sincere, and affectionate, and above a mean action.

She loves attention, and I wish you to pay it, even for my sake, for I would do anything to serve her. I have often tried to laugh her out of her weakness, but as she is very serious, she is so in that; and if all the Sovreigns of Europe combined to slight her, she would still put her trust in the next generation of Princes. Her heart is excellent, and deserves and would become a Crown, and that is the best excuse for desiring one.

Lady Mary arrived at the Grand-Ducal Court at Florence half-crazed with her fancied grievances against the Empress Maria Teresa, with whom at one time she had been on most intimate terms, and was in no mood to receive graciously Mann's attempts at distraction. Walpole writes to console him.

Walpole to Mann.

Oh, my dear Sir, you must not make any apology about the lady—I cannot be surprised at what has happened. It is a very good heart with a head singularly awry; in short, an extraordinary character even in this world of phenomena.

Though a great Lady, she has a rage for great personnages, and for being one herself, and with these pretentions and profound gravity, has made herself rediculous at home and delighted to " promener sa folie par toute l'Europe." . . . I beg you will not smile at her pouting, and assist her as much as you can. She might be happy and respected, but will always be miserable from the vanity of her views and her passion for the extraordinary.—Her disposition will always raise storms,—

for yourself you may be easy, for nobody here sees Lady Mary's disasters in a serious light.

Lady Mary's obsession at the time was Maria Teresa's persecution of her, a persecution which she believed to be as persistent as it was ingenious, stooping to puerilities and soaring to malignant heights. A lame horse, a dishonest courier, a broken coach-wheel, all these were contrived by the Empress, but her culminating crime was to poison the minds of her daughter and son-in-law, Marie Antoinette and her Consort, against the victim of her spite. In the course of her travels Lady Mary had arrived in Paris, and, as in duty bound, went to pay her respects at Court, and got a snub for her pains! Let Lady Louisa tell the horrid tale.

Lady Louisa Stuart on Lady Mary Coke.

Lady Mary left the territory of her enemy in complete, thorough, perfect dudgeon, with only one consolation, videlicet, as perfect a conviction that Maria Teresa, the last of the illustrious line of Austria, the Empress of Germany, the Queen of Hungary, the leading power of Europe, was *her* enemy—Hers.

I remember hearing it suggested that some rumours respecting the deceased Duke of York might have reached the Empress's ears, and as she was much surprised at Lady Mary's unlooked-for reappearance, led her to suspect the wandering heroine of evil designs on the heart and hand of Joseph. This I utterly decline to believe. I daresay Her Imperial Majesty knew mankind better than to apprehend any danger for her son (a man of full age, already twice married) from the wiles of a fair traveller, considerably on the wrinkled side of forty. But the surmise was not a little agreeable to Lady Mary, as I myself ascertained ten or twelve years later.

From Vienna she pursued her way through the Tyrol into Italy, at every step meeting with difficulties and disasters; and bending her course homewards she arrived in Paris, but only to undergo additional evils.

In those days one of the unfortunate Queen's chief sins appears to have been a want of attention to that resentful part of Creation, *old women*; now, imagine a tall, elderly English noblewoman, wearing a large hoop, long ruffles, and a sweeping train, holding herself very upright, speaking very bad French, and to crown all, abusing the Queen's Mother without mercy. I say, imagine such a wight arriving amidst the revelry reigning at Versailles, and judge whether the giddy crew and their leader were likely to receive her with open arms? Probably poor Marie Antoinette rejoiced to have so fair a pretext as this grave personage's disgrace at Vienna for declining to be annoyed with the " vielle cour " of England, in addition to that of France, which it was not in her power to shake off.

A few years later Lady Louisa Stuart, writing to the Duchess of Buccleuch, gives another inimitable picture of her cousin.

Lady Louisa Stuart to the Duchess of Buccleuch.

Bute House, London, 1784.

A loud knock at the door has interrupted me and called me to the window. 'Tis a chaise with a magnificent red and silver postillion, and out of it, behold, jumps Queen Mary! as magnificent in green and silver. I did not think she would have found us out so soon, but by this early beginning I suppose she intends being as constant a visitor as ever, all that passed last winter notwithstanding. . . . I hope she returns to this part of the world a little cooled and softened, and with fewer wars on her hands!

Lady Louisa Stuart to the Duchess of Buccleuch.

1800.

I was interrupted by Lady Lonsdale, so this cannot go to-day. She had a visit yesterday by the above-named genius,* with whom she had been grievously out

* Lady Mary Coke.

of favour lately, but a subject being started, on which they agreed in opinion, all her former sins were forgiven, and a philippic of three hours pronounced with such energy, that a new footman, coming in with the coals, set the scuttle down and *stared* at the lady, as if he thought her out of her senses. The subject that so roused her wrath was the introduction of Lady Hamilton* into company, which I think, and so will you, a little monstrous, tho' I don't intend to be the least agitated or unhappy.

Lady Mary Coke died in 1811. "Lady Mary Coke is dead at last," wrote Charles Kirkpatrick to Lord Gower. "Lady Queensberry tells me she died with a high-crowned beaver hat upon her head, tho' in bed—like Cleopatra, crowned, 'proud Egypt's prouder Queen.'"

Like her contemporary, Horace Walpole, Lady Mary kept a diary and wrote letters with great regularity and in copious detail, from the pages of which we are enabled to glean what were the interests, sayings, and doings of a lady of fashion over a period that embraced part of the reign of George II. and most of that of George III.

Lady Mary Coke. Extracts taken at Random.

1766.

At 6 ocl. I made a visit to Lady Walpole and Lady Chatham,† but as they did not let me in, I was above an hour and a half with Lady Dalkeith,‡ and stayed till 11 ocl.—The House of Lords sat till 9 ocl. Lord Chatham spoke a second time, and was more admired than the first; Mr. Grenville tired the House of Commons to death, spoke five times, and proposed that money

* Nelson's Lady Hamilton. She had arrived in November from Naples with Nelson on his triumphant tour as the hero of the Battle of the Nile.

† Lady Chatham was Hester Grenville, sister of Earl Temple; she had been created Baroness Chatham in 1761.

‡ Lady Caroline Campbell, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyle, married Lord Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh; her son was third Duke of Buccleugh. Lady Dalkeith married secondly, after the death of her first husband, the Rt. Hon. Charles Townshend, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was responsible for imposing the duty on tea, so much resented by the American colonists, resulting in the famous Boston tea-party.

should be issued from the Treasury to maintain all the poor throughout England. You may guess what a reception such a proposal met with.

Oct. 22, 1766.

Got up at 9 ocl.; wrote a letter to Lady Harriot Varnon* to acquaint H.R.H. [Princess Amelia] why it was not in my power to accept of Her obliging permission to dine with her again at Gunnersbury.† Paid a great many bills; worked about half an hour in my garden; ordered my chaise at two ocl.; waited half an hour afterwards for a gown, which I was obliged to come away without; arrived at Sudbrook‡ just before they sat down to dinner, found a note from the Duchess of Queensberry to give me many reasons why I might put off my journey and stay at Sudbrook to meet her and the Duke at dinner. I have taken a walk after dinner. 'Tis delightful weather. I am now going to tea. While we were drinking our tea the door opened, and the Duke and Duchess of Montagu and Lady Betty came in. I mention'd before Her Grace's good spirit; I believe preferment is a very desirable thing, not that I know it from my own experience, but those who obtain it seem mighty happy.

They stayed about ¾ of an hour, and then we sat down to Quadrille. I lost sixteen shillings, but eat a good deal of cold turkey for my supper, which comforted me for my ill-fortune.

Nov. 3, 1766.

Dined alone and at six ocl. went to Lady Dalkeith; Lady Bute came in the evening. Lord Mountstuart's marriage has been fixed three several days, and as often put off by Lady Windsor, finding them to be unlucky. Do you remember a Chinies tale, where Shoey Young was always chusing a lucky Day for everything he undertook? Lady Windsor has been at least a fortnight

* Lord Strafford's sister.

† Princess Amelia's country house.

‡ Close to Richmond Park, the Dower House of the Duchess Dowager of Argyle, Lady Mary's mother.

finding out this lucky day, and at last she thinks it is next Wednesday.

* * * * *

At twelve went to see Lady Harriot Varnon, from thence to Lady Bute; she shewed me the diamond earrings she was to give her Daughter-in-law. The marriage is to be on Wednesday. They go the next morning to Lord Bute's house in Bedfordshire, and stay till Tuesday after. Lady Windsor insists upon going home with them the night they are married to put them to bed.

Nov. 9, 1766.

I am grown quite lazy, 9 ocl. is the time of my rising. By the time I had breakfasted and dressed for Court, it was time to go to the Chapel. I found Lady Frances Tilson in the Closet. She gave me an account of the fine present the King of Denmark had given her sister, Lady Mary Bowlby,* a small pocket-book set with diamonds, and within it a note for a thousand Pounds.

The Queen was to be married last Wednesday. Lady Bridget sat over against me. When the Dukes came into the King's Closet, she bent over and said to me "Married," meaning the Duke of Gloucester,† who, I think, must have heard her. I reply'd very softly, "I don't believe it," upon which she repeated, "Married; I can assure you it is true." Thinking it not a proper subject so near the King I made no answer. The Queen was not at the Chapple, but came to the Drawing-room, which was extremely full.

* * * * *

Went out at half an hour after 12 to wish Lady Bute joy of her son's marriage. She was not at home, but I made a visit to Lady Jane.‡

* Lady Mary Bowlby was the elder daughter of the Earl of Cardigan; she accompanied Princess Amelia (posthumous daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales) to Denmark on her marriage to the King of Denmark.

† The Duke of Gloucester married September 6, 1766, Maria, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, brother of Horace Walpole; she was the widow of the second Earl of Waldegrave.

‡ Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's second daughter, married (1768)

She told me they were twenty at Dinner, and that upon the whole it had been a very formal business. They staid at Lord Bute's till ten ocl., and then Lord and Lady Mountstuart went home. Lady Windsor was at the time playing cards, but the moment she miss'd them she threw her cards down in order to follow. But Lady Bute begg'd she would take them up again and finish her game, which she did with difficulty, and then made great haste for fear they should have gone to supper without her. That ended, I hear she was an hour and a half in undressing her poor girl, to put her to bed, and then I believe she was prevailed on to go home.

1767.

At three ocl. I went into the City to buy a sack for Lady Dalkeith's ball, and fix'd upon a striped water'd tabby, thinking it the most suitable for the season. Walked to Lady Dalkeith's. She was busy giving directions about her Ball. She said she was so happy in the thought of her son's* marriage that she did not trouble her head about all the bustle of politics. Lord Percy† came in and seemed to think from what he observed in the House the night before, that the Administration was not like to continue, but I was not of his opinion.‡

I stayed with Lady Bute till 2 ocl., and was much entertained by her youngest daughter, a Child of ten years of Age, who showed us the beginning of a French Novel wrote by herself, and informed us she was going to write a play, and the plan was fixed and was to be taken from a Roman story. She is a very extraordinary girl, and has a great genius.§

Sir George Macartney, K.B., Ambassador to Russia in 1754, Governor of Grenada in 1778, sent on a mission to China in 1792, created a peer in 1794.

* The Duke of Buccleuch married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Montagu.

† Afterwards second Duke of Northumberland; he had married Lady Anne, third daughter of Lord Bute.

‡ Chatham fell ill and the Duke of Grafton became Prime Minister.

§ Lady Louisa Stuart.

Sunday, March, 1767.

Got up a little after nine. Dressed for Court. Went to the Chapel at a quarter before 12. The Queen did not come either to Chapel or to the Drawing-room. The Duke of York desired I would tell Lady Dalkeith that if he did not come as soon as the rest of the Company on Tuesday, that he desired the Ball wou'd begin without him. Dined at home. My Mother's circle was very full. The Duchess of Queensberry carried two chairs into the middle of the room to break the formality, but some of the old ladies did not approve of it. Madame de Montandre, it was observed, never spoke after the circle was broken.

Lady Mary Bowlby invited me at Court to call on her in the evening; I went from my Mother's, and found the Duke and Duchess of Montagu, Lady Betty Mackenzie, and Ld. and Ly. Stopford. They all sat down to Commerce; the Duke of Buccleugh was one of the party; they were all so merry, I should have liked to stay, but at 9 ocl. I went to Lady Harrington, and was immediately set down to Lu. Lost ten guineas, and did not come home till after eleven. Read in the Bible and went to bed.

Sept., 1767.

I've had a letter from Mr. Walpole, he tells me, among other things, that the Duke of York has had a violent fever at Monaco, but was then out of danger. I wish he was at home.

Oct., 1767.

I pass over in Silence the last week, knowing it would be no amusement to you to hear how I passed it.

The sad and unexpected news that arrived this day sennight has shocked me more than I can tell you.* I was not born to be happy, and the same ill-fortune that attended me early in life pursues me still; 'tis, however, some small comfort to hear the poor Duke, amidst the most terrible sufferings, behaved with the greatest fortitude and Christian Patience.

* The Duke of York died September 17, 1767.

I have seen no-one but the Princess Amelia, who was so good as to ask me to come to be with her. The poor Duke has left His House and everything in it to the Duke of Gloucester, and His diamond "George" to the Duke of Cumberland. They neither of them have His understanding or manners. He was a Gentleman, but they are not; he never was guilty of incivility, but the others don't give themselves the trouble of pulling off their hats. . . . I am now going to my books, the only resource that is left me; I hope God will support me under all the tryals I meet with.

Oct. 14.

At 2 ocl. dressed, being to dine with H.R.H. the princess Amelia. Was at Gunnersbury at three, the Princess was as good to me as usual, but asked me when I would go to Court? I assured H.R.H. as soon as I could. She was so good as to say she hoped I would have no objection to Ly. Holderness* dining there, as she expected her. I determined to keep from crying if it was possible, persuading myself Ly. Holderness would not mention the Duke; I thought I should be able to.

Tuesday.

At 11 ocl. I dressed myself to go to Princess Amelia. My spirits were very bad. When H.R.H. asked me how I was, I could not say I was better. She told me I must strive with myself; that it was necessary I should come into the world again, that my shutting myself up and seeing no-body wd make people talk. She then said: "Wou'd you have married him?" I told H.R.H. that I never wished him to do anything that was likely to be to his disadvantage, and upon her insisting upon a more positive answer, I begged H.R.H. not to press me any more, that I had never spoke upon that subject to any Mortal living.

March 27, 1768.

The crowds of people that passed through the park this morning going to the Election of Mr. Wilkes was

* Lord Holderness had been Governor to the Royal Children.

prodigious.* The cry for Mr. Wilkes in the streets was very great, and my servants told me it wd. be necessary to get ribbons in their hats, to prevent my being insulted as I went to Lady Hertford's. They said Mr. Wilkes was so much superior in numbers to the other candidates, that he wd. be sure to carry the Election. When I came to Lady Hertford's, Madame de Viry said they had stopped her coach to mark it all round with "forty-five."† The Duchess of Bedford came in with dirt upon her face, which the mob had thrown in at the windows, and Mr. Walpole had one of the glasses broken before he cou'd put it down. I won 18 guineas at Lu, and came home very quietly, having ordered my servants to say whatever the mob desired them; some few houses were lighted in St. James's St.

April, 1768.

Tuesday Lady Betty gave us an account of Lord and Lady Bute's being kept up all night by the outrageous behaviour of the Mob. I dined at home, then went to Mrs. Campbell, where I heard that Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Cook were returned, and Mr. Wilkes carried by a majority of 500. The mob had been very outrageous at the Duchess of Hamilton's the night before, broke down the gates of the Court and demolished all the windows, probably because she wou'd not light her house. I then called on Lady Betty, and asked her if there was any foundation for the strange story we heard of Lady Percy? She assured me there was none, that she was gone to Yorkshire intirely with her own inclination, and that her and Lord Percy were better together than they had been for some time.

April, 1768.

Lady Betty came to see me. They seemed much concerned that the Duke of Grafton was not at my Lord Mayor's Dinner, as it was thought right that all Ministers

* Wilkes, while still under sentence of outlawry, was elected M.P. for Middlesex in April, 1768.

† The number of the *North Briton* in which Wilkes attacked the King.

shou'd be there. Did I tell you that last Saturday at the Opera he came and sat by his Mistress the whole night, and just under the Duchess's box? So sensible as he is, I should not have suspected him of such an indecency.

May, 1768.

I had just pulled off my gown, when one of my servants came running in and said the Princess Amelia was come. I put on my gown as quick as possible, and hurried down to meet her. H.R.H. went into the rooms I am finishing, which she admired very much. She asked me if I had put up the white damask bed for her? H.R.H. said her ill-luck continued at Lu. She had lost this year £500, which she might have employed much better; she was therefore determined to play next year for shillings.

She asked if I had seen Lady Bute, and if my Lord and her were still in town, to which she added, "if you have any influence over them desire them to keep out of the way of these Mobs, for I dread some mischief happening."

Thursday.

Lady Bute is gone into Bedfordshire to stay till the Birthday, and I imagine her Lord; so they have followed the advice that the Princess Amelia wou'd have given them for their safety. If there is more bustles, I shall really be glad they are gone.

June, 1768.

I dined at Mr. Mackenzie's, where I learnt that Lord Bute had determined to leave England. He is going to Brouage in France to drink those waters for the recovery of his health, and perhaps he thinks the Nation will be quieter when he has left it. Madame de Maintenon went with the Duke de Maine for a lame foot; what it is to cure Lord Bute of is uncertain, but I fear it will not be the ill-will of this country. His fourth son, Charles, goes with him.

Sudbrook, *Nov.*, 1768.

When I came home I found Lady Mary Lowther just arrived. She came to ask me to go with her to the H. of C. to attend Sir James Lowther's Election Petition.

Dec. 12, 1768.

Lady Mary Lowther called for me. The House of Commons did not seem so full as on the preceding days. The Witnesses examined proved everything that Sir James Lowther's Counsel had advanced, and if the goodness of a cause can gain upon the House, he will certainly carry it, but of that I doubt.*

A little before six we went to dinner; we had a magnificent dinner as usual. I returned to the House one of the first, wishing to be at the beginning of the debate. Lady Rockingham came in soon after, and placed herself by the Duchess of Portland. Behind her sat Betty,† the fruit-woman, by way of support. It seems Betty is a violent politician, and always in opposition. The debate began by Lord Mountstuart making a motion that the House should enter into the merits of the Election, and not confine itself to the return only. Lord Percy seconded. . . . Sir Gilbert Elliot then stood up and made a long speech, with great force and reson. . . . He was answered by Mr. Burke, who is certainly a fine speaker, very eloquent, but on this occasion did not make use of much argument, but talked chiefly to the passions. . . . The opposition called loudly for the question, and were so violent that they wou'd not allow any more Members to speak. When the House divided, 'twas plain their Majority wou'd be considerable, but proved much greater than they themselves expected. . . . Sir James bore it with temper and moderation. Those that were against him stay'd in the House, and those for him went out, so I had the pleasure of seeing our enemies counted, and I really think I never saw so many ugly faces. This puts me in mind of George Grenville, who, I forgot to tell you, spoke against Sir

* The petition to secure his election for Cumberland. This was the celebrated contest in which Sir James and the Duke of Portland spent enormous sums. The enquiry in the House lasted over a fortnight, and was decided against Sir James Lowther.

Augustine Birrell speaks of the first Lord Lonsdale as "that ruffian who was over-represented in the House by 9 votes."

† Mrs. Elizabeth Neale, a celebrated character, who kept a fruit shop in St. James's Street.

James, but at the same time made him a compliment upon his Ancient and Noble family, saying he had never given credit to the numerous stories told to his disadvantage, and 'tis most certain they were fully disproved.

July, 1768.

We had the same company at Sion Hill as dined at my House on Tuesday, with the exception of Mrs. Anne Pitt,* who, tho' I can't esteem, is certainly very entertaining. She told us a piece of news we had none of us heard; that Lord Botetourt had kissed the King's hand on being appointed Governor of Virginia, the Province, it seems, where all the mischief has been hatched, that has now defused itself into all that part of America. We all thought it a very desperate undertaking, as it is expected that all those Provinces will be in actual rebellion before he arrives. Mrs. Pitt painted it out as a most heroic action, and, indeed, it appear'd to me very Roman for a man of his rank and fortune, so much at ease in this Country, to go to so distant a one with so little hope of being of any use, but the next day I heard it explained; it seems he is almost undone. Schemes about mines has distress'd his affairs so greatly that he has accepted this Governorship to serve himself as well as his Country, which lessens a little the heroism of the Action.

* Mrs. Anne Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham.

PERIOD IV

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

1793.

WILLIAM PITT PRIME MINISTER.

War is declared against France. England, Spain, and Holland join Austria and Prussia in the first Coalition. Troops are sent to Holland and the South of France. Toulon is abandoned.

1794.

June 1, Lord Howe gains a great victory over the French Fleet. Henry Dundas becomes Secretary of State for War. Wyndham is Secretary at War. Duke of York defeated at Bois-le-Duc.

1795.

War declared against the Dutch, Cape of Good Hope taken. Fruitless expedition to Quiberon Bay. Spain declares war against England.

1796.

Bonaparte's campaign in Italy. Battles of Montenotte, Lodi, and Arcola. French expedition to Ireland dispersed by a storm.

1797.

Sir John Jervis and Nelson defeat the French at Cape St. Vincent. Mutiny at Spithead and at the Nore. Irish rebellion. French expedition to Egypt. French expedition to Ireland.

1798.

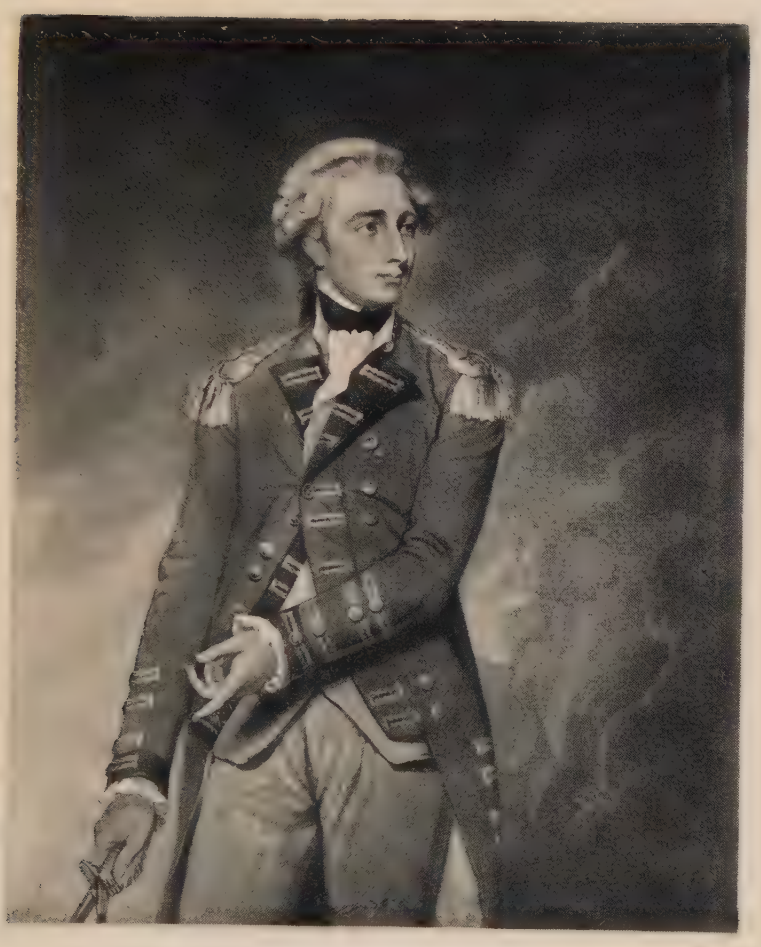
Battle of the Nile.

1799.

Bonaparte becomes First Consul. Pitt forms second Coalition with Austria and Russia. Duke of York commands expedition to Holland and is defeated.

1800.

Malta taken from the French. The armed neutrality between Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia is revived, directed against England.



LIEUT.-GEN. THE HON. SIR CHARLES STUART, K.C.B.

From a picture by Romney.

To face page 238.

CHAPTER XVIII

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES STUART TAKES CORSICA 1793–1796.

While England, with the balanced judgment of a sane people, was slowly evolving the Constitution which enabled her to ride the storm, and emerge safely from the Revolutionary period that swept the civilised world, our neighbour across the Channel had shocked all Europe by the violence of the cataclysm that shook every institution in the country, and culminated in the murder of her Sovereigns.

Anticipating the hostility that would be aroused in British minds by this act, the Revolutionary Government declared war on England,* undaunted by the fact that the armies of Austria were already in the field against her, threatening to avenge the death of Queen Marie Antoinette.

England's Prime Minister rose to the occasion and invited Spain, Holland, Austria, and Prussia to join in a Coalition, the strength of which would overawe and crush the spirit of anarchy and destruction. By all the rules of European state-craft, the powerful combination devised by Pitt should have triumphed gloriously, and France, curbed in her mad ambitions, should have been forced to retire within restricted borders, and learn the lesson of humility and remorse.

But a new spirit had come to life in France, and out of the wreck and ruin of old institutions blazed forth a wonderful ardour of National enterprise, a determination to extend, rather than diminish, to set wider bounds to the inheritance of Charlemagne, add fresh lustre to her tarnished glory, and, above all, proclaim the doctrine of freedom to the downtrodden nations.

"The years 1793 to 1796," writes Sorel, "form the heroic age of the Republican Armies. Led by youthful, chivalrous Generals, filled with eager, friendly soldiers,

* Feb., 1793.

these armies seemed to arise in the dawn of a fine day. The freshness of the air, the sure expectation of repose and of a happiness which would not end, gave to their appearance something of joyousness and exaltation which made them march without thought of trials and temptations. People saw them with astonishment, tattered, pale, emaciated, but proud, gay, martial, and disciplined, advancing in their conquest with the dust and remnants of the routed enemy." " It was the time," wrote Soult later, " when I worked the hardest, when the leaders were the most exacting; it was the period of war when there was the most virtue in the troops." A similar psychological mood inspired the "New Model" army of Cromwell, and gave them the superiority over the Royalist troops. Said Napoleon to Caulaincourt, when the faith of his gold-embroidered Marshals began to falter, " Do you know what I ought to do? Send away all these noble lords of yesterday to sleep in their feather beds, and strut about in their castles, and begin the war again with the help of pure and courageous youth."

The first Coalition of traditional Governments, representatives of age-long institutions, found themselves confronted by this new spirit, and except England, who adhered all through to a definite policy, they hesitated, quarrelled, and fell away. A second and third Coalition proved equally futile, pitted as they were against a single mind, one who knew what he wanted, embodied fresh ideas, and employed drastic measures. A man who was ready to talk of liberty, but made it clear that freedom had to be paid for by large indemnities.

The first Coalition immediately organised expeditions to Holland and the South of France, and the English Fleet had orders to co-operate with the Spaniards in holding Toulon for the Royalist party, who were making that port their rallying ground. The siege* is memorable, because this was the first occasion on which British naval and military forces were brought into contact with one whose marvellous career began with this encounter for the Arsenal of France. Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time an obscure young officer of artillery, commanded a battery in the revolutionary army, and had as yet attracted no particular attention; he was looked on, in fact, as a somewhat doubtful patriot coming from an

* Siege of Toulon, August 28 to November 18, 1793.

island whose inhabitants in general had no consuming love for their powerful French neighbours. His mother, with the younger members of the family, had been driven from Corsica in June of the year 1793, by the Paolist Party (which stood for self-government); this persecution gave Madame Laetitia and her bare-footed brood of hungry children a claim to some consideration from the municipal authorities of Marseilles, who allotted them a residence, in the rambling old edifice called the Château Sallé. The château had the advantage, at any rate, of being within easy reach of the elder brother, their sole stay and guardian in those troublous times. Here those who were destined some day to become Imperial Highnesses, and mount the thrones of Europe, spent the interval between their childhood's home in Corsica and the various palaces awaiting them in different capitals. In the meantime Madame Laetitia kept her frugal habits, and was to be seen daily washing her linen in the little river Riou, which flowed at the bottom of the wild, uncared-for garden, whilst Caroline, Paulette, and little Louis, not guessing what fortune held in store for them, robbed the neighbouring orchards, fleeing ingloriously when an enraged proprietor threatened castigation.

Paulette even then, child as she was, dancing light-heartedly in spite of pinching penury, showed the promise of unusual beauty, and of that irresistible charm which was soon to turn the heads of countless lovers, and exalt her to the first rank of nature's masterpieces. The gay insouciance of the Bonaparte family made them the centre of a group of young people, whose names were also to figure in history. There were Julie and Desirée Clary, daughters of a rich silk merchant, one of whom was to become the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, afterwards King of Spain; the other, loved by Napoleon, threw away an Imperial crown by her indifference, but could not altogether escape her destiny and a throne, for by her marriage with Bernadotte she eventually became Queen of Sweden. There was Marmont, afterwards Duc de Raguse, and Suchet, the future Duc d'Albufera, and Junot, Marshal of France and Duc d'Abrantes.

Junot loved Paulette to distraction, but was restrained by the wise reasoning of the elder brother, who summed up the situation thus: "You have nothing but your lieutenant's epaulettes—as to Pauline, she has even less than that. What is the total? Nothing. You cannot

then marry; wait." And to console him Napoleon took his friend to dine with Madame Permon, where, at any rate, there was a good meal to be had. It was Mademoiselle Permon married the lieutenant's epaulettes, and became in time Duchesse d'Abrantes.

Hanging at Highcliffe is a drawing of Napoleon at the bridge of Arcola, the first sketch of a picture painted by Gros of the triumphant young General for his admiring sister, Eliza Bacciochi; the light of victory is in his eye, his face illuminated by the generous ardour of a leader of men in a moment of crisis. To quote Elie Faure, in an eloquent passage of his recently published work:

"Merely to say he had the face of a Leader is not enough. He had the face of a founder of a Dynasty; a face that was finer than that of the creator of a Myth, or of a Messiah, and was, if not the most beautiful, certainly the most obviously fate-ordained that has ever appeared on earth, perhaps since that of Jesus—which latter, tho' it is unknown to us, we nevertheless *know* to have been beautiful. . . . It was so vital a face that it stands out in memory and in space like a conspicuous boundary stone marking the threshold of a world which has not yet been even glimpsed."

On the back of the picture is an inscription to the effect that the sketch was given to Charles Stuart in recognition of the services he had rendered to the Bonaparte family in the days of their adversity in Corsica. For Eliza Bacciochi to acknowledge these services was certainly magnanimous, as by 1796 or 1797, when the gift was made, Charles Stuart had captured Corsica for the English Crown, and was playing no small part in thwarting Napoleon's ambitious schemes in the Mediterranean.

* * * * *

In the meantime the siege of Toulon was proceeding, and the revolutionary forces were vigorously pushing forward the investment on the landward side. It became more and more evident to Lord Hood and General O'Hara, the naval and military officers in command of the English forces, that their combined strength was not

sufficient to hold the place; reinforcements promised from Gibraltar failed to appear, neither did the Austrian contingent materialise; the Neapolitans arrived 2,000 strong, but were not to be trusted—even the French Royalists proved unreliable.

A distinguished civilian did indeed appear, in the person of Sir Gilbert Elliot,* whose mission it was to administer Toulon on behalf of the British, but, as it happened, he was never called upon to exercise his functions. Toulon fell to the determined and sustained assaults of the revolutionary troops and the well-directed fire of their artillery. The blame for this disaster lay with Ministers at home, and more especially with Henry Dundas, of whom it was said "he knew as much of war as a monthly nurse."

Mr. Dundas† had just been appointed to the recently created Secretariat of State for War, and a worse appointment was probably never made, though the new departure in forming an office for the management of military affairs was sound and necessary. Pitt believed in Dundas, and Dundas believed in himself, and committed more blunders to the minute than any historian has the patience to record.

In Holland, in the Vendée, at Quiberon, at Toulon, in Corsica during the last few months—every venture ended in failure. What the soldiers accomplished in spite of the handicap of deficient supplies, contradictory orders, ill-conceived plans, was in each case thrown away by Ministers at home, whose war strategy was deplorable, if not criminal, from the numbers of lives wasted and money squandered.

While Lord Hood was in Toulon Harbour he had been approached by the Corsican patriot Paoli, who, on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, offered to put the island under the suzerainty of the King of England.

* Created Baron, and later first Earl of Minto.

† Henry Dundas, son of a well-known legal family in Scotland, entered Parliament in 1774, and was one of Lord North's ardent supporters. North's fall, however, did not put him out of countenance; he kept his place as Lord Advocate in the Rockingham Government, and in the Shelburne Ministry received the Treasurership of the Navy, the Seals of Scotland, and the patronage of all Scotch appointments. He joined Pitt's Administration in 1784 as Treasurer of the Navy, and enjoyed in addition the superintendence of the East Indies, not to mention the patronage of the same. Dundas became Viscount Melville in 1802.

This picturesque personage had for many years been the moving spirit in a struggle for Corsican independence, his ambition being to free his country from French domination. Realising, however, that the islanders were as yet too uncivilised to govern themselves, he conceived the idea of putting them under the protection of the British Crown.

The offer was accepted with alacrity by the Admiralty, who saw in the acquisition of the island some compensation for the loss of Toulon. Corsica would be valuable as a naval base for operations in the Mediterranean, and well worth the effort of dislodging the French garrisons from the fortified positions they held. Sir G. Elliot concurred enthusiastically with Lord Hood on the desirability of securing the place, and combined operations were begun for carrying by assault S. Fiorenzo and Bastia, the military under the command of General David Dundas, the naval force under Admiral Hood.

Sad to relate, the soldiers and sailors fell out, and little progress would have been made but for the energy thrown into the work by two officers, whose subsequent careers proved them equal to any task, however difficult. Horatio Nelson and John Moore (afterwards Sir John Moore) make the capture of Corsica memorable, though it was not till after the arrival of a new Commander-in-Chief that their efforts availed. The hero of Trafalgar lost an eye in the course of the operations, and Moore, who had already earned for himself a reputation at Penobscot in the American War, added further to his laurels.

Dundas, failing in the attempt to drive out the French, went home, and Charles Stuart, promoted to Major-General, was selected to replace him in the command with the commission of Lieutenant-General of Corsica and the whole Mediterranean, except Gibraltar.

Fresh impetus was given to the operations; officers and men alike, of both services, were stimulated by the arrival of one whose talents as a commander and administrator solved difficulties, soothed asperities, infused ardour in the most apathetic, and guided the impulsiveness of the adventurous. Hood and Elliot, instead of riding rough-shod over expert military opinion, were persuaded to confine themselves to their legitimate spheres, and happy relations were once more established. S. Fiorenzo

had fallen; Bastia surrendered to starvation; Calvi* alone stood out. Long overdue reinforcements arrived at last, and the siege of the town began on June 19, lasting six weeks. Stuart spared no personal effort in prosecuting the assault: "No man in the expedition," wrote Nelson, "has undergone the fatigue of the General"; his was the spirit that animated the attack, his the brain that planned and designed. Nelson's great zeal and industry were inexhaustible, and though wounded in the head, Colonel Moore was never absent from duty. The losses of the British during the siege did not exceed sixty killed and wounded, but, owing to the climate, much sickness prevailed, and the General himself was attacked.

Success was, however, achieved before the force became too weak, and Stuart received the submission of the garrison on August 10. To Hood's discredit, his jealousy induced him to write disparagingly of the General to Henry Dundas, insinuating that the place might have been bombarded into surrendering at least a fortnight earlier, but the spite that instigated this unfair report earned him the unmitigated dislike of the soldiers, whose loyalty to their chief was affronted. The same jealousy prompted him to further acts of irrational stupidity which, unfortunately, had an injurious effect on the services by fostering unfriendly rivalries.

In happy contrast to Lord Hood's behaviour was that adopted by other naval commanders, notably Nelson and Lord St. Vincent, whenever, as happened later, the good of the nation demanded co-operation.

* John Moore, in his diary, describes the taking of Calvi, and comments thus: "The General does not spare himself, he sleeps every night in the trenches. His abilities have been conspicuous in this service; by his able conduct, with a force not equal to the Garrison, he has made himself master of a very strong post without making even a single trench of approach.

"His first position within 700 yards of the Mozello was masterly, his attack of it after the breach was effected not less so. The attack on the 'sans culottes' battery the night after the Mozello was stormed, alarmed and distracted those who defended that work, and together with the gallant manner in which the Grenadiers advanced on the Mozello prevented the enemy from making the resistance they might have done and was the cause of our carrying it with so little loss."

Dispatch from Lieutenant-General Hon. Sir Charles Stuart to Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas.

CALVI, *Aug.* 10, 1794.
(*Received Sept.* 1.)

SIR,

I have the satisfaction to inform you that the Town of Calvi surrendered to His Majesty's Forces on the 10th inst. after a siege of fifty-one days. . . .

As I perfectly agreed with Lord Hood that the utmost dispatch was necessary in order to enable the troops selected for the Siege of Calvi to begin their operations before the commencement of the unhealthy season, every effort was used to forward the necessary preparations; and so effectual were the exertions of the different Departments, that in the course of a very few days, the Regiments embarked at Bastia; and Captain Nelson of His Majesty's Ship *Agamemnon*, consented, in Lord Hood's absence, to proceed to Port Agra, where a landing was effected on the 19th of June; and in the course of the same day the Army encamped in a strong position upon Sierra del Cappuccine, a ridge of mountains three miles distant from the town of Calvi. . . .

It is with sincere regret that I have to mention the loss of Captain Serocold of the Royal Navy. The assistance and co-operation of Captain Nelson, and the exertions of the Navy, have greatly contributed to the success of these movements. . . .

I am much indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore for his assistance on every occasion, and it is only a tribute due to his worth to mention, that he has distinguished himself upon this expedition for his bravery, conduct and military talent. . . .

Captain Stewart, an officer of great merit and my Aide-de-Camp, will have the honour of delivering this dispatch.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

C. STUART, *Lieut.-Gen.*

RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS, ETC.

General Stuart to Mr. Dundas.

Dec. 7, 1794.

My dear Sir,

Maj. Stewart delivered to me your letters, and I was happy to find that before I had received it, I had signified my intention of remaining in Corsica until I had done my utmost to place it in a state of defence. For to render it secure against the attack of an enemy, is impossible as my publick letters will clearly prove. I trust that your friendship will never allow you to judge that my opinions in regard to this country are founded on prejudice. Were I partial, the kindness, affection, and attachment, of all the People to me personally, would lead me to write in rapture of Corsica, but our stake is too deep to be misled by such trivial considerations.

This country is only capable of great exertions under the Power, and absolute Power, of one person. If Great Britain had been merely an Ally protecting the Corsicans until events pointed out the necessity of a Union between the two countries, and a military man (with an adequate force to exact obedience) had directed such measures as were necessary for the defence of the People, they would have easily been enforced and adopted; but making laws and regulations slow in their framing, still slower in their circulation, and submitted more for the consideration than the direction of a people only accustomed to be guided by direct measures, lose all effect, and place the country in a state that is worse than defenceless.

If private information continues as favourable with respect to an attack meditated against the Island, and my friend Admiral Hotham returns with such an account of the French fleet, as may confirm it, I shall avail myself of His Majesty's permission to return to England.

It occurs to me that what I have stated concerning the Corsicans may be interpreted as my idea only. But I assure you that it is so far from originating from me, that it is the general cry of the People (with whom Sir G. Elliot unfortunately never mixes), saying loudly

that neither their property is safe one among another, the Island secure, or a general confidence established, unless they come under the protection and guidance of a Military man.

If you and His Majesty's Ministers have not yet taken the correspondence between Sir Gilbert and myself under your consideration, I hope this information, along with what I have all along written, will not be altogether useless to you.

It must at least strike you with that force which always accompanies facts, where the person stating them has no selfish object that stands in the way of truth.

I must entreat you to return my thanks to Lady Jane Dundas, for her remembrance, and to present to her my best compliments.

I have not heard a syllable from my niece, or any of that family.

I remain, Sir,
Your sincere and faithful,
C. S.

CHAPTER XIX

LETTERS FROM CORSICA

Charles Stuart returned to England, leaving the administration in the hands of Sir Gilbert Elliot, not without misgivings as to how a civilian would deal with a turbulent and ill-disciplined people. Corsica's recent history was not of good omen.

The island had passed, in 1768, from the possession of the Genoese to that of the French, who acquired it by purchase, but the new masters were not more successful than the old in securing the loyalty of the inhabitants. Paoli, the popular leader in revolt, was banished from the country, and took refuge in England, only returning in 1789 when an amnesty was granted to the Corsican patriots. He was given the rank of Lieutenant-General, and trusted with the military command in the island.

When the Revolution came, Paoli reopened the struggle for independence, but realising the impossibility of accomplishing his task single-handed, called in the assistance of the English, preferring the suzerainty of that power to any other. There was a price on his own head, so offering the crown to King George was in a sense the best means of assuring his own safety. However, he earned the character of patriot and the admiration of his fellow-countrymen for his statesmanship.

Sir G. Elliot, writing to his wife, announced with playful pomposity, "I was crowned last Thursday, June 19th, and I send you My Majesty's speech, which was spoken in French, and produced on my new subjects a kingly effect." The Viceroy's self-satisfaction was destined to receive some severe shocks; he did not appreciate the difficulties of the situation, nor the intractable character of his new subjects, than whom no more unruly exist in Europe. Paoli, who from boyhood to old age never ceased intriguing, began to make the path of the innocent Sir Gilbert a maze of pitfalls and snares, while another Corsican, named Pozzo di Borgo, a schemer

on even more ambitious lines, made further complications by giving the bewildered Englishman "unprejudiced" advice how to deal with the malcontents.

Sir Gilbert leaned on Pozzo, who was undoubtedly a man of great gifts (as he proved later on in affairs of wider importance), and moreover a most agreeable one to find in an almost savage island.

Paoli and Pozzo hated each other, the breach widened between the two parties, and it unfortunately happened that the officers of the army left in charge of the defences became involved in the dispute, and showed their dislike of the Viceroy rather too openly.

The climax came when on the occasion of a ball given at Corte, the Viceroy's aide-de-camp, a Captain Colonna, inadvertently (?) threw down a bust of Paoli the Patriot! Uproar ensued, the country rose at the insult, and for some months the Viceroy did not dare move without an escort.

We have an account of subsequent happenings from Colonel Moore, who relieved his mind by writing to General Charles Stuart, after the latter had left Corsica. In fact, Colonel Moore brought down on himself severe censure for his attitude towards the Viceroy, who complained of his conduct to Mr. Dundas, and insisted that Moore should be recalled. Recalled he was, but owing to General Stuart's advocacy with Mr. Pitt, instead of being punished, he was promoted, and appointed to the forces in the West Indies under Abercromby.

Our tenure of Corsica came to an end in August, 1796, and it cannot be said that our brief rule had been a success, though it must always remain a matter of regret that so valuable a possession should pass out of British hands.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

BASTIA, CORSICA, *Feb.*, 1795.

I had almost allowed the *Vanna* to sail without writing to you. Knowing the accurate details which Oakes gives you of every occurrence since you left this, I should probably have deferred troubling you to another opportunity, was I not anxious to express to you my sense of the obligations I owe you, and to return you my sincere thanks for your kindness to me when on this Island.

The time I was under your command was one of the happiest of my life; I shall ever look back on it with pleasure, and I cannot cease to wish that some fortunate circumstance may again place me in that situation.

The Country in general is disgusted with the Government of Sir Gilbert and Pozzo di Borgo. The majority in Parliament is such, as can thwart all measures, but the Heads are afraid of disgusting Sir G. too much lest, through his influence, the Country should lose the protection of G. Britain, without which at present it would not exist. But this dread will not always deter, and even as it is I expect to see some curious scenes.

Drinkwater is to be Secretary at War; all money Warrants are to be made out by him, and to be signed by the Vice-roy, and it will be attempted to make this Secretary the intermediate person between the V.R. and Com.-in-Chief, but this will hardly be submitted to; the aversion to everything that is called responsibility will make the General submit to a good deal, but Oakes and I think we have perceived some signs of kicking; he begins, we think, to feel the subjection too great.

Sir G. endeavours to cajole individuals, but his wish is, I am sure, to lessen the authority of the Commandant of the Troops, and to degrade the Military as a body.

From something I heard lately I fear he will endeavour to subject us to the Civil jurisdiction of this Country, and tho' this is little more than suspicion, I think it right to acquaint you with it, lest such a thing should be smuggled thro' the House of Commons. If represented, I cannot conceive that the British Parliament would suffer any part of the Army serving abroad to be subject to Laws framed by a people so inferior to them, and totally unacquainted with the habits, laws, or customs of Englishmen.

Do, General, get a command in Italy, and take me with you. Was it not for Oakes I should certainly desert. I am completely tired of my residence here, and shall regret it still more if there is another campaign, and I do not partake in it.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

BASTIA, *April* 2, 1795.

'Tis not possible to describe the humbling and disagreeable mode in which everything is carried on here, and in the late alarm when the French Fleet were off Cape Cone, so completely were we unprepared, that had the French thrown a body of 4 to 5000 men ashore at St. Fiorenzo, they were masters of that, of Bastia, and the heights, without firing a shot!

We have, however, profitted by the alarm, and the French, if they return, will find us in a very different state, for tho' the Towers on the coast are not ordered to be guarded, nor any of the Militias assembled, yet a two-gun Battery is building upon the other side of the Martello Tower, in order to command the Bay where we first landed Feb. twelve months ago.

Ajaccio had by accident 4 or 5 days' salt provisions, the remains of which were embarked in the Transport that took round the 50th; Calvi was without any. In short, I see that nothing but disgrace is to be expected here. This is galling to any person who has any love for his country or for the service.

Charles Stuart, realising the merits of Colonel Moore as a soldier, determined to try and procure for him more congenial employment than that which detained him in Corsica, and with this in view asked his brother, Lord Bute, to place the following memorandum before His Majesty:

As I cannot presume to take up His Majesty's time by solicitating a private audience, may I beg of you, my dear Brother, to lay before the King my earnest and one request, that He would be graciously pleased to consider and reward the extraordinary merit of Lt. Colonel Moore of the 51st. Regt., actually one of the oldest Lt. Cols. in the Army, Second in Command, and Adj. Gen. of the Forces now in Corsica.

What I earnestly request for this Officer is the rank of Lieut. Col. in any way that it may be judged proper.

I knew him not when I joined the Army in Corsica, but so distinguished were his talents, both when opposed to the enemy, and in his interior management of the Troops committed to his charge, that I can with truth assert, he is not only the best Officer I have known in the Service, but a man whose exertions and gratitude will ever prove him worthy of this distinction.

Lord Bute to General Stuart.

HILL STREET, *April* 29, 1795.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

I mentioned what you desired in the best way I could, and the handsomest to you, and was proceeding to read the letter, when He took it out of my hands, saying he would read it with attention, and consider the contents.

He asked many questions concerning you, expressing much good will.

Ever your aff. Brother,
BUTE.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

BASTIA, *July* 7, 1795.

The Vice-roy goes on pretty much as he began; he is like an over-grown child, and is led completely by the nose by Pozzo di Borgo. The Corsican Corps are exactly in the state they were in, the day they were embodied. Five Companies called "Compagnies Franches," officered by old reformed émigrés, add to the expense but not to the defence of the Island. Of the Corps appointed from home, the gentleman sent to raise two Battalions in Malta, turned out to be an Adventurer. The Grand-Master would not speak to him. Dillon's Regt. and about 60 or 70 recruits have been sent, men of all countries, who desert the moment they receive their Bounty.

Why will Govt. put the Country to such unnecessary expense, and give such encouragement to French, in preference to our own officers.

The Vice-roy is upon a tour of the Island, with Guards, etc., he lives upon the Commandants and Messes where-ever he goes, and trusts his dignity to a silent and reserved behaviour.

The General seems much relieved by his absence, and tho' he says little, thinks, I believe, exactly as we do of his conduct.

There is no part of the Island where they do not continue to enquire for you, and express a wish for your return, but to return to it now would involve you in endless trouble, Sir Gilbert has spoiled them, and I see but little advantage to be derived from it yourself. At present Corsica is a job, and a very dear one, costing at the rate of a million a year; the only advantage accruing from it is a Port for our Fleet.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

July 29.

Party in the Fleet is so high it is difficult to know the truth respecting the last action. The Hoods have joined Sir Hyde Parker, so poor Admiral Hotham has, I fear, but few friends; it would be better he was relieved. Holloway, who is his chief director, is a weak man, and he is himself too good-natured and easy for such a set, they require being kept in order.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

Aug. 3.

Oakes, Lord Huntly and myself returned last night from Paoli's. The *Vanneau* has been retained, and only sails this day, which gives me an opportunity of giving you a further proof of the absurdity of our good Vice-roy. The affair of " the Bust " continues the subject of conversation, and the Country is much displeased that Sir Gilbert should keep about his person, Colonna, or any one capable of such a dirty action. The people feel the insult, as one offered to themselves; they are incensed to that degree that probably both Capt. Colonna and

Pozzo di Borgo would ere now have been put to death had not Paoli taken pains to keep them quiet. He has not, however, been able (perhaps not very desirous) to prevent their having burnt both Colonna and Pozzo in effigy in almost every part of the country.

The people of La Penta, where Sir Gilbert intended to pass the summer, burned them at Frediana's door, whose home was preparing for the Vice-roy's reception. They at the same time intimated to Frediana, that tho' they wished to shew every respect to H. E. yet they were determined to burn his or any other house that harboured P. di B. or Colonna.

When what passed at La Penta and other parts reached Bastia, the alarm was great. The Guards were ordered to load, Patrolls to go all night, the Officers of the Corsican Battn. assembled and harangued by the Vice-roy. Every fear was shewn of an insurrection. Nothing, however, is less true; we rode through the very country yesterday, which has been most forward in burning, we dined at La Penta, and were received with repeated "*Vive* nostri Inglese."

I need not comment to you upon the impropriety of shewing diffidence of the people, without whose good-will we cannot remain 48 hours in the Island. I shall not be surprised if something serious should happen if Sir Gilbert continues amongst us; his conduct is more childish and absurd than can be expressed.

Paoli regrets this want of conduct in the Vice-roy as a real misfortune to his country; he must, of course, wish him removed, but he knows his interest too well, and is, I think, too good a citizen not to prevent any violence against the British.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

Aug. 10.

The Council were called to Town; I am told by the best authority that the Members all advised the V. R. to dismiss P. di B., who is suspected of various acts of peculation, and is infinitely obnoxious to the Country.

He answered, " I would rather die, than give up my friend," whom I am told he called the " Ornament of Corsica."

At Tavera, near Bagognano, they have burned the Acts of Parliament; a detachment of Gens d'Armes is ordered there to punish the offenders. I dont know if you continue sufficiently interested about Corsica to be amused with all this detail; we have unfortunately little else to occupy us.

I should prefer going to the Vendée, or you will please Oakes and me better if you will obtain a few thousand men to make a diversion in the South of France, and take us from here, where we are seen " de mauvais œil."

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

Aug. 29.

We have heard the bad news from the Vendée, and the West Indies, and that General Abercromby succeeds General Vaughan, and is going out with a great force to make a last effort. We can't help wishing that you had been pitched upon for that service.

Colonel Moore to General Stuart.

Sept., 1795.

Your letter of the 1st. July only reached me yesterday. I had already been informed by my Father of the warm manner you had interested yourself on my behalf, and I am very sorry that the want of success should have given you so much uneasiness, or have raised your indignation —as for me, I cannot feel so much hurt when I consider I have your approbation, and know that the reason why others are preferred is for being Nephew to a Chancellor or Secretary of State.

What Mr. Dundas says is perfectly true, and I have always considered my rise in the Army as extremely fortunate, perhaps the more so, that I have owed no part of it to him. I have no grievance, and am conscious that your partiality alone would have induced you to think me entitled to the rank you solicited.

I am sorry my Father should have shewn you what was never intended for your perusal; I have written to beg he will not do so again, but lest he should, as sons sometimes have disobedient Fathers, I wish you would flatly refuse to read them!

Our public affairs approach to a crisis.

Much is expected from the arrival of a Messenger from the Govt. at home, but it is not likely that anything the V. R. can receive in answer to his misrepresentations can lessen his difficulties here. I believe he has made it impossible for him to govern this country, and perhaps he is wicked enough to break off the connexion with England altogether, rather than it should afterwards appear that others could accomplish what he failed in.

The next letter shows that the inevitable had happened! Colonel Moore's outspoken criticism of the Viceregal proceedings resulted in his recall from the scene of so much disorder, rancour, and party feeling, and professionally his prospects would have suffered eclipse but for the intervention of Charles Stuart, who took up his case with considerable warmth. The two men had many qualities in common, and neither of them ever learned to look on complacently while "the Service" or the interests of their country were being sacrificed to incompetence or official folly.

General Stuart to Mr. Pitt.

London, *Nov.* 15.

Dear Sir,

Your former kindness to Colonel Moore induces me to lay before you the enclosed letter, and as I find his re-call did not proceed from His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, I hope you will indulge me with such particulars as have been advanced in support of the charge which has caused His Majesty to remove him from the office of Adj. Gen. and service in Corsica, without trial or any regular inquiry that might enable him to justify his conduct.

Though my feelings are too much interested to admit

of my writing consistently, I cannot resist entreating that upon Col. Moore's arrival you will do him the honour of allowing him to converse with you upon the subject, for tho' punished with uncommon severity, I have that confidence in the King's justice, which leads me to trust that it will be His Majesty's further pleasure strictly to inquire how far an officer of Col. Moore's distinguished conduct is guilty and merits to suffer under such heavy marks of His disapprobation.

I cannot close this letter without commenting (let whatever the issue be respecting my friend and brother soldier Col. Moore) that by his removal both the officers and men, British or Corsicans of any worth, have lost the Person whom they loved, and in whose military talents they confided.

I equally regret that by Paoli's departure Corsica is deprived of the only man capable of controlling the disaffected, enforcing the Laws, or giving energy to the Government. Any disinterested person, who has a real knowledge of the actual state of the country, must agree with me that under these circumstances risings are not only to be apprehended, but are liable in their consequences to injure the Constitution, and even to endanger the security of every British subject upon the Island.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,
Your very faithful servant,
CH. STUART.

CHAPTER XX

PORTUGAL—MAKING AN ARMY
1796.

The year 1796 brought fresh complications: Ireland was in revolt, troops were wanted both there and at the Cape, and Sir Gilbert Elliot was ordered to evacuate Corsica. This he did, but with commendable zeal directed Captain Nelson to seize the island of Elba, thus, at any rate, securing a base in the Mediterranean, where, he had the foresight to see, the key of the situation lay.

In the meantime the first Coalition had broken up owing to jealousy amongst the Allies and the intrigues of the French Directory Government with the Court of Spain, whose King, Charles IV., allowed himself to be led by the fatuous Godoy, "Prince of the Peace," Godoy in his turn being hoodwinked by Talleyrand, Minister of the Exterior in France. The peace signed between the two unequal partners first of all at Bâle in 1795, and again at St. Ildefonso in 1796, brought the Bourbon King to the chariot-wheels of the all-conquering Republic, and henceforth, till English armies set her free in 1814, Spain had to acknowledge the despotism of Napoleon. It was the policy of France to strike at England through Portugal, and to enable her to do this Spain must co-operate in an invasion of Portugal and force her to close her ports against the British. Portugal appealed to England for assistance, and General Charles Stuart was ordered to place himself at the disposal of the acting Regent, Dom John, and collaborate with the Portuguese Commander-in-Chief in the defence of the country. The force promised him for this service was 5,000 men, variously composed, a portion only being British, the rest made up of foreign regiments, including the Duc de Mortémart's, the Duc de Castries', two battalions of Dillon's regiment, de Rolle's Swiss regiment, a body calling themselves the "Chasseurs Nobles," some Maltese artillery, and the regiment of "Loyal Emigrants." The English contingent

included the 51st Foot and 12th Dragoons; these came from Elba, and having served under Charles Stuart in Corsica, were delighted to find themselves once more under the command of an officer they loved and respected.

Out of this cosmopolitan collection of military specimens Stuart strove to evolve a coherent force, and by dint of unremitting attention to detail, stern discipline, and personal influence, he did succeed even with the most hopeless material. The French regiments of Mortémart and de Castries had been recruited from those refugees from France who had brought their grievances and claims for assistance to England. With generous sympathy Pitt espoused their cause, formed them into regiments, and put them on the Pay List. The ranks were filled with the representatives of some of the oldest families of France, who, on the strength of their distinguished lineage, refused to submit to that discipline which alone could make them useful soldiers.

Misfortune had not rendered these gentlemen more docile, nor had they learned from the exigencies of the situation to adapt themselves to a subordinate position. Their stomachs accepted the pay of an English Government, but the proud spirit of the *ancien régime* revolted at the word of command. Even the regiment of de Rolle, whose valour in the defence of the hapless Sovereigns of France had made them famous, accepted unwillingly their incorporation under an English commander, and the " beau Dillon " of Dillon's regiment, presuming on his reputation, gave as much trouble as a spoilt child.

Nor was it easy for Stuart to get his own way in matters of administration, owing to the fact that his authority was shared with three other Commanders-in-Chief—namely, the German Prince of Waldeck, the Portuguese Duke de Lafoës, and the Marquis de la Rosière, a Frenchman.

It required all Stuart's tact and powers of manœuvring to get such an incongruous team to work together, and that he did so speaks volumes for the wisdom and discretion of his conduct.

Knowing it was useless to expect definite or even intelligible instructions from Dundas, to whom he should have looked for these, Stuart acted on his own initiative, collected information in regard to Spanish intentions, and prepared to frustrate them. On one he could rely, and that was Sir John Jervis, commanding the Fleet

in the Mediterranean; these two, the soldier and the sailor, with clearer vision than any Minister in Downing Street, appreciated the true situation of affairs, recognised the necessity of retaining the friendship of Portugal and the importance of keeping open the mouth of the Tagus as a shelter for British ships.

So for two years or more Charles Stuart played off against each other the pretensions of the Portuguese duke, the German princelet, and the French marquis, quietly ignored the preposterous posings of the "Chasseurs Nobles," and exacted obedience alike from all officers ducal or otherwise.

In February of the year 1797, Sir John Jervis defeated the Spanish Fleet at the battle off Cape St. Vincent, and the threat of invasion from that quarter being removed, the Portuguese Government entered into peace negotiations with France. These were protracted over a long period, but at last Sir Charles Stuart received definite instructions to withdraw the British forces, and this was done at the beginning of 1798.

Sir John Jervis to General Charles Stuart.

"Ville de Paris,"
Off Cadiz, 16*th May*, 1797.

Our operations before Cadiz have already produced a considerable degree of sensation, and both Seamen and Soldiers there are impressed with an opinion that I meditate a coup.

The ships under this apprehension are moved higher up towards the Puntal, the Posts on the Island are strengthened, and the neighbouring Militia ordered in to reinforce the Garrison, which was kept on the alert last night by our being very near.

The Blockade was as completely formed as we can do it without Feluccas, a sort of vessel very useful in a service like this during the fair weather months. We have within the last 24 hours turned 8 or 10 vessels loaded with corn and salt provisions, and I have stationed the *Emerald* off St. Lucia to prevent any of them running into that river, the navigation of which goes up to Seville.

It is a great point gained to have the British Troops in possession of the Forts on the Tagus, and as the sea and land breeze is more regular, I hope their passage will be quick.

Prince Waldeck has great obligations to you for exposing the defenceless parts of the country previously to his appointment taking place, so he has only to tread in your footsteps.

You will soon hear of a coup at Vigo.

Sir John Jervis to General Charles Stuart.

Aug. 2, 1797.

The sea service Mortar and the other Mortar and Gun-vessels are equipping at Gibraltar; in the meantime I have detached Rear-Admiral Nelson with the *Theseus*, *Culloden*, *Zealous*, *Leander*, *Sea-horse*, *Emerald*, *Terpsicore*, *Fox* Cutter, and Mortar Vessel against the part of Spain I think vulnerable; they have been gone 18 days, and the coup is over by this time.

I think your three British Regts. will be ordered to the West Indies as soon as Peace is signed; what they will do with the Emigrants I know not; it will be wise in the Court of Portugal to take the Swiss Regt. into its pay.

Mr. Dundas to General Stuart.

Parliament Street, *April* 21, 1797.

Dear Sir,

You will readily imagine that the communications contained in your private letters of the 15th of Feb. and 9th March last have been considered with the degree of attention their importance demands, and I have the satisfaction of assuring you that your conduct throughout the whole of the unpleasant and delicate discussion in which you found yourself involved with the Duke de Lafoës has met with the entire approbation of His Majesty's confidential servants.

In the present disposition of the Court of Portugal, and in the critical situation in which the Govt. is at this moment placed with relation to that Court, it has been

judged most advisable to forbear any formal complaint against the unjustifiable behaviour of that Nobleman. . . . At the same time the respect due to the situation you hold in the King's service has been considered on the part of his Majesty's Ministers as requiring that the language and animadversions of the Duke de Lafoës should not pass unnoticed, and by a perusal of the enclosed copy of Lord Grenville's letter to Mr. Walpole on the subject, you will perceive the line of conduct Mr. Walpole* is directed to pursue.

The Duke of Northumberland to General Stuart.

SYON, *Aug.* 1, 1797.

I am happy to find that you entertain so good an opinion of my friend Gen. Calder, for whom I have a very sincere regard. . . .

I can scarce believe the Spaniards mean seriously to attack Portugal, unless compelled to it by France. If Lord Malmesbury's negotiations are not attended with success, then I should not be surprised if the French made a determined attack on Portugal, which, in the present state of the Portuguese army, notwithstanding the military abilities of de Lafoës and of the Prince of Waldeck to boot, would I fear fall an easy sacrifice.

This, of course, would distress Gt. B. much, as our Fleets in that case would have no port but Gibraltar, and there you know a Fleet can scarcely lay in safety during a Spanish war, being liable to be teased eternally with their gun-boats.

As it would equally answer the purpose of France to make Peace with Portugal and oblige them to shut their ports against us, I should think this is most likely to happen—the French, however, demanding the Port of Lisbon to be given up to them as a security for the performance of the Treaty.

Having formed this idea, I cannot help being surprised that the Court of Portugal should ever have given up

* H.B.M.'s Minister at the Court of Lisbon.

the Tagus into your hands, for the security and defence of which it appears to me you have taken the most judicious and proper positions possible, and which may render it very difficult for the Portuguese themselves to force you to quit if you do not chuse it. You can, in fact, admit a British Fleet into the Tagus whenever you please, and in spite of the country.

For the sake of Portugal I am very sorry, my dear General, tho' not in the least surprised, that you should be desirous of quitting your present command and of returning here. Unless the Portuguese Govt. are determined to place implicit confidence in you, I know it is impossible to serve them; the natural jealousy which the Portuguese Hidalgos entertain of all Foreigners requires the utmost exertion and support of the Court to counteract it. And the P. of W., notwithstanding the wish he may have to keep the pecuniary advantage of his present situation, will soon find himself obliged to quit the country. Unless he can submit to such indignities which I should suppose a German Prince would scarce consent to; mais mon Prince must always be content to play second Fiddle.

I am sorry to tell you that the seeds of discontent are so deeply sown amongst our sailors in the Fleet,* that notwithstanding the number of examples which have been made, it still persists, and will break out again on some future favourable occasion, and what is worse, I am informed by a General officer who has lately been amongst the Troops, that they are by no means in good humour.

All idea of discipline is now at an end, and I am assured it is not deemed prudent to bring offenders to a Court-Martial and punishment, unless for some very outrageous breach of Discipline.

You know we are become quite a Military nation, and after all the apprehensions which our Ministers pretended to entertain of evil persons wishing to procure arms, at any rate for the very worst of purposes, they

* Sailors had mutinied at the Nore in April, and at Spithead previously.

now themselves authorised every person throughout the Kingdom to arm, and every parish has now its Military Association.

How far such a step is wise, I confess I have my doubts, and most sincerely wish this country may not have serious reasons to lament this hasty measure. We (the Ministers I mean) still pretend to fear an invasion, and we are entertained every day with assurances that the Fleets of France and Holland are on the point of sailing for this purpose.

From all the information I can collect the French sailors have had quite enough of invasions in their Expedition to the Coast of Ireland, and will not soon be tempted to take another.

I beg you will accept the best wishes of your faithful Friend,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Charles Stuart to the Duke of Northumberland.

LISBON, *Aug.*, 1797.

The melancholy account your Grace gives me of the state of the Fleet and the dissatisfaction prevalent in the Army are circumstances truly alarming, and more particularly serious at this moment, as I fear the Peace that this Country has concluded with France, and the probable failure of our negotiations in Paris, will require more patience and unanimity throughout England than has been reached at any period during the War.

In a moment of great National embarrassment, without being a Politician, it requires little penetration to observe that an over-paid army and successful Mutineers are classes of people least calculated to inspirit the Nation, or to come forward in support of any war that has not for its cause their own immediate interests; if, therfore, Lord Malmesbury is unsuccessful,* disorder is

* Peace negotiations between England and France broke down over the proposed restoration of the Austrian Netherlands, and Lord Malmesbury was ordered out of Paris by the Directory Government.

to be apprehended, and the very arms which, if properly managed, would have commanded a general pacification and secured our internal quiet, will, in all probability, be turned against both.

The Prince of Waldeck, as your Grace justly observed, has fallen into an error which you judiciously instructed me to avoid, and I doubt even the death of the duke de Lafoës can bring him forward in this Country; while, on the contrary, I am avoiding all political intrigues and holding myself even a point higher than my official position entitled me to do, my career has, in consequence, been more fortunate, for I am both respected and feared at Court. I had positive written proof from the Prince that when a war threatened, my advice and opinion were sought for with a marked preference. Circumstances of some intricacy and requiring management, being likely to arise out of this Peace, my stay will be prolonged till the Troops are disposed of.

I trust your Grace will commend my doing so, and approve those sentiments which lead me to forget even just causes of dissatisfaction, or my own convenience, when I can in any way contribute to the Publick good.

General Stuart to his Wife.

LISBON, *Aug.* 27, 1797.

I have received all your letters, my dearest wife, down to the 30th of the month.

I am now most happy in being able to inform you that in three weeks, when I have wound up all my affairs, I quit this place, and as I go in a Frigate, I shall probably land at Portsmouth and immediately proceed to you at Christchurch. Good God, how I feel rejoiced at the thought, after the difficulties and troubles I have experienced, to obtain a little repose in the bosom of my family.

I have now little doubt of the continuance of the war—would I had as little respecting some change in the

Govt. here, for, as these interested bad men go on, there is every reason to apprehend the most fatal consequences.

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that I am held in the highest esteem by the Court of Portugal, in all the transactions between the Ministers and myself. It seems to be the old Castillian generosity acting on one side, and English liberality on the other. The consequence is that the only dispute we ever have arises from a desire to bear more than our respective shares of the burden of the war—each vying with the other in acts of public generosity.

I find this is the long vacation, consequently Charles will arrive at an improper time for Oxford, and I am extremely sorry for it.

You will soon see whether he continues in this idea of never remaining long in the same place, and in fondness for travelling; this is the only inconvenience of the sort of education I have given him, but he is young enough to get the better of it, and set himself down with such application as may turn the knowledge he has acquired to double account.

My friend Lord St. Vincent has been playing the Pirate, and my brave men have suffered for it; this thirst for wealth in the Navy, and the bad consequences that follow, will in the end reduce the first Navy in the world to a wretched herd of formidable Pirates; may Heaven avert it!

I received John's* letter, and upon the whole am more happy now that he is with Sir John Warren. May Almighty grant him that protection he has always bestowed upon me, but may his steady conduct be more worthy of it than mine has been.

I have long idle letters from the duke of Northumberland. He is a good-natured man, but as trifling in his letters as in his conversation. He continued to be treated with contempt here, although magnificent; my system has succeeded better.

* General Stuart's second son.

May God in his infinite mercy bless and protect thee, my dearest wife,

Ever your affect. Husband and friend,

C. S.

The letters that follow are taken from amongst those written at various intervals by Sir Charles Stuart's eldest son, Charles, completing the picture of the General in his family relationships.

Charles Stuart (Junior) to his Father.

London, *May* 16, 1797.

I am now about to return to Oxford, the vacation being nearly at an end. Pursuant to your advice, in the letter I received the latter end of Sept., upon going to Oxford I entered there as a Commoner, and continued as such during the whole of last term. But upon my mentioning to my Mother when I returned for the vacation the sort of men who were Gentlemen Commoners, she seemed to think it would have been better had I entered as such, and wishes me to change upon going back.

As to my self, I am perfectly easy both with regard to the one and the other, and tho' I am by no means partial to the sort of life I lead at College contrasted with that I have led abroad; still I should wish to be on a level with those I have been on an equal footing with at Eton.

I saw my uncle, the Bishop, a few days ago, who said the Duke of Portland had told him the Portuguese Peace with France had been notifyed privately nearly a week ago, but your letter to my Mother contradicted it so entirely, I suppose it is not true.

I dined last week in the City with some Merchants I knew abroad, who said that the French had demanded a contribution of two Millions sterling on Hamburg, and fifteen Millions tournois on Bremen, and that great quantities of bullion came over daily from both places, insomuch there is more specie in circulation than there has been for many years past.

Charles Stuart (Junior) to his Father.

WEIMAR, *June*, 1797.

Owing to the great variety of reports which are continually going about with respect to the situation in Portugal, I am at a loss to determine what is your destination, whether to stay in that country or to return to England. I hope before many weeks to have the pleasure of seeing you, as it will be time for my return in five or six weeks. I am so well reconciled to living on the Continent that I should be happy, if you see no reason to oppose it, after a very short stay in London, to come back to Leipsic, and there to attend the lectures from Michaelmas to Easter, particularly to get a little deeper than I am in my Philosophical and Mathematical knowledge, as I am obliged here to work in those branches entirely alone, there being no-one in Weimar who will, or can, give lessons upon them. In the former I have got Puffendorf "Sur les devoirs de l'homme," which I find very well written and very instructive, though I cannot read a great deal of it at a time, for it is so prolix, and has so much close mathematical reasoning, that it is to me, who have not as yet read any very good books on Logic, almost incomprehensible; indeed, not being able to get any here is also very unpleasant to me, as most of the philosophical books one meets with are so entirely founded upon it, that it is difficult to get through with them without at least some small knowledge of that science.

I am frequently invited to Court, notwithstanding that the Duke is not here; indeed, the great civilities I have met with, considering I brought no letters with me, are such that I shall never forget during the whole course of my life. Weimar is at present dull; in Summer no sort of amusement goes forward as in Winter, so that the only places I have to pass my evenings in are with some families with whom I am intimate, or else at Court, which is very pleasant, there being but little of that stiffness which characterises the greatest parts of

the Courts of Germany; indeed, the Duke's character forbids that entirely, for he is exactly a country Gentleman, and tho' well instructed, does very little except go out hunting; indeed, if it were not for the Duchess, who knows very well how to keep up the dignity of the House, I scarcely believe there would be any Court here at all, at least any ceremony.

The Duchess Dowager, who has also a separate Court, has been much abroad, and is exceedingly charming. She has many foreigners always about, particularly French émigrés, who all look up to her as their great Patroness, which hinders me from going there as often as I otherwise should. Indeed, the Duchess renders herself far from popular on that account. These émigrés consist generally of young men much about my age, but who are excessively idle, literally doing nothing at all. Scarcely one of them having given himself the trouble to learn the language of a country where he has now resided 6 years.

Charles Stuart (Junior) to his Father.

WEIMAR, *June* 10, 1797.

Everything in this country has a very war-like appearance, though few people seem to know how it will turn out. The whole Saxon Army have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. The Emperor has formed a Camp of 60,000 men near Olmutz, upon the Prussian Frontier. Luchesini the Prussian Minister, is gone back to Berlin, and the Prussians are exceedingly busy in fortifying all their Frontier places towards Galicia in the newly-acquired part of Poland. Some people say war is declared; I must confess it appears to me very odd that the House of Austria should take such a step after being so much weakened as she certainly has been in the French war.

On the other hand, I hear that the French Army, which lays at present on the Lahn—that is to say, by Limburg, Friedburg, Giessen, as far as the line of

demarcation—will march through the States of Hesse, and take possession of the Electorate of Hanover, and the dukedoms of Bremen and Hamburgh.

I do not conceive that our commerce with Germany will be quite cut off (tho' I suppose it to be the object) for all the Hamburgh Merchants having their partners in Altona, the import of British goods, and the consumption would be pretty much the same as before.

My brother has been very lucky, he tells me, having taken a Spanish Prize, in which he has got nearly £100 prize-money; he tells me also that William* is made a Lieutenant.

I have got a Portuguese grammer since I was here, and with some difficulty have taught myself to read. If you meet with, and can send me, the works of Camoens, Barres, Lobo, Andrade, or any other good historical writer, I beg you will do so; to me learning a foreign language is an amusement, and I treat it as such, not spending any of those hours which ought to be devoted to serious study in that way.

Upon the whole I have, during my stay at Weimar, been disappointed with respect to the learned men I have found; indeed, I cannot help wondering at many of them having gained so great a reputation. It is true their works are clever, but I find that few of them, except Wieland and Herder, act up to what they write, as when a man, for instance, lays down in his writings principles of the strictest morality; and is seen to live a very debauched life, and employs his genius in writing little dirty pamphlets against other learned men. One meets with so much tiresome pedantry in their conversation that it becomes hardly worth making their acquaintance.

If ever you have time to write, if it is but a line, I need not tell you what pleasure it will afford me, as from your kind letters I receive those instructions which teach me to follow your steps, and I assure you by that imitation it is my greatest ambition to become a good and honourable man, and a useful member to society and to my

* His cousin, Lord William Stuart.

country. Dear Father, believe that I ever shall remain your very affectionate son, how far so ever we may be sundered,

CHARLES STUART.

Mr. Dundas encloses the following Extract of a Letter from Lord Grenville to the Hon. R. Walpole, British Minister, at Lisbon, for General Stuart's information.

Nov. 3, 1797.

I have the King's commands to direct that you should apprize the Minister of Her Most Faithful Majesty* in distinct terms that His Majesty does not desire that the engagements of His Ally towards Him should stand in the way of the security of Her own Dominions, if they can be secured by the conclusion of such a Peace as is now in question. . . .

In the present circumstances His uniform regard and friendship to Portugal induce Him to leave this point open for the decision of the Court of Lisbon. The danger that must result from the conclusion of such a Peace cannot escape the penetration of H.M.F.M.'s Government—but it is for that Govt. to decide on the comparison of the difficulties which attend every view of the subject.

With respect to Himself, His Majesty's determination is taken. Alone and abandoned successively by every one of those Powers, whose cause He has been defending, and whose safety depends now more than ever on the power and energy of this Country, H.M. is resolved to persevere in maintaining the Honour and Independence of His Kingdoms, and to subscribe to no Peace which is to be purchased by humiliation or dishonour.

If it shall be the policy of the Court of Lisbon (as it must be its wish) to follow this determination, and to share the fortune of Great Britain, every means of assistance that can possibly be given will certainly be afforded by H.M.

* Queen Marie Francisca, whose mental state rendered her incapable of governing. Her son, Dom John, acted for her, and was appointed Regent in 1799.

If a different resolution shall prevail, His Majesty's sincerest wishes will never be wanting for the success of any measure which H.M.F.M.'s Govt. shall adopt for the interests of the Dominions committed to Her care.

Mr. Dundas to General Charles Stuart.

Dec. 13, 1797.

As it appears by no means improbable, from the temper and disposition of the French Directory, that further and inadmissable concessions may now be required from Portugal, you are not to withdraw the Troops from the stations they now occupy, until you shall have received from the Portuguese Minister or Mr. Walpole information of the unconditional Ratification of the Treaty as now offered, having been accepted at Paris.

His Majesty's confidential servants . . . cannot recollect the unjustifiable and precipitate conduct of the Chevalier de Araujo in concluding the Treaty now ratified by Portugal, and his sentiments and opinions with regard to this country and to France, without adverting at least to the possibility of his again being disposed to purchase the apparent Good-will and Friendship of the latter, by acceding to their demands in violation of the instructions he may have received from Portugal, and of the Treaties subsisting between that Kingdom and Great Britain.

* * * * *

Your statement of the savings accruing to the Public, by the forbearance and abolition of unecessary employments in the Army under your Command, could not but afford peculiar satisfaction to His Majesty, at a moment when rigid economy in every part of the Service is so essential to enable us to meet the difficulties, and provide for the numerous exigencies of our situation.

From all that you have stated of the dissensions that prevail in the Councils and in the Army of Portugal, of the want of judgement and energy in their prepara-

tions of defence, of the increasing influence of the Duke de Lafoës, and of the character of that nobleman, there is too much reason to apprehend that in the event of the French refusing to accept the Ratification of the Treaty as signed by the Chevalier de Araujo, of their marching an Army against Portugal, the resources of that Kingdom will not be brought with vigour or advantage in its defence. . . .

If the contest cannot be avoided, these faults may be attended with the same fatal consequences to the Govt. of Portugal as have been experienced by so many other States.

General Charles Stuart to his Wife.

LISBON, *December* 22, 1797.

Again there is some doubt as to the time when we shall leave this Country, which arises entirely from a wretched indecision in our Ministers, my dearest Love, and the most rascally, underhand, deceitful conduct on the part of the Portuguese Court. Thus has a plain conduct on the part of the French, not only now, but throughout the War, got the better of little artful political tricks, and if they can only hold together must render them in the end the successful arbiters, if not the masters of Europe.

To enter into particulars in what has passed—there are two parties in this administration and a puppet at the Head of the Government susceptible to every impression and always guided by the last, unworthy of confidence from being incapable of secrecy, such a wether-cock you may easily believe is guided by either party, and from this arises the present dilemma, that makes the success of the negotiation (not doubtful) but subject to a further delay. The party most favourable to France sent the Count de Pombiere to us under the pretence of having our concurrence in ratifying the Treaty *in toto;* while before he could possibly open negotiations with us or carry his Mission into effect they sent from hence, by a private messenger, to the Spanish Ambassador at Paris instructions to conclude a Peace with the Directory upon the same terms.

This piece of Knavery we deserve, for I often wrote home to Government that the only way to prevent misconduct on the part of this Court was to govern it, and I have proved by the upper hand I have used on every point which regarded my line of service (and they have been many) with what facility this might have been done, but to conclude:

The French have boldly and justly answered, "we voted your Treaty 'comme non avenu' and ordered your Ambassador from Paris, consequently there is now no Treaty before us, and tho' he who was your Minister is by our permission at Paris, we cannot admit or council with him unless he receives fresh Powers to act in a diplomatick character."

Here, therefore, the matter rests for the present, and this Cutter goes home for the Chevalier de Pinto to represent it to Don Almazda, feeling happy at its having so happened, as he wished to bring about the Peace in an underhand way himself, and obtain a degree of satisfaction in the fact of the opposite party being frustrated.

Not that this will prevent a Peace in the end, altho' we may remain doubtful until the Spring, for all the Portuguese Cabinet, however split and envious the two parties may be, both agree in envy and hatred towards us and will make a Peace upon the most dishonourable conditions rather than not at all. If I see a favourable opportunity, notwithstanding what I have written, I shall never wait the event of all this miserable jumble, but return to my only comfort for, alas, we have been too long and too often separated, my dearest Angel, and what renders the separation more painful at this moment is the length of time since we had a Packet and that I have had the satisfaction of hearing from you.

God take you under his protection and grant you that we may soon meet is the constant wish of your fond, affectionate Husband, and best Friend.

CHARLES STUART.

CHAPTER XXI

VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS
1798.

Charles Stuart's absence from Portugal was not a prolonged one, the times were too critical to allow of leisure, and the beginning of January, 1798, saw him back at his post; Portugal had not yet concluded peace with France, though she was soon to do so.

By the campaigns of the previous year France had made herself mistress of Upper Italy; Holland, Switzerland, and the Cisalpine Republic had accepted the mode of Government imposed on them by the champions of Liberty; the Preliminary Treaty of Leoben (subsequently superseded by the Treaty of Campo Formio, October 17, 1797) enforced substantial concessions on Austria, most important of which was the transference of Belgium to France; and the Directory Government had achieved the dream of the Rhine frontier. Moreover, the Republican Treasury had been replenished by heavy subsidies extorted from the "liberated" countries; her armies subsisted on foreign soil, and were acquiring the discipline and confidence that results from able generalship and unity of purpose.

In view of this alarming state of affairs, which threatened to give France an enormous preponderance on the Continent, Great Britain, calculating on the immediate co-operation of Portugal and Naples, and on the eventual assistance of Russia, Austria, and Turkey, decided on renewing the war with fresh vigour, and determined that the scene of it should be the Mediterranean, where her naval forces gave her the best chance of success.

Accordingly, preparations for strengthening the Fleet were hurried forward as soon as it became known that the French were fitting out at Toulon and other southern ports a large armament for some maritime expedition. On April 29, 1798, Lord St. Vincent had orders to do everything in his power to intercept the French Fleet,

and Rear-Admiral Nelson, commanding the Mediterranean detachment, began the pursuit which ended in the Battle of the Nile.

On May 4 Napoleon Bonaparte slipped off quietly and secretly to Toulon, and embarked for Malta *en route* for Egypt. Europe as a field of war was no longer large enough for him, new vistas were opening as his ambitions grew with conquest. Already on August 16, 1797, he had written to the Directory, "The time is not far distant when we shall feel that in order to ruin England we must seize Egypt; through Eygpt we come into touch with India and the vast Ottoman Empire, which is daily crumbling into decay, making it our bounden duty to take measures to protect our Eastern trade."

The instructions which Napoleon took with him were, "that he should take possession of Egypt, chase the English from the East, and destroy their counting-houses on the Red Sea, cut the Isthmus of Suez, and assure the possession of the Red Sea to France"—on his way he was to possess himself of Malta.

Lord St. Vincent to General Stuart.

"Ville de Paris," *Jan.* 9, 1798.

All I can learn from the Admiralty is that Ministers are now convinced Portugal will make peace, notwithstanding the haughty and insolent treatment she meets with from the French Directory. I am told you and I may expect soon to receive orders for the disposition of the Troops and ships; in the meanwhile an anxious desire is expressed for some suggestion from us how they may be employed to the best advantage after quitting the Tagus. I enclose a passage from Lord Spencer* on this subject which includes us both.

I have racked my invention during the last four months to hit something advantageous to the country and honourable to ourselves without success, and I have nothing to offer Lord Spencer by the Packet which sails on Thursday. Any commands you may have shall be carefully attended to.

* Lord Spencer had succeeded the Earl of Chatham at the Admiralty.

Lord St. Vincent to General Stuart.

"Ville de Paris," *April* 5, 1798.

Although nothing has occurred worth relating to you, I cannot let the *Emerald* go without a line to say I have detached a Squadron of Frigates to cruise for the protection of the Garrison of Porto Ferrajo. We are daily in sight of Cadiz and count 21 Ships of the Line, several Frigates, and many Merchant ships in the Bay with their sails bent. A fisherman told us three ships sailed for the Havana the beginning of last week.

When Admiral Massa arrives from Madrid to take command I shall goad him with the Light Squadron continually, under Rear Admiral Nelson, and if what we hear is true [that] he has positive orders to come out and give us battle, I shall hope soon to grasp you by the hand again.

Lord St. Vincent to General Stuart.

"Ville de Paris," *April* 27, 1798.

I enclose the latest intelligence from Leghorn. Every Neutral vessel lately arrived at Gibraltar from the Levant brings accounts of vigourous preparations in Provence for large embarcations, both Sicilies are threatened, and the French seem to aim at Maritime Empire in the Mediterranean. My health still continues to decline, I have "entre nous" written to be immediately relieved from this command, and expect permission to go to England in the course of next month—if the enemy does not shew more appearance of coming out than he does at present.

There are in the Gulf of Spezzia, 11 Sail of the Line flying French Colours; they have on board 7000 Troops.

At Toulon there are 12 Sail of the Line completely armed.

At Marseilles there are 70 Transports, great and small, which are to embark 30,000 men. All these expeditions are said to be against Sicily and Corfu, the latter of which is said to be in revolt.

Lord St. Vincent to General Stuart.

"Ville de Paris," *Feb.* 28, 1798.

The Admiralty sent me a copy of your late instructions, which are very dissatisfactory indeed. I trust, however, that neither these nor your private affairs will remove you from hence, for if you go, I shall immediately apply to be recalled too, not chusing to hazard the little reputation I have acquired by staking it upon the conduct of this Govt.

I cannot understand from whom our Ministers receive their information; sure I am, that they do not pay the slightest degree of attention to what you and I send them.

Sir Robert Calder to General Charles Stuart.

Headquarters, *April* 1, 1798.

I am sent on shore by the Earl of St. Vincent to inform you he has just heard from very good authority that the Prince of the Peace was arrested a few nights ago with all his papers, and that they were in the greatest confusion imaginable at Madrid.

Lord St. Vincent to General Charles Stuart.

"Ville de Paris," *May* 3, 1798.

I return you a thousand thanks for an interesting letter by the *Sea-horse* with the accurate intelligence from Galicia; your spy in that Quarter seems as intelligent as the one at Badajos.

The discipline and subordination of the Navy at home is at a lower ebb than ever, and the crew of the *Vanguard* is so contaminated, some rigourous Example must be made before that Ship is in a state for Sir H. Nelson's active enterprise. Lord Bridport, besides being an incompetent Officer, except in the day of battle, is playing against the Admiralty, and acting the pretty and popular with the Officers, who are never on board their ships when in Port, and the men are thereby exposed to the wicked designs of Jacobins, Crimps,

Landlords, and Whores, and in such a licentious state that his Lordship never gets his Fleet under sail without some of them running on board each other or getting aground. The *Barfleur* has suffered much by the latter, and tho' only 8 months from this Fleet, is in as bad a state as any ship in England.

I agree with you that Portugal must be secure of her Peace, or the Ministers are drivellers, and will pay with their necks on the Guillotine for their weakness and most contemptible pusillanimity. Good Lord, deliver us from them and their doings.

During all this I have not a line of intelligence or instruction from home. The large covers which came by the Packet containing nothing but printed papers to carry into execution a Scotch Job for a Trade between Gibraltar and Spain.

The Duke of Northumberland to General Charles Stuart.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, *May* 21, 1798.

When your letter arrived I was confined to my bed with the gout, and ever since I have been able to write I have been kept so constantly employed by Govt. in raising Supplementary Militia, Volunteer Corps, etc., that I really have not had a minute to myself.

Now they are putting arms into the hands of everyone, under the denomination of Armed Associations, as the alarm of a French Invasion is now spread over every part of England. Tho' I do not believe in it myself, nevertheless having some little matter of property at stake, I have offered His Majesty four troops of Light Cavalry, and 12 Companies of Infantry, to be formed solely out of my property in Northumberland, to be armed by Govt., but to be paid and clothed by myself, and to be under my command.

I have not yet received an answer from Govt., but as this Corps will cost them nothing, and will consist of above a thousand men, I do not imagine it will be refused.

I confess, however, I do not like this method of arming everyone. Arms are easily put into a person's

hands, but not so easily got out of them again. Of this I had experience in America.

I dare say you will be surprised to hear that after having invited everybody to arm, so shamefully have our stock of arms been neglected, that altho' they are to allow the Maritime Counties double the number of the Inland ones, they can only afford 1622 Firelocks for the whole County of Northumberland.

Notwithstanding we are alarmed at the idea of the French invading us, Ministers have contrived to send a secret expedition* consisting of about 2000 men, said to be against the Dutch. They sailed a week ago, but no intelligence from them has yet been made publick. If I was to venture an opinion, from the little I have heard on the subject, I should fear it would not succeed, at least to the extent that is expected. The Navigation on the Dutch Coast is very intricate, and requires better Pilots than we have to carry our large Men of War into their Harbours. Gen. Eyre Coote commands the Expedition.

Our Ministers here are quite exalted with the idea that the Emperor of Austria will again go to war with France. 'Pour moi je n'en crois rien.' Messieurs the Republicans have found out that Sovereigns are to be bribed, and when they can do this at the expense of the people, they find it a cheaper way than conquering them.

I had the Honour the other day of a visit from H.R.H. the Duke of York, and found he was as much trusted with the plans and intentions of Govt. as when you was going to the West Indies. You know he is made Commander in Chief, and that the Duke of Gloucester has consented to serve under him. The Prince of Wales is now extremely anxious to have a command in case of an invasion. Every possible difficulty has been thrown in his way. There is great talk of an extensive promotion

* The object of this expedition was the destruction of the Bruges Canal. The results obtained were disproportionate to the cost of the enterprise of the 2,000 men: 163 were killed or wounded; 1,100 surrendered.

of Generals. This puts me in mind of the Emperor, who, being at Milan and tormented to make God knows how many Counts, flung open the window on the Market Place, and extending his arms to the populace below cried: "Siete tutti conti!"

I am not in the least surprised at your feeling yourself uneasy in your present situation, for when I see Ministers so inattentive and negligent with regard to the Military arrangements in this Country, I can very readily imagine what must be their Conduct towards those Military men who are at a distance from them. Indeed, from what I see of their conduct in regard to the Defence of this Country, it is marked with such complete folly and total ignorance of all the Principles of military science, that I should really be led to believe what a General Officer told me the other day, that Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas look upon themselves as so well skilled in all Military Affairs, and that they form all these plans without seeking any other assistance.

Mr. Dundas to General Charles Stuart.

PARLIAMENT STREET, *March* 20.

I regret that any of the French noblemen placed under your command in Portugal should have behaved or expressed themselves in such a manner as to forfeit your esteem. With you I could wish to find in them the character and spirit of the best days of their Monarchy, but some allowance must be made for their former habits and situation in life, and I am convinced you will consider the unmerited misfortunes which have reduced them to serve in the ranks, as giving them a claim to every indulgence consistent with the maintenance of discipline and subordination in the Corps to which they belong.

I was for some time at a loss to determine in what manner it might be most proper for me to notice the observations and expressions to which you have recurred in your Dispatch of Feb. 18th respecting the instruction

I had the honour to transmit to you on the 3rd of that month.

(General Stuart appears to have ruffled Mr. Dundas's dignity by replying to a letter of his giving some instructions, "that he would endeavour to carry them out in so far as they were consistent and comprehensible!" In the rest of his communication of March 20, the Secretary at War goes very exhaustively into the question of "obscurity and inconsistency," proving to his own satisfaction that his dispatch was luminously clear, and his instructions such that any child could follow, winding up with this peroration:)

I am sorry to have been drawn by your remarks into this lengthy explanation, equally due to His Majesty's Service, to myself, and to my Public situation. Should you consider what that situation is, and the relative public station in which you now act, you will, I trust, hereafter refrain from employing in your official reports such expressions as I have been compelled to notice in your late Dispatches.

Had I been at liberty to consult my personal feelings on this occasion, I should not have troubled you with this intimation, but on public grounds I conceive it due to the dignity and respect attached to the office I now hold in obedience to H.M.'s Royal Commands.

Whether this official reprimand affected Charles Stuart's spirits we do not learn, but as this was not the first passage of arms our somewhat impetuous General had indulged in (nor was it to be the last) with the authorities, no doubt he had acquired a certain callosity enabling him to bear rebukes with philosophical fortitude.

CHAPTER XXII

MINORCA AND SICILY
1798.

In June of the year 1798 General Stuart was summoned home to confer with Mr. Pitt in regard to an enterprise which Stuart conceived might be advantageously attempted.

This was the capture of Minorca, an island off the coast of Spain, the importance of which, from a strategic point of view, was realised by the experts of Parliament Street.

Dundas appears to have consulted St. Vincent on the feasibility of the scheme; the Admiral's reply was to the effect that if the attempt was to be made, one man, and one only, must be entrusted with its accomplishment—namely, Stuart.

The best General you have [he wrote]; the more I reflect on the services of the troops, the more important I think it for him to be at their head. No one can manage the French as well as him, and the British will go to Hell for him. Possession of this Island will in some measure countervail Malta in the hands of the French.

General Stuart to Mr. Dundas.

London, *June* 27, 1798.

I take the liberty of sending you the necessary notes which I have made as general as possible, for it appears to me that the Service requires the most determined co-operation from both Lisbon and Gibraltar.

From what I have been able to collect there will be little difficulty in taking possession of the Island; the trouble will arise later in maintaining it, and this is hardly possible without the protection of a superior Fleet. Before the plan is finally determined it is necessary

to decide whether, after the capture of the Island, it is to remain an established port under all circumstances, for should this be the case, it will be wise to undertake with vigour the construction of mines, and artifices of every description.

Mr. Dundas to General Stuart.

PARLIAMENT STREET, *July*, 1798.

I am now to inform you that upon full consideration of the subject, His Majesty has been pleased to determine that an attempt shall immediately be made for the reduction of Minorca, and I have the satisfaction of informing you that H.M. has fixed upon you to command the Troops which are to be employed in that enterprise.

As soon as you shall have made your necessary arrangements at Lisbon, you will proceed to Gibraltar, endeavouring to communicate with Earl St. Vincent on your way thither, to adjust with His Lordship the several points wherin the co-operation of the Naval Department may be concerned.

If, as H.M. trusts will be the case, you should succeed in your attempt, it will be for you to consider of the best mode of securing yourself against any measures which may be undertaken by the Spanish Forces to dislodge you, and the better to enable you to do so, it is H.M.'s intention that complete protection shall be given you by the Naval Department, at least until such reinforcements shall arrive as may render that protection in some degree unnecessary to your security.

From the good correspondence which subsisted between H.M.'s Troops and the inhabitants of Minorca during the time that Island was under the dominion of this country, H.M. hopes and expects that no material opposition will be offered to your getting a footing on the Island.

Preparations for the expedition were made with the greatest secrecy, in order that the Spaniards should have no inkling of what was in contemplation. Lord St. Vincent was, of course, privy to the scheme, but even

the General commanding at Gibraltar, O'Hara, remained in ignorance of the destination of the troops which he was called upon to furnish from the garrison.

General O'Hara to Lord St. Vincent.

GIBRALTAR, *Sept.* 24, 1798.

The *Constitution* Cutter brought me an unofficial dispatch requiring my holding in readiness to embark at a moment's warning the 28th, 42nd, and 90th Regiments, with one Company of Artillery, and half an Artificer's Company. With this detachment, I have further directions to embark Artillery, Entrenching tools and Provisions.

We are fortunately in a position to comply most punctually with the whole of this order, excepting that very essential part of the Entrenching Tools in which we are totally deficient, owing to our supply from the Ordnance for this year not having been received.

Government tells me very civilly they cannot trust me with the object of this expedition, but still trusts that with my well-known zeal, etc., etc., that I will not balk this most important service the King has so much at heart, by with-holding any part of the order it is in my power to comply with.

Colonel Brownrigg to General Stuart.

HORSE GUARDS, *Sept.* 11, 1798.

I conclude before you sailed you would have heard of Sir Horatio Nelson having returned on the 19th July to Syracuse, not having fallen in with the French Fleet.

Our latest letters from Lord Cornwallis's Headquarters are dated the 6th. His Lordship had intended to have attacked the enemy in their position at Castlebar on the morning of the 5th, but on the evening of the 4th they evacuated the place and marched in a direction towards the north part of the county of Leitrim, arriving on the night of the 6th at Dromahaire, on the borders of that county, not having met with anything to

oppose them—their intention, it is imagined, is to pass into the County of Donegal at Ballyshannon or Belleek.

General Lake, with the advance of Lord Cornwallis's Corps, and three battalions under John Moore, was following in the rear, and it was hoped would soon bring them to action, but the procrastination of this event is very unfortunate, creates uneasiness here, and is attended with the worst consequences in Ireland.

I hope, however, to have the pleasure of letting you know that the business is happily ended.

The French landed in Ireland* do not exceed 800. They are joined by about 40,000 of the Irish, whom they have armed and clothed.

I trust this will find you safely arrived in Lisbon.

John Stuart to his Father.

LOUGH SWILLY, *Oct.*, 1798.

The last letter I wrote you dated the 16th Oct. was written in so great a hurry that I daresay you could make little of it. I will now give you a clearer idea of our action.

We fell in with the French Squadron just as they got in sight of land; after chasing them a day and a night we got within gunshot of them about sunrise. The Frigates got close to the Line of Battle Ships. We had 3 Line of Battle Ships and 4 Frigates, viz. the *Canada*, *Robust*, *Foudroyant*, *Amelia*, *Magnanime*, *Melampus*, and *Esthalion;* the *Anson* carried away her Mizzen-mast in chase, and could not come up in time for the action.

The French Commander fought very bravely, and did not strike till rendered a sheer wreck. We have reason to believe there has been great carnage on board of him, as we saw many dead thrown over-board during the action, but as we only waited to send a boat on board of

* The Directory, having abandoned the idea of invading England, adopted the policy of sending small expeditions to harass the coast of Ireland. This one was commanded by General Humbert, who, after some success against Lake, finally surrendered to Lord Cornwallis at Ballinamuick on September 8.

him, we cannot as yet give any account of the number of killed and wounded.

Leaving the *Roebuck* in charge of him, we all gave chase to the Frigates, and have taken 4 out of 8. The Captain of the *Melampus* has had an action with one of them. The *Anson* also behaved extremely well, for meeting 5 of the Enemy's Frigates she engaged them all at once, and by the time we came up he had hardly a rope standing, and a number of wounded men. In short, this Expedition of theirs is completely knocked on the head.

A gale of wind came on soon after, and we on the *Foudroyant* have got in here, which of all places is the most wild and barborous. Thank God we have no men killed on board of us.

I had the satisfaction of being at Sir John's elbow,* being one of the aides de camp during the whole of the action, when I thought the only way of marking my sense of his goodness to me was to pay the most unremitting attention to his orders, and exert myself to the utmost of my power in doing my duty. I see by the papers that you have arrived in Portugal.

It is a great satisfaction to me to write to you of this action, and of Sir John's having a Squadron of his own. Lord Nelson's Victory over the French at the Nile† is most undoubtedly a most glorious and heroic Action, yet our trifling one in comparison will be of much service to the Country, as it certainly saved Ireland from destruction, the French ships having seven or eight thousand troops on board, besides a large quantity of arms which we saw them throw over board on the Chase.

Everything being now ready for the attempt on Minorca, the signal to start was given.

On November 7 the transports with the troops on board, convoyed by line-of-battle ships under the command of Commodore Duckworth, arrived on the north side of the island. As the ships neared the shore, it was evident that a great commotion agitated the inhabitants, and signals flew from every point of vantage; yet, as

* Sir John Warren. † August 1, 1798.

Stuart ascertained afterwards, the coming of the invaders was no surprise; the secret, so carefully kept from O'Hara and the troops taking part, had apparently leaked out in London, doubtless imparted to some fair friend by an official in the Ministerial Department.

However, under cover of the guns from a frigate 800 men were landed and established themselves, the rest disembarked as night fell, and the enemy withdrew to a safe distance.

Mahon and Ciudadella, at opposite ends of the Island, were fortified positions held in fair strength by the Spaniards, and Stuart's first move was to push on a small force under Colonel Thomas Graham with instructions to seize a post on the road that commanded the communications between these two points. This was quickly and successfully done, ships' guns being dragged up by the bluejackets to help in the attack.

While this operation was in course of accomplishment, reports reached the Commodore that four Spanish ships were observed leaving Majorca in the direction of Minorca. Without waiting to re-embark his bluejackets, Duckworth went off in hot pursuit, and effectually dispersed the threatened danger. Stuart, following up the advantage gained by Graham, moved his main force and all the guns he possessed across the island in the direction of the two forts. Learning that Mahon was prepared to surrender, he despatched Colonel Paget with a small force to take possession of that town, and concentrated his remaining strength on the reduction of Ciudadella.

The garrison, convinced from the rapid movements of the British that an overwhelming force was advancing to the attack, abandoned their entrenchments and retired within the walls. With consummate skill Stuart manœuvred his few thousand men to look like double the number, threw up immense earthworks, and mounted his toy guns with as much solemnity as if they were Big Berthas!

Then, undismayed by the Spanish artillery—and their guns were much superior to his own—he demanded a parley with the Governor, and named the terms on which he would accept surrender.

The bluff succeeded and the garrison capitulated, only realising to their mortification, when they marched

out, how insignificant was the invading army, and how ludicrous their artillery.

The fact that the island was taken by a ruse and entailed not the loss of a single man, has relegated the whole incident to the background of history, yet, as a feat of arms, the taking of Minorca was a brilliant achievement, and an example of how the courage of the soldier triumphed in spite of civilian blundering and incompetence. In the correspondence that followed Stuart demanded a special enquiry on the subject of the guns supplied by the Ordnance Department, pointing out that not only were they absurdly inadequate in size, but the carriages were in every case rotten, and fell to pieces on the road long before Mahon was reached. His report, he writes, was forwarded, not with the intention of disputing the fact that the guns were *apparently* good, nor denying that they had been repaired and repainted in England, but in formal assertion of their being unfit for any sort of service when they came to be used in Minorca.

In recognition of his services in capturing Minorca, General Stuart was given the K.C.B.

Having taken the island, Stuart lost no time in strengthening its defences, and ensuring its food supplies by the establishment of relations with the Dey of Algiers, from whose territory cattle and grain could be drawn.

In these endeavours he had the full support of the Navy, whose chiefs, St. Vincent and Nelson, realised that the Spanish would make every effort to repossess themselves of so valuable a base; indeed, during the ensuing months preparations went forward with feverish haste in Majorca with the object of launching an attack. Reinforcements, however, reached Stuart, and he was able to leave Minorca in good hands and in a fair state of defence when an appeal came to him from another quarter of the Mediterranean.

By his brilliant victory at the Battle of the Nile, Nelson had practically annihilated the French Fleet, and made Napoleon and his army prisoners in Egypt, but the armies of the Rhine and of Italy, acting on the aggressive policy of the Directory Government of France, were busily pursuing conquest in Switzerland, the Papal States, and Northern Italy. The Pope, bereft of all his possessions, was a wanderer from place to place, until

a year later he died at Venice; Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, was a fugitive from his capital, Turin, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany trembled in anticipation of a similar fate.

Russia, suffering in her pride at the French capture of Malta from the Knights of St. John, of which Order the Czar was the Protector, allied herself with the Turks, and was ready to re-form the Coalition and co-operate once more with England and Austria against the common enemy. But the statesmen of the various Courts were dilatory in their procedure, and in the meantime Naples precipitated action by opening the contest. King Ferdinand led an army to Rome, but was promptly driven out, and his troops were dispersed. At this juncture Admiral Nelson arrived at Naples, and found panic reigning. The French had demanded extortionate contributions in money and the dismissal of the Englishman, Sir John Acton, who had for many years past been the chief Minister to the Sicilian Sovereigns. King Ferdinand was for yielding; his Queen, however, was made of sterner stuff, and as daughter of the Empress Maria Teresa had every claim to assistance from Austria; she made her appeal, and Thugut, the Prime Minister, authorised his master, the weak but amiable Francis, to send General Mack and a considerable force to his aunt's support. With chivalrous ardour Nelson stood by "beauty in distress," and embarking the whole Royal Family on board the *Vanguard*, carried them off from the scene of danger to Palermo, whence he sent an S.O.S. to Sir C. Stuart.

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

NAPLES, *Dec.* 6, 1798.

MY DEAR SIR,

Allow me to congratulate you on the conquest of Minorca, an acquisition as a Sea Port invaluable to our country.

I hurried from Egypt early in August, as by Earl St. Vincent's orders I was in expectation of being summoned to attend you; however, I am sure my place was much better filled by Commander Duckworth.

The new war begun here is yet impossible to say how it may turn out, either it may hasten the ruin or save

this Monarchy; at all events, if the King had not begun the war, he would have been kicked out of his Kingdom. The King is at Rome, but 500 French still hold St. Angelo. General Mack is gone to Civita Castellana, where 13,000 French have taken post. Mack's force with him is 20,000 young men, but with few exceptions wretchedly officered. If the French are not soon driven from this Post, which is very strong by nature, Mack must fall back to the Frontier on the side of Ancona The French have drove back, to say no worse, the right wing of the King's army, and taken all their baggage and artillery.

The Emperor has not yet moved, and his Minister Thugut is not very anxious to begin a new war, but if he does not, Naples and Tuscany must fall in two months.

I shall be happy if you will honour me with your commands at any time here or elsewhere, being with the highest respect,

Your most obliged servant,

NELSON.

Lord Keith to Sir Charles Stuart.

GIBRALTAR, *Dec.* 23, 1798.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Everything good and pleasant to you gives me real pleasure; therefore let me congratulate you on the acquisition of Minorca, of more consequence to me, because it came by you.

I am commanded by the Prince of Wales to procure for his Regiment as many good musicians as I can and to enlist them, because he finds it is impossible to get men in England who are not soldiers. They will be liberally dealt with; may I therefore request if by chance you have men of this class more than is wanted to let H.R.H. have such good men as can be spared, Germans in preference.

I am come to be of the Fleet, and am ordered off Cadiz at present, but how long I may continue here

seemed uncertain when I left England; in the meantime it would give me great satisfaction to obey your commands.

Farewell, my dear General,

I am most sincerely and affectionately yours,

KEITH.

The success of the Neapolitan Army was short-lived, the vainglorious entry into Rome their only triumph. In the first serious encounter with the French under Championnet they were hopelessly beaten, and the whole force was soon in full retreat towards Naples.

The popularity of the dynasty could not survive the spectacle of a defeated and fleeing King, and fearful of the violence of the revolutionary party in the capital, the Sicilian Majesties hastily sought the protection of the British Minister and his wife. Sir William Hamilton thus describes the situation:

Sir William Hamilton to Sir Charles Stuart.

"VANGUARD," NAPLES BAY, *Dec.* 22, 1798.

I had the honour of receiving your obliging letter from Mr. Richardson three days ago; he came to Naples at a very unfortunate moment. The fine Army that had taken possession of Rome, under the command of His Sicilian Majesty, consisting of upwards of 40,000 men, having been by the treachery of the officers and the uncommon cowardice of the men reduced to one-half their number, and except in Abruzzo, making not the least stand.

General Mack, by the last accounts, had retired with his Column to Gessa within a few miles of Capua, and the enemy, altho' inferior in numbers, still pressing upon him. He entreated their Sicilian Majesties not to lose a moment in saving themselves and Royal family by a hasty retreat into Sicily—and Their Majesties are actually on board this Ship—to-morrow we shall sail for Palermo.

You see then, dear Sir, Naples must inevitably be in the hands of the French in a few days, unless the

Emperor's army have marched, and of which we have not had any news.

I am so fatigued with getting off the Royal Family in secrecy and safety, and which never could have been effected without Lord Nelson's prudence and courage, you will excuse my not entering into further particulars at present. It is a cruel case that so fine a Kingdom should be lost, which I fear it is by mere treachery and cowardice.

I have the honour to be, etc.,
W. Hamilton.

The next night, in spite of the fact that a storm was raging, the *Vanguard* put to sea, and the sufferings, mental and physical, of the poor fugitives were only mitigated by the confidence inspired by Lord Nelson and the untiring devotion of Lady Hamilton. The Queen, a sister of Marie Antoinette and daughter of Maria Teresa, who during the recent crisis had displayed much more self-control than her consort, now became prostrate and absolutely dependent on Lady Hamilton's protection.

The latter proved herself capable of real unselfishness, and when, during the voyage, the youngest of the Princes was seized with convulsions, she was his devoted nurse till he died in her arms.

Nelson, indignant at the failure of the campaign, wrote in scornful terms to Sir C. Stuart:

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

Palermo, *Jan.* 7, 1799.

My dear Sir,

Although I could not think the Neapolitans to be a nation of warriors, yet it was not possible to believe that a kingdom, 50,000 troops, and good-looking, could have been overcome by 12,000 men, without anything that could be called a battle,—certainly not 100 Neapolitans have been killed—but such things are, if I have not been dreaming. Poor Mack came on board the *Vanguard* on the 28th. My heart bled for him. He is

worn to a shadow. On the 3rd at night 8000 French attempted to force Mack's Lines at Capua, in which were 25,000 men. They did not succeed. This is all we know. I do not flatter myself that all that remain are good men and true—I trust they may be. The nobles of Naples, I speak as the Queen tells me, are endeavouring to negotiate a truce with the French, and have offered to exclude the present King from the Throne, and to form a Republic under the French protection. There is another party, who wish that the Duke of Parma, who is married to a Spanish Princess, should be King under French and Spanish protection. How it will end God only knows. I keep the *Alcmena* to give you the latest news from Naples.

The conduct of the Emperor is to me extraordinary; the loss, at least of his Italian dominions, will be the natural consequence. Tuscany must drop from his Family, whether a month sooner or later is of little importance. You have seen the movements of the Austrian Armies—so have I—and found, unfortunately, all their Generals "Traders," by making the most of their commands by oppressing the poor soldiers.

I feel very much, my dear General, for your situation in the valuable possession which your excellent judgement placed under the Dominion of His Majesty, and, believe me, that I shall have the greatest pleasure in doing everything in my power you can wish me.

I am endeavouring to bring matters to a close, both in Egypt and in Malta. Either one or the other will enable me to give Commander Duckworth two Sail of the Line from hence. I have nominally a great force, but anybody is welcome to both the Neapolitan and Portuguese Ships.

The *Vanguard* is at Palermo, their Sicilian Majesties desiring me not to leave them, but the moment you want me I fly to your assistance, for, ever believe me, with the greatest respect, esteem, and regard,

Your most faithful,

NELSON.

The following note is dated Palermo, January 19, 1799:

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

My dear Sir,

The new order of things is pretty near settled at Naples, and I believe the whole Kingdom will soon be called the Parthenope Republic. I wish it may not shake the Monarchy of this Island.

The Emperor will repent his unhappy conduct too late.

With every kind regard, believe me, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful,

Nelson.

The French Army entered Naples on January 23, after meeting with desperate but unorganised resistance from the Lazeroni, or peasants. These, and a force called the Christian Army, under the command of Cardinal Ruffo, alone remained faithful to their allegiance, the nobles of Naples, under the leadership of Prince Caraccioli, having declared for the Republic.

In the meantime, as the following note (enclosed by Mr. Wyndham* with a letter from himself) from the Russian Minister announces, a Russian force was soon to be in a position to attack the French.

From the Russian Minister to Mr. Wyndham.

Monsieur, Florence, *Feb.* 4, 1799.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I announce to your Excellency in the most authoritative manner, that His Imperial Majesty, my august Master, has commanded that a very considerable number of his troops should march immediately to Italy, there to act against the French, and especially give their assistance to the King of Naples. Several vessels have quite recently started from the Black Sea " en route " for the Mediterranean, and everything announces a firm and noble resolution to oppose with the utmost vigour the schemes of the French Govt.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, etc.,

C. G. Mocenigo.

* British Minister at the Grand Ducal Court of Tuscany.

Mr. Wyndham to Sir Charles Stuart.

FLORENCE, *Feb.* 7, 1799.

SIR,

I have had the honour to receive two dispatches from you, the first obligingly giving me information of the ill-success of the Neapolitan army, and of your intention of sending a packet Vessel every month to Leghorn, the second enclosing a letter from the Pope.

In regard to my opinion whether the Minorquins may remain in the Port of Leghorn without hindrance or molestation, I can only answer that so long as the Grand-Duke is permitted to remain Sovereign of Tuscany there can be no doubt but that they will receive all the freedom and hospitality of a neutral Port, but I cannot take upon me to say how long that may last.

Surrounded by democratic Republics, with a French army at the Confines eager for plunder, and scarce restrained by orders of the Directory from taking possession of this entirely defenceless State, openly threatened by the Jacobins in power, His Royal Highness has everything to fear, and from all appearances we are on the eve of a Revolution, not from the inhabitants, who are a loyal and well disposed people, but from the force of the French armies and French influence which has pervaded a small class of Tuscans, but the most enterprising and rapacious.

The circumstance of a large Russian army being on their way to this country, and expected here almost daily, will inevitably bring on a more serious war than the French have experienced with the Italians, will probably draw in the Emperor, and this country in all likelihood will be revolutionised and plundered by the French before the assistance can arrive.

The French, who are in force at Lucca, can be at Leghorn in 24 hours.

I have the honour to enclose you an official Note which I received from Count Mocenigo, the Emperor of Russia's Minister Plenipotentiary at this Court, concerning the arrival of troops of his country. Those

which come by sea may be daily expected; those which come by land are arrived some days since at Salzburg.

With these circumstances you will judge yourself if the Minorquins are likely to be secure in Leghorn. . . .

I have had the honour to send your letter to the Pope, who is very ill, and has been in great danger.

The Pope and the King of Sardinia (who is here) have both received orders from the French to go to Sardinia; the Pope's illness annulls the order, as it relates to His Holiness, and the caprice of the French has caused a counter order for the King's departure.

The King is an absolute prisoner here, guarded by a French Company. An Armament is equipping at Calvi, either for Elba or Sardinia.

Lord Nelson and Sir W. Hamilton write me word that Malta is expected to fall daily, and that Bonaparte's army is at its last stake. General Berthier and 2000 French have been massacred by the Natives at Cairo,* which is no longer in the hands of the French.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
W. Wyndham.

The following is from Sir John Acton to Lord Nelson:

Palermo, *Feb.* 11, 1799.

My Lord,

I am ordered by His Sicilian Majesty to acquaint Your Excellency that a printed notification made in Naples by the French General Championnet in date of 27th Jan. last declares positively to all the Inhabitants of that Kingdom, that the Monarchy is there destroyed, that the French Army is assuming the denomination of "the Army of Naples," is come to that Capital, and shall remain there to maintain amongst them (in their usual style) the conservation of their conquered Liberty by the French arms. . . . The same notification mentions the creation of Republican Authority in Naples, to

* A false rumour. Berthier did not die till 1815.

govern that Country and defend it. The French Colours are hoisted on the Castles, and we hear that a Frigate and four Galliotes are arming for the Republicans. It is with sorrow that His Sicilian Majesty must consider at present those once beloved subjects as Rebels while under the Force of the Enemy, who shall employ them in every possible manner against the interests and security of His Majesty, out of the faithful subjects under His authority, especially in the Kingdom of Sicily.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

JOHN ACTON.

From the Consul at Leghorn to Sir Charles Stuart.

Feb. 12, 1799.

I embrace a favourable opportunity that has offered of the departure of the Tartar, Capt. Todory, for Mahon, to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellence's last letter of the 12 Dec. containing the agreable news of the Island of Minorca being in full possession of His Majesty's Troops, and I congratulate myself with your Excellency for so favourable an acquisition, which will be attended with infinite advantage to His Majesty's trading subjects.

Our situation here seems very critical and uncertain since the French have taken possession of Naples and the State of Lucca, the latter place in the center of Tuscany, and so near us that we expect this place may be invaded soon, and become the prey to the enemy with all the immense English and American property.

There is an expedition going on in Corsica, a French Frigate arrived some time past with several Transports of Provisions, ammunitions, and sailed for certain to take possession of the Island of Elba,—tho' many believe Sardinia.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

JOHN UDNEY.

Nelson was still at Palermo, where the prospects of the Sicilian Sovereigns showed no sign of improvement. He writes to Lord St. Vincent:

Lord Nelson to Lord St. Vincent.

PALERMO, *Feb.* 13, 1799.

MY DEAR LORD,

Our news from Calabria is very bad, as most of the Towns have erected the Tree of Liberty, and it approaches the coast towards Sicily, and in this Island are many discontented people who have shown themselves in various places in a manner contrary to law and nearly approaching rebellion. Thus situated, who can say that the chance is not that the Royal Family will not be obliged once more to take refuge under the British Flag. I have letters from Mr. Wyndham at Florence of Feb. 7th, he represents the situation of Tuscany as very critical. The French make no scruple of declaring their intention of revolutionising the Grand Dutchy. His Excellency has requested Capt. Louis to remain at Leghorn until it is seen whether the scoundrells of French, not contented with turning the King of Sardinia out of Piedmont, intended seizing his person after he left Leghorn by some of their Privateers, and to carry him to Corsica, for if they can help it His Majesty will never get to Sardinia. Capt. Louis has been applied to for to permit the *Terpsichore* to go, as if by accident, in company with the Vessel, for to such a state of degradation is this Monarch reduced to, that he dare not publicly accept of the offer of the protection of the British Flag. The moment the *Terpsichore* arrives, she shall go off to Gibraltar.

His Holiness is dead.* The French ordered him, although being in Tuscany, to quit that country and repair to Sardinia, and when he represented his ill state of health, Saliceti† was present when the old Man's blisters were taken off to see he did not sham. However, he is at rest from all his cares and troubles, and in truth he is to be envied.

As to myself, I see but gloomy prospects look which

* This rumour turned out to be premature; the Pope did not die till some weeks later.

† Saliceti, the Commissioner attached by the Directory Government to the army of Italy.

way I will. We have accounts that 60,000 Russians are arrived at Salzburg, the German side of the Tyrol. But as the Austrians have *been going* to march the whole war, so they will, I fear, arrive too late in Italy. At present I see but little prospect of the fall of Malta, several vessels with provisions are got in; Ball is indefatigable, and has great hopes.

In short, my dear Lord, everything makes me sick to see things go to the Devil, and not to have the means of prevention.

El Corso is just going to Corfu to try to get some Turks and Russians to come to Messina.

Mutine was to have gone, but she is found in want of so many repairs that I must send her to Coffin at Minorca. I hope very soon to hear of Troubridge; I shall rejoice to see him again.

God bless you, my dear Lord, etc.,

NELSON.

Lord Keith to Sir Charles Stuart.

TETUAN BAY, *Feb.* 14, 1799.

DEAR GENERAL,

Many thanks for your letter. We hear you are about to be attacked; if so, I wish I were with you, to try our fate together. Our prospects in the Mediterranean are much clouded of late, and I fear we shall feel their influence hereabouts.

You ask me what is to become of me; I answer to cruise off Cadiz, which was not the intention of my coming here, but Lord St. Vincent has changed his mind, and does not think of going home, as I was led to believe, and brought out his leave with me for that purpose, but circumstanced as I am with the Admiralty, I ask nothing, and am satisfied if they imagine I am doing any good; let me hear of you at your leisure.

And believe me affectionately,

KEITH.

The papers would tell you I had lost my old Mother, aged 81. I have had no letters, but read it in a paper of Jan. 3rd.

Lord Keith to Sir Charles Stuart.

"BARFLEUR," OFF CADIZ, *Feb.* 22, 1799.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

In the first circumstance let me congratulate you on becoming a brother Knight, which I am told is the case, and feel proud of such a companion.

We understand you are to be attacked, and I wrote to my Chief certain ideas, but if it is really so, I think you will do well to give us notice as to the time, places etc. the blow will come; of this you will guess by the nature of the vessels, number, and places of their assembly; it is not unlikely they will rendez-vous at Majorca; if so, they are nowhere safe against a Fleet. But our news is that the French have demanded access to Portugal, or an immediate War—how true I do not vouch, being fixed off this place where we hear nothing that is true. I have written Colonel Graham some reflections about the Port of Mahon; it is worth your while looking at.

The *St. Vincent* Cutter with the horrid news of Naples only left me yesterday; we expect a convoy from England every day.

Ceylon comes to Portugal, the Nation in despair, and English Merchants thinking of moving off with their effects.

I have a Cutter at Faro for letters; I shall keep this open that I may send yours on, and tell you what I hear.

Most affect. yours,

KEITH.

P.S.—I have letters from Britain of the 9th Feb. The Irish Union is the topic. I hear James Stuart Wortley's Regt. goes to Canada the 26th (yours) elsewhere. Some other Fencible Regts. have also offered.

Lord Keith to Sir Charles Stuart.

GIBRALTAR, *Feb.* 28, 1799.

Nothing new by the Cutter from Lisbon, no English Paquet had arrived there; you are more in the way to hear if it is true that Malta surrendered on the 10th Nov.,

that the Neapolitans are in the Roman Dominions, the King of Sardinia a prisoner to the French, who have declared War on that Kingdom and Naples, and that many troops are assembling at Barcelona to attack you. All this we hear from Lisbon.

If the latter part is true, your ships should be in Alenida or the next Bay to it; the name is at this moment out of my memory, if you look at the map you will see my meaning, but, of course, you will not use my name.

I am yours most sincerely,

KEITH.

Sir William Hamilton writes to his relative, Colonel Graham, in Minorca, to acquaint him with the desperate prospect of affairs in Sicily, where treachery and the revolutionary spirit combine to render the position of the Sicilian Royalties very insecure; he says:

From Naples we know nothing officially since the 27th of last month. The *Mutine*, Capt. Hoste, returned here yesterday from the Bay of Naples, but could have no kind of communication with the shore, as whenever he approached, and before he was within reach of the guns, all the batteries fired at him. Capt. Hoste says that the French tricolour was flying at all the Castles, and not that of the new Republic that we were told was called the Vesuvian Republic, white, blue, and yellow.

The Lazaroni fought bravely for three days, but were overpowered by the French and Neapolitan Jacobins, who had Prince Moliterno at their head. This Court flattered itself that the Calabrians would have opposed the French measures vigourously, but, alas! Cardinal Ruffo, who was sent from here on the 7th March with full powers from his Vicar General, writes word that Calabria Cita had followed the example of the Capital, and acknowledged the new Republic before he arrived, and that several Towns of lower Calabria had also planted the Tree of Liberty by the advice of the Priests as the

only means of saving these Provinces from being over run and plundered by the French.

The Cardinal found no troops assembled, and the Priests preaching submission to their Parishioners, so that I look upon the whole Kingdom of Naples by this time as revolutionised, and although the Sicilians hate the French, yet discontents in many parts, as at Catania, Melazzo, and Trapani, no doubt encouraged by the French and Jacobin party, have already been manifested, and troops are marched from hence to quell the riots. This Govt. think Messina so insecure with its present garrison that 500 men are going from hence this night to relieve the suspicious garrison in the citadel of Messina.

In short, if the Emperor of Germany does not march his army into Italy or some other accident draw off the French from these parts, I much fear that their Sicilian Majesties may be obliged to take refuge again on board the *Vanguard*.

We are flattered with the hope that the Emperor of Russia is sending a considerable body of troops to the assistance of this Court, but our great confidence is in the protection of the King's Squadron under brave and indefatigable Lord Nelson.

At the present moment His Lordship's Squadron is employed in so many parts that we have here only two Ships of the Line, and Malta does not seem inclined to surrender yet. By every account from Egypt it is probable that it is nearly over with Bonaparte's army, and that the British ships employed in the Blockade of Alexandria may soon return to Ld. Nelson. As to the Grand Duke of Tuscany he is menaced also with a French invasion, and a ship of the Line and a Frigate remain at Leghorn to assist that Court in case of accident. As for myself I am really so worn out and vexed at being witness to so much treachery and cowardice, and feel that I could be of more use to their Sicilian Majesties in England than by remaining here, that I am fully determined to profit by the King's leave, which I have had

two years in my pocket, and return in the first Ship that goes down to Gibraltar, in which case we flatter ourselves that we may be able to pay our respects to you at Mahon. It is very trying that whilst Great Britain is at such expense and fatigue to assist its allies, they should do nothing for themselves; on the contrary, they seem to counteract all we do for them. Sicily, abounding in corn, will scarcely give a mouthful to the brave Maltese Insurgents that are fighting for His S. M.

You see I am sufficiently out of humour!

But ever yours,
My dear Sir,
Wm. Hamilton.

Sir William Hamilton's anxiety was more than shared by Lord Nelson, who determined to lay the situation before General Stuart.

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

Palermo, *Feb.* 16, 1799.

What a state we are in here without troops, and the Enemy at the door! for, alas! tho' there are 4000 Neapolitan Regular troops, these are not to be trusted. 13,000 Sicilian troops are raising, and 26,000 Militia, but I fear before these are got together the active French will get possession of Messina, the key to Sicily. There is a good Citadel, and might be defended for a very long time, but there is such treachery that probably it will be given without a shot.

I know, my dear Sir, your situation at Minorca, and I regret that you cannot, I fear, send here and save us, for 1000 English troops in the Citadel of Messina would, I am convinced, save Sicily.

I dare not urge such a thing, but having ventured to mention this subject, I leave it to your excellent judgement. With every sentiment of respect,

Believe me, your most obliged and faithful servant,
Nelson.

CHAPTER XXIII

AN APPEAL FROM SICILY

STUART's decision was taken without even referring the matter home. He realised that he must act at once, and taking with him two British regiments, he embarked for Palermo, arriving March 10. In a few weeks he was able to restore confidence amongst the Sicilians, organise their military resources, and leave the island reassured as to its capacity to defend itself against invasion. His report to the Secretary of State at War was written on the return journey to Minorca. One person he had confided in before departure; this was Colonel Thomas Graham, and it is interesting to note the statesmanlike judgment of one who, entering the Army late in life, rose rapidly in the Service.*

Colonel Thomas Graham to General Stuart.

MINORCA, *Feb.* 28, 1799.

During my ride to-day I have thought of Sir William Hamilton's letter, and knowing your indulgence I do not scruple to write this, rather to relieve my own mind by the communication than with any expectation of suggesting anything that could escape your observation. . . . Your judgement of the King of Naples, and of the consequences to be expected from such pusillanimity, is incontravertible—but laying aside the consideration of his interests and looking at the situation of Sicily merely as it regards us, it strikes me

* Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) of Balgowan at the age of forty-five joined Lord Hood's fleet as a volunteer in 1793, at the siege of Toulon, with the hope that active service might distract his mind from grief at the loss of his beautiful wife. He acted as A.D.C. to Lord Mulgrave, and so greatly distinguished himself that he decided to adopt a military career.

as an object of the highest importance to prevent, if possible, its falling into the hands of the French.

If it does, I should consider not only Malta, but the settlement of the French in Egypt as secure.

I am well aware that no adequate means can be in your power—but whether a good, even a great effect, by inspiring confidence from the hopes of further support, might not be produced by a very trifling aid, whether such could be afforded, and whether the risk, in every view, would be so small as to justify the experiment, are questions which the urgency of the case prompt me to submit freely to your consideration.

What Sir William said of the Garrison of Messina particularly suggested to me the idea of the possible benefit to be derived by a small body of Troops, that is to be entirely depended on, being thrown into that most important point—for if the first effect of panic and treachery could be counteracted, it will require much time for the French to prepare a serious attack against the Island.

Excuse me, and believe me most faithfully yours,

THOS. GRAHAM.

Commodore Duckworth to Sir Charles Stuart.

PORT MAHON, *Feb.* 28, 1799.

SIR,

I am this moment honoured with yours, and am convinced that no relief equal to your own presence can so effectually contribute to set Lord Nelson's mind at rest; I therefore have appointed the *Cormorant* for your own purposes, without you would prefer the *Aurora* as larger, but I feel it will be impossible for the whole to sail till Saturday morning, as the state the troop ships are in must require a day with the utmost exertion to make them complete; however, in this, and in every part of the transaction, if you will signify your wishes, I shall have pleasure in fulfilling them to the best of my ability.

And I have the honour to be,

Your most obedient and sincere humble servant,

J. DUCKWORTH.

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

PALERMO, *March* 27, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

I grieve at your indisposition, and will be with you to-morrow morning at 9 ocl. The transports are here, and the wood on board. The *Dolphin* has her orders to sail the moment the weather permits. An order is issued for supplying all vessels sent by you with whatever Sicily produces.

All the Royal Family are, I assure you, full of gratitude for your certain Salvation of this Island.

Ever, my dear Sir,
Believe me,
Your obliged,
NELSON.

For some little time previous to the date of this last letter matters had begun to improve in Italy. The armies of the Directory were being driven back by the combined Austrian and Russian forces under the able generalship of the Archduke Charles and Suvarrof, and before the end of April MacDonald (who had replaced Championnet in the command of the French troops) was ordered to evacuate Naples, leave only a few hundred men to garrison St. Elmo, Gaeta, Capua, and bring the bulk of his force to the assistance of Moreau and the main French army.

On the retirement of MacDonald, Cardinal Ruffo occupied Naples, and the King hastened from Sicily to take possession of his recovered dominions.

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

March 30, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

I send you Mr. Wyndham's letter, which pray return when read. The news from the Xtian army in Calabria is very good by the Cardinal's own account. He begs the King to come to him or send the Prince Royal, and if he could bring 2000 English with him, he promises him to replace him in his Capital in a fortnight.

Of all this you will believe as much as you please. I hope your gout is better. All in this house join in wishing you a speedy riddance of it with, my dear Sir,

Your obliged,

NELSON.

Sir William Hamilton to Sir Charles Stuart.

PALERMO, *April* 13, 1799.

I hope your Excellency got back to Minorca perfectly recovered from your fatigues and indisposition.

The hints you was pleased to give in writing relative to the putting this Island in a proper state of defence, I communicated soon after your departure to General Acton, who has laid them before Their Sicilian Majesties, and I am desired to return your Excellency many thanks in their name, for this fresh mark of your attention to their interests.

Having received a letter from Colonel Stewart mentioning the difficulty of procuring for bills at Messina, and his wish that at least the outworks of San Salvador might be demolished, I sent his letter directly to General Acton, and you will find by General Acton's answer that everything was immediately regulated according to the Colonel's wishes.

Since you left us affairs seem to be taking a good turn in favour of Their Sicilian Majesties. Cardinal Ruffo's army in Calabria augments daily, and is said now to be more than 30,000 strong. His Eminence is marching towards Salerno to join another body of people that have risen in favour of H. S. M. near Salerno.

The French sent 1500 men against those of Salerno, only 300 are returned, most of them wounded.

Another large body of the people of Abruzzo, under the command of an outlawed Priest and notorious Murderer, are marching towards Gaeta in favour of the King of Naples.

Lord Nelson has sent Captain Troubridge in the *Culloden* with three other British Ships of the Line, and the Portuguese, with some frigates, to take possession

of all the Islands, and to block Naples completely. The *San Leone* Brig is just arrived with Letters from Captain Troubridge of yesterday's date. . . . He is in possession of all the Islands, and has already opened communications with Cardinal Ruffo and the Loyalists near Salerno, and has sent a vessel to Gaeta to communicate, if possible, with the outlawed Priest of Abruzzo, called the Grand Diavolo.

I have just talked with three Swiss officers that escaped from Naples. They say the French there are certainly no more than 2500 . . . that the People are universally for the King, and that the French do not put their trust in the Jacobin Neapolitan Army, which are 20,000 men, but have taken possession of all the castles.

You see, Sir, if the promised Russians were to arrive soon, the business would soon be done, and we do not think it improbable, but that the Cardinal on the one side, and the Grand Diavolo on the other, and the brave Troubridge by sea may do the business before the arrival of the Russians, and which we most sincerely wish.

The officers from Naples said that the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and His Family are gone to Vienna, that the French are in possession of Tuscany and Porto Ferreiro, and the Pope has been sent to Besançon.

I shall soon have the opportunity of giving your Excellency further accounts from Naples, as in a few days Lord Nelson will send another vessel to Minorca and Gibraltar.

I have the honour to be,
Sir, Your Excellency's most obedient servant,
WM. HAMILTON.

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

PALERMO, *April* 13, 1799.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I sincerely hope that long before this time you have forgot the gout, and are as well as all here sincerely wish. As Sir William writes on the subjects of your very important and interesting letter left with him, I shall

not enter more on the subject than to say it seems to give the greatest satisfaction, and I know part of your plans are ordered to be put in execution.

You have, my dear General, done more for the preservation of Sicily than all the Ministers could have in 7 years; indeed, except Acton, they are a set of coxcombical fools!

I have this moment news from Naples Bay; the Xtian Army is only 40 miles from Naples, where the French are in the greatest alarm.

If the Russians would but arrive, the King would soon be on his throne again.

Ever, my dear Sir Charles,
Your most obliged Friend,
NELSON.

Sir Charles Stuart in an official dispatch to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Secretary of State for War, lays before him the results of the expedition.

Sir Charles Stuart to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "AURORA," *April* 15, 1799.

SIR,

In my last letter of the 27 ult. I had the honour to inform you that I had stationed the 30th and 89th Regts. in the Citadel of Messina, under the command of my Adjutant General Lieut. Col. Stewart. The application of Lord Nelson, and Sir W. Hamilton's letters pointing out the distracted state of Sicily, were not the only inducements which led me to assist the King in preserving this essential and important part of His Majesty's Dominions, for I considered the internal resources of the Island, the consequence of its ports to the British Navy, the probability of such a diversion's favouring the approach of the Austrians and Russians from the Tyrol, and the probable effect it might have of stopping the French at Naples; and facillitating our attempts against Malta, but, above all, the certainty of its securing to England a Station, where supplies could be

obtained, and His Majesty's Forces assembled to act either against Italy or Egypt.

Nor could the measures be adopted at a more favourable time with respect to Minorca, for the works, if not entirely finished, only required fuel to render them defenceable. Fuel could alone be procured from Sicily, and as the addition of two weak Regts. did not afford the means of making advantageous descents upon the well-guarded coasts of Spain, or add to the real strength of the Garrison already scarce of Provisions, it appeared in itself a substantial reason for granting the required assistance, provided the productions of Sicily could be really and effectually obtained in return.

Under these impressions, but determined not to hazard any part of His Majesty's Forces in Sicily without a personal examination of the actual State of the country, I proceeded with the British Regts. to Palermo, and was received by Their Sicilian Majesties with a degree of enthusiasm and joy, too characteristic of their unhappy situation.

If they were surprised at my arrival, my determination instantly to proceed to Messina, appeared no less extraordinary, for accustomed as they are to the greatest sloth in their method of transacting business, the Minister had no conception of the rapidity with which this Service might be performed, but being pressed by Lord Nelson and Sir W. Hamilton, the necessary papers were made out, and I was upon my Route in Five hours, with full Powers to command; and make such arrangements in the Eastern part of Sicily as I might judge necessary.

These arrangements made I left the Citadel of Messina garrisoned by His Majesty's Forces, and turned my views towards Malta, where I arrived on the 24th inst.; I examined the different Works surrounding the Harbour of Vallette, and was highly pleased with the very judicious disposition Captain Ball had made to blockade the Enemy; the enthusiasm of the Maltese Peasantry, their attachment to the English, and their love for this respectable officer, joined to the hardships they volun-

tarily underwent, under fire of the enemy, could not fail of being a most interesting scene, and I lamented that I could not agree with him in the sanguine hopes he entertained of Vaubois's speedy surrender. For when I considered that the French had never endeavoured to get rid of the useless and numerous Inhabitants the Towns of Vallette and Victoriosa contained, and reflected that there had been little or no desertion, I was confident that the distresses of the Garrison were exagerated, and that, however, 4000 men were inadequate to the defence of such extensive works, yet if they were supplied even sparingly with provisions, it would require a long Siege and a very superior Army to compel them to capitulate.

On my return to Palermo I found the necessary quantity of fuel for the Troops at Minorca embarked, and the Vessel on the point of sailing; a full Power was at the same time remitted to me, to obtain all such supplies as might be hereafter required and Sicily could afford.

Confined by illness, Their Sicilian Majesties condescended to come on board the Frigate, to bid me farewell, and to manifest in very flattering terms their approbation of the regulation I had established at Messina, expressing an earnest desire that I would signify what other measures were necessary for the security of the Island; this led Sir W. Hamilton to press me for a few observations tending to that object.

I ventured to comply with this request, more to encourage Their Majesties, than from any hope suggestions of mine would be adopted; should they, however, be productive of this and the King express His determination not to abandon His Subjects at the moment of difficulty and danger, the Island is safe; but if listening again to the fears of His Family, and the wretched timid Councils of a corrupted Court, He flies the Country, I have every reason to believe He will lose His Crown; not that the Sicilians, however discouraged by Their Sovereign's pusilanimous conduct, will fall an easy prey

to the French, for I firmly believe that they will unite in their efforts against the Enemy, and founding their hopes of succour from England upon the assistance they have already obtained, sollicit protection and further support from His Majesty to render their resistance effectual.

I shall only add that whatever may eventually prove the result of this undertaking, I have risked little to gain considerably, a conduct which appears to me more beneficial to the general Service than remaining inactive, or risking considerably when little is to be gained.

I have the honour to be,

CHAS. STUART.

Lord Nelson to Sir Charles Stuart.

PALERMO, *April* 28, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

By the *Mutine* I was favoured with your letter of the 17th, till when I did not know that the King had intended to make a present of the wood; however, I instantly put the matter right, and your Commissary shall pay for it; I perfectly agree with you that no presents should be received, and to this hour I can say that I have never received anything of which proper lists have not been exchanged, in order to their being paid for, and, as for myself, I wrote General Acton a letter which he could lay before Their Majesties declining any present for myself, which I know was intended.

Our news from the continent is good, and I believe for the most part true. On the Rhine the Arch-duke Charles has forced Jourdan to recross it. The Swiss in revolution; on the Adige, General Scherer has been defeated, and forced to retreat into Mantua; in consequence of these events, nearly all the French troops have left Tuscany.

All the French troops, except 500, left Naples for Capua on the 22nd, taking with them sick, cannon, etc. Those left in possession of St. Elmo which it is supposed would be evacuated the 24th.

Many of the principal Jacobins are gone off; therefore Troubridge tells me he thinks his next letters will be from Naples. So far this is good; I sincerely hope it will continue. Captain Edmonds has this moment told me that he heard for a fact at Messina that authentic accounts had arrived of the landing of some Russian troops on the Adriatic to join the Cardinal.

Believe me, my dear Sir Charles,

Your faithful Servant,

NELSON.

CHAPTER XXIV

SITUATION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Colonel Henry Oakes to Sir Charles Stuart.

BEDDINGTON, NEAR CROYDON,
April 19, 1799.

THO' I do not suppose it probable or scarcely likely that you will be in the Island of Minorca when this reaches it, yet as I think from the changes of affairs on the Continent there is a chance of your being still in the Mediterranean, I wou'd on no account omit communicating to you the circumstances that have happened to me since I left you, or my future intentions relative to my return to Minorca, which I am most anxious (as well as every other action of my life) shou'd meet your approval.

I arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th ult. after a fine passage of four days, when I instantly delivered your Dispatch to Lord St. Vincent, telling him also that I had a letter from you to Mr. Dundas, which I conceived to be of the same purport as his own.

He detained me only two hours, gave me his Dispatches to Mr. Nepean, and I sailed again in the same Cutter about 8 ocl. that night; arriving at Plymouth on the 5th of this month, after a most anxious and unfavourable passage.

I landed at 4 p.m., and instantly made the best of my way to London, where I arrived on the 7th at 8 ocl. in the morning. I first went to the Admiralty, delivered Ld. St. Vincent's Dispatches to Mr. Nepean, who opened them before me, and I found His Lordship had enclosed to him the whole of your Dispatches I had delivered to him at Gibraltar.

I went on from the Admiralty to Mr. Dundas at

Wimbledon, to whom I handed your Dispatch, as also your private letter. When Mr. Dundas had read them, he asked particularly about your health, and supposed from what you wrote that you were on your way home; I told him that the day I left Minorca you had sailed in the morning with the 30th and 89th Regts., I imagined, for Sicily, but that no-one knew for certain the place of your destination. He expressed great surprise! saying your dispatch did not mention this circumstance, and that he was confident I must have another letter for him, or that I must have left it behind. I assured him neither was the case. Here I described to him the suddeness and haste of your departure, and told him you had wrote fully upon the subject to Lord St. Vincent.

I saw Mr. Dundas the following Wednesday at the Levee; he again told me he was sure I had left another letter for him on the table at Minorca. Another question he asked me was, if you had got the Order of the Bath, and seemed anxious to know if you liked it.

On my return from Wimbledon I saw Col. Brownrigg, to whom I delivered your letter as well as that to the Duke of York; the next morning I had the pleasure of being received by H.R.H. in the most gracious manner, which I chiefly attribute to the letters you was so kind as to write in my favour. H.R.H. talked to me upwards of half an hour entirely about yourself and the Army in Minorca, amongst other things he pointedly asked me if you had got the Ribbon and if you was pleased with it? Knowing your just sentiments on this head, I was at a loss what answer to make without giving him offence. I said I believed it, but had had no communication with you on the subject; indeed, from what I can learn, they all seem very anxious to know how you will receive this gift from Royalty.

The Duke told me two Regts. were immediately to be sent to Gibraltar, and two more to Minorca; those destined for the latter place were the 8th and 79th.

His Majesty's first question to me at the Levee was after your health, and afterwards about Stuart's Regt.

HENRY OAKES.

P.S.—It is again universally said that you are to have the Command in India.

The Duke of Northumberland to Sir Charles Stuart.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, *July* 24, 1799.

I cannot see a paragraph in the paper announcing your being appointed Governor of Minorca without troubling you with my congratulations on the occasion. In turning over some old papers at Syon a few days ago, I found a letter to my Grand-father, who was Governor of Minorca, containing an account of the value of the Govt. sent him by a Col. Tichborne from the Island. There is likewise a very ill-worded and ill-spelt short sketch of the Constitution of the Island, if you think these might be of any use to you, I will have them copied.

Accounts are just arrived that the combined Fleets of Spain and France, which sailed on the 30th of last month from Cartagena, appeared to the Eastward of the Rock of Gibraltar on the 7th instant, at which time Lord North was cruising in the Gulf of Genoa; we may expect, therefore, to hear from them soon. I think after letting this Fleet in and out of the Mediterranean, we shall not have our naval friends boasting quite so much of what they have done.

The Expedition to Holland* is still preparing. Its destination and commander have already been changed three or four times, and this news may occasion another alteration. Two days ago it was certainly determined that the Duke of York should command it in person. Yesterday I know a messenger was sent down for Lord L., who may be fixed upon to command it to-day. God

* It had been settled that, the British and Russians co-operating, an attempt should be made to reconquer Holland for the House of Orange. Abercromby was finally appointed to the command, his instructions being "to go to Holland and do something." The expedition ended in failure and capitulation on October 18, 1799.

only knows! but I am sure no good can come of such indecision.

I am sorry to find that the two Imperial Courts are beginning to disagree, and that the Court of Vienna is more than a little out of humour with us here. The fact is that altho' the coalesced Powers may agree well in hunting the Lion, the Partition of the Skin afterwards will occasion a great deal of misunderstanding and confusion. The three Courts of London, Vienna, and Petersburgh are already begining to be jealous of each other's intentions, and you will easily guess what is to be expected from such a Coalition.

I had a letter from an Austrian General, who says in very bad French, " de vous à moi, sans la Cavalerie Autrichenne, qui, conduite par Mélas, est tombée sur l'enemie, la belle Victoire du 19 Juin serait determinée en défaite; les Russes etaient tournés et battus. Ce Swarrow est brave mais très imprudent."*

Adieu, my dear General,

Yours most faithfully,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Sir Charles Stuart to Lord Moira.

BATH, *July* 31, 1799.

MY DEAR LORD,

I confess myself jealous of your silence, because I valued your friendship most sincerely, but the feelings I had when I conceived you no longer regarded me with your former partiality had nothing to do with the Childish unmeaning attachments of mankind, for I shall equally esteem and admire you, while I regretted the loss of a communication necessary to my happiness, and not to be replaced. You have now with your usual goodness of Heart done away these impressions in the kindest manner, and write when and what you will, or not at all, they will never return!

One week longer in the Mediterranean and I never

* Suwarrow and Mélas defeated the French, under Macdonald and Victor, on the Trebbia, and previously at Magnano, on April 4, obliging them to retire into Tuscany.

should have lived to see this country, but my recovery has been as rapid as my return was necessary, for I find myself more equal to any service at the present moment than when I was sent upon the late Expedition.

You do me justice, my dear Lord, in thinking me neither mean, or a flatterer, perhaps I err on the other side by being too proud to conform to abuses which are reckoned by most men the common consequences of our existences, or at least tolerated as such; for instance, I cannot bear, altho' the Duke of York is a favourite and Prince of the Blood, that without experience he should be entrusted to lead the Flower of these Kingdoms where opposition is even to be apprehended, and however the King and his Ministers may be sanguine in their expectations, they ill serve the Country by such an appointment, unless they engage you at the same time to direct his proceedings.

Do not misunderstand me, such a Task is ill suited to your mind, but what is to be done, when with a just title to a much higher situation, it may be the only opening left to prevent the wanton effusion of British Blood, and to save the Country from impending disgrace.

The Duke of York had just been appointed to the Chief Command of the Expedition to the Helder, the campaign that ended in retreat and disaster a few months later, quite as much owing to the mismanagement of the War Department as to the inexperience of the Duke.

Colonel Brownrigg to General Sir Charles Stuart.

Aug. 29, 1799.

As I am to have the honour of attending the Duke of York to Holland in my present capacity of Secretary, I trust I shall have an opportunity previously of paying my personal respects to you, and if I should not be thought presumptuous, there are one or two points on which I would entreat the favour of you to give me information.

They relate to the system you have been in the habit of pursuing in regard to the Commissariat, Pay-master

General, and expenditures in the Medical Dept. of the Armies that have been under your command, inasmuch as it relates to their being supplied with money, and their accounting to the C. in C. for their expenditure.

I know that H.R.H. will be happy to adopt the system that everyone is loud in praise of, and that you have established with so great advantage to the service.

I fear I may be taking a liberty in making this request, but you will, I trust, believe that my doing so proceeds from my anxiety for due correctness being observed in the conduct of H.R.H.'s Command in these respects, which I may be supposed to be more immediately connected with, and will forgive me for applying to the only source that can give me instructions deserving of being held up to H.R.H. as an example.

Nelson had determined that not a ship or a man of Bonaparte's army imprisoned in Egypt should ever escape from thence; it never struck him that the Commander-in-Chief of that force would desert his troops and secretly steal back to France. This is what Napoleon did, and his reappearance on the European scene effected an immediate change in the situation.

By a *coup d'état* on November 9 the Directory Government in France gave way to a new Constitution at the head of which three Consuls were appointed, Bonaparte being entitled First Consul, with practically supreme power. The presence of Napoleon communicated fresh impetus to the Republican armies, and Pitt and the Allies began to realise they had missed a great opportunity for combined attack by not making more united and sustained efforts while the moving spirit of French aggressiveness was absent.

Stuart had for a long time been urging that an adequate force should be assembled in the Mediterranean, where, in his estimation, the French could be most effectively checked by a combined Austrian and Neapolitan offensive, acting in conjunction with the British. Ministers were inclined to listen, but with their usual infirmity of purpose had allowed themselves to be involved in a fruitless attempt to reconquer Holland, and had used up their resources on the lamentable expedition to the Helder.

However, Dundas sent for Stuart to discuss with him the feasibility of the scheme.

Dundas to Sir Charles Stuart.

DOWNING STREET, *Nov.* 27, 1799.

Before I see you to-morrow I wish you would put down in writing your ideas in what manner for the annoyance of the Enemy an army in the Mediterranean amounting to 20,000 men, exclusive of Garrisons, could be most beneficially employed, and likewise what you think would be the best mode, supposing the offensive army to amount to 25,000 or 30,000 men.

Mr. Pitt also was anxious to have Stuart's opinion on what might be the result of the advent to power of the Consular Govt., and especially of Napoleon's personal ambitions.

Mr. Pitt to Sir Charles Stuart.

BROMLEY HILL, *Dec.* 1, 1799.

Mr. Pitt presents his compliments to Sir Charles Stuart, and, as it appeared to him desirable to extend and alter in some degree the proposed points of Enquiry, he has thought it most convenient to draw up a new memorandum, which he takes the liberty of enclosing, and the substance of which he begs the favour of Sir Charles to substitute for that before prepared.

Enclosure.—To observe the disposition of the French, and particularly of the principal Generals, and of the Armies with respect to the late change. Also, its probable consequences, whether likely to be succeeded by fresh struggles and convulsions, or to fix the Power in the Hands of those now possessed of it.

If the latter, whether the Consuls meditate retaining absolute Power, supported by Military force, in their own hands, either under their present titles or under some new Constitution on principles in some degree Republican, and resting on the Representative System, and in that case what proportion of executive or legislative authority is to be vested in those at the Head of the Govt., and what in Councils or Representative Assemblies.

Whether the Consuls, and Bonaparte in particular, consider them-selves possessed of means to maintain their ascendant, or under any new Constitution? or whether in the event of their considering their own Power precarious, they would on any conditions be induced to contribute to the Restoration of Royalty, rather than run the risk of a new Revolution in favour of the Jacobins?

Whether Bonaparte appears to consider it most for his own interest to prosecute the War, or to make Peace; and whether a general Peace or separate? Particularly whether he entertains the hope of a separate Peace with Austria? and whether he has any intention of making any overtures for Peace with England, at what period and at what price?

Reflections on the European Situation probably submitted to Mr. Pitt by Sir Charles Stuart.

The extension of French influence in Italy is the cause of alarm to all the Cabinets of Europe. Mistress of the Piedmontese Alps, as far as the Adige, she establishes a formidable bulwark against Austrian agression, and further holds that Empire in check by menacing the Tyrol and the Venetian State. She holds Switzerland by her possession of La Valteline, Piedmont, and Lombardy; she has monopolised the manufacture of wool and silk, commands the navigation of the Po, and its tributaries, and has robbed Austria in great part of the trade of the Levant and the Adriatic.

She feeds 40,000 men at the expense of the Italian Republic, and can starve a part of Switzerland by refusing to her the produce of Lombardy and Piedmont. She can close Italian Ports to British Commerce, and control religious opinion by her domination over the Pope; Spain, in this way, is completely in the hands of France.

But—and it is a contingency to be considered, a "Coup de poignard" could in one instant destroy the enormous edifice that Napoleon has built up, and might plunge

France once more into all the anarchy of Civil War; it also might happen that, at the expiration of his term of Consular Power, Bonaparte, who, it must be remembered, is of Italian origin, putting himself at the Head of Republican Italy, might create a State that would constitute itself the rival of France, and by the absorption of Switzerland form a new and dangerous element in the Balance of Power of Europe.

It is to the interest of the Great Allied Powers, who desire to see France return to her former boundaries, to resuscitate the spirit of independence in Italy, to excite their hatred of the French, and make them feel all the humiliation of their present subordination, and if this is done with intelligence, it will not be difficult to find enthusiasts for Italian Independence, men who would work for the national regeneration.

Melzi* has always been a champion of Italian Liberty, and in spite of all the inducements offered him by Napoleon, when the latter wished to place him at the head of the Cis-Alpine Republic, consistently refused to accept a post in any Government which he regarded as a slavish instrument under the control of the French Directory.

All those who were at the Congress of Rastadt observed how he disliked the French, and his Colleagues share his views, which are those of the nation at large. These sentiments will declare themselves openly when a favourable occasion presents itself, when, in fact, the Allied Powers, forgetting their petty jealousies and selfish objects, begin to devote their energies to the accomplishment of the Freedom of Europe.

England and Austria are more than any other Power interested in the execution of this project. If the latter hesitates to employ her military forces, which are still formidable, fearing the jealousies of Prussia and Russia, and if the former does not hold out to Austria the hand of friendship and the pecuniary means to enable her to

* Melzi, a Milanese nobleman of great influence, whom Napoleon sought to attach to his side.

rise from the exhaustion her efforts have entailed, then they must be content to remain spectators of the misfortunes of Europe.

England will have most cause to regret such inertia, for the abasement of Austria would involve the complete enslavement of Continental Europe and enable France to ruin the Commerce and destroy the prosperity of Great Britain. Italy and Switzerland are the important factors in the situation.

These two involuntary Allies of France must be transformed into active enemies, their spirit of self-assertion encouraged, their hopes fostered, their national ambitions countenanced.

Instead of looking down on the Italian Republic with disdain, as tho' she were an insignificant province of France, it would be wise to flatter her self-esteem, shew every mark of consideration, and send her a properly accredited Minister.

One ought to be able to count on the hatred of the Italians for the French. Their overbearing and despotic manner, their flagrant and insulting gallanteries, their self-confidence, all offend the amour-propre of the Italians, and exasperate the temper of a people naturally quick to resentment and intolerant of strangers. This hatred, which manifests itself even in the popular literature, is evidenced in matters of taste and art, and since the French have obtained the mastery in Italy, not a day passes without the blood of one of these so-called " advocates of liberty " being spilt in the street.

The Italians, remembering the great achievements of their nation, weary of the long and humiliating subjection they had experienced for many centuries, looked on the French Revolution as the dawn of the day of deliverance and the establishment of an Italian Republic as the fulfilment of all their dreams. The magic word has brought together all the factions in the nation, cemented the interests of the different small states; this is the moment, therefore, to unite the whole of the Peninsular in a national effort, enable her to throw off

the domination of France, and attach herself to Great Britain. England has nothing to fear from the aggrandisement of a free and independent Italy, whose manufactures and whose shipping can never compete on an equal footing. On the contrary, it is only through this country that she can deal an effective blow at her real enemy, for it is on the side of the Italian frontier that France is vulnerable.

A force landed on the coast of Provence between Toulon and the mouth of the Var would oblige the 1st Consul to concentrate his attention towards the South, would threaten Masséna's communications, and render Moreau's operations on the Rhine very risky. The co-operation of the Austrian Army under Mélas would make Masséna's position one of great danger on the landward side, while at sea the British fleet would menace his base at Genoa.

The above is fragmentary, but sufficient as an indication of the line of thought which prompted General Charles Stuart in his endeavour to secure that a really considerable force should be sent to the Mediterranean, where he considered an effective blow could still be dealt to the French ambitions.

CHAPTER XXV

DEATH OF SIR CHARLES STUART
1800.

Charles Stuart laid his plans before the Ministers, who were at first inclined to adopt the policy indicated, and even went so far as to authorise the General to select his Staff, and superintend the provision of stores and equipment for a force of 20,000 men.

Then followed a period of indecision, largely due to the distressing fact that 20,000 men were not available. Also the First Consul showed an inclination to make peace—had written, indeed, to King George an autograph letter, as one monarch might to another, with an eloquent appeal on the subject.

His communication was formally replied to by Lord Grenville, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in a dispatch addressed to Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Relations, stating firmly that Great Britain could only consider a cessation of hostilities if France were willing to renounce Belgium and return to her former boundaries.

The English Cabinet were right in disbelieving in the sincerity of Bonaparte's move, for simultaneously with the receipt of the letter there was issued a proclamation to the French Armies couched in anything but conciliatory language: "Soldiers! you have conquered Holland, Italy, the Rhine, and dictated Peace under the walls of terrified Vienna! It is no longer your frontiers you are called upon to defend; it is the enemy States that it is necessary to invade!"

So did Napoleon throw down his challenge to Europe, and show the world at large that the Empire he was aiming at was without limits, wide-reaching as that of Charlemagne and Alexander together.

That he was justified in his self-confidence is overwhelmingly evident. Conscious of possessing in his own transcendant personality the necessary energy, capacity, and gift of leadership, he knew also that he could fashion

armies and administrators to carry out his schemes—commanders like Massena, Moreau, Berthier, Lannes, and Junot; officials like Talleyrand and Fouché, as unscrupulous as himself.

Moreover, on looking round at his opponents in Europe, it was but too convincing that Monarchy was represented by the poorest specimens that history can show, not one of them in the same category with himself, intellectually, morally, or physically.

In Russia Catherine the Great had been succeeded in 1796 by the madman Paul; King Christian of Denmark was subject to fits of dementia; Queen Marie of Portugal was insane—her son, the Regent Dom John, had none of the qualities of a ruler; Gustavus III. of Sweden could only be considered an unscrupulous gambler. In Spain the throne of Charles III., one of the best rulers that country had ever known, was occupied by his son Charles IV., a half-wit, with a dangerous wife, Marie Louise of Parma, whose favourite Godoy was helping to ruin the kingdom. A younger brother of Charles, Ferdinand, was King of the two Sicilies; he also was below mediocrity in mind and character, and completely in the hands of his Queen, Caroline, an arch-intriguer, clever enough to make a tool of Lord Nelson, and the fullest use of Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples.

In Austria there had been a change for the worse when Francis, the present Emperor, a weak man of no individuality, succeeded to the throne once occupied by his masterful grandmother, Maria Teresa; from Prussia's monarch Napoleon had nothing to fear; Frederick William II. was destined to suffer the most humiliating depths of degradation, which not even the tears of his beautiful wife could avail to spare him.

Amongst all the crowned heads of Europe, perhaps our own King, George III., though his intellect was from time to time clouded by fits of insanity, shone by contrast; he at any rate consistently supported his Ministers in their determination to resist to the uttermost the aggression of France and the menace of Napoleon's megalomania.

* * * * *

On March 11, 1800, Mr. George Rose, an official at the War Office, writing to Sir Charles Stuart, informed him

that Mr. Marsh had orders to provide a sufficient quantity of provisions for 20,000 men, spirits for the same number, at the rate of one quart a day for every six men for three months, also that the Admiralty had given directions for the transport of the troops. On the same date he received the following letter from Lord Cornwallis in Dublin:

Lord Cornwallis to Sir Charles Stuart.

DUBLIN CASTLE, *March* 11, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

The troops which arrived lately in this country from England are sickly, and from what I hear, not in a very good state for immediate service; I had, however, before I received your letter, been at some pains to select the Regiments that were most likely to be useful to you, viz: 36th, 46th, and 82nd.

You have a little distressed me, by taking from me a very powerful Parliamentary friend, at a time that I am engaged in a most arduous and difficult contest; but as he is anxious to go and would never forgive me if I was to make any objection, I have given my consent, and beg here to recommend him to your favourable notice.

Accept my earnest wishes for your success, and believe me to be with great truth and regard,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,

CORNWALLIS.

It really seemed as if Ministers had arrived at a decision, and were going to act with vigour.

Not at all!

On March 26 the following note arrived from Dundas:

I wish to see you at my Office as soon after 10 ocl. as possible to-morrow. I shall be there at 10; we are to meet Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt; in the meantime I send for your perusal the last letter from Mr. Windham.

This interview was for the purpose of persuading Sir Charles that 5,000 men could do the work of 20,000, and, in short, it was " 5,000 or nothing!" The soldier having

made his calculations on certain data, declined to reduce his estimate of the force necessary to success. As far as he was concerned it was 20,000, or not at all; besides, he totally disagreed with Ministers in their policy, especially in regard to the cession of Malta to the Russians; to him it was little short of madness to contemplate handing over such a valuable port to a doubtful Ally and possible rival.

The discussion was warm, and ended in Charles Stuart declining the command.

Sir Ralph Abercromby reluctantly took his place.

* * * * *

As Charles Stuart walked away from Downing Street to his residence in Whitehall, his feelings can better be imagined than described. Pitt he admired, but why did he leave military matters so entirely in the hands of Dundas?—even that morning he had hurried away to attend to other matters—as if anything could be more vital than the framing some policy, instead of drifting from one idea to another, despatching expeditions to right and left on a system inherited from the elder Pitt, in whose days filibustering paid. Besides, *he* "organised victory," whereas Dundas, the imitator, sent his little packets either too late or so ill-equipped as to have no chance of success.

What was this talk of troops going to Egypt? Let the French rot there, as they must do if left alone; had not the master-mind returned to France? and was he not already springing to the saddle of that grey horse, whose hoofs were to trample the nations of Europe in the dust?

To Charles's imagination rose the vision of Marengo, the justification of Napoleon's challenge; he saw France triumphant, and a dominating personality playing with the peoples as a gambler does with pawns.

The soldier's instinct told him that there was a man of superlative genius for war, the deadly enemy of England, which alone of all the nations defied and thwarted him, and by the mercy of Providence, one chance existed, one hope of thrusting a wedge between his armies and their communications, a weak spot where a paralysing blow might be struck—now, while Austria was still on her feet, now when in Italy the spirit of unity might be blown into a flame, now while at the head

of our Fleet we had a leader who combined fire and strategy.

Looking back to his early experience in America, Stuart remembered how the greatness of one man animated a Continent, and in Napoleon he recognised an even greater force, who, if allowed to fulfil his destiny, might well dominate a world. He seemed, indeed, to be the heir of all the ages, to combine in his person the attributes of a Cæsar with the imagination of an Alexander, and the mission of an apostle announcing a new era for humanity. "Child and Champion of Democracy," as Pitt called him.

With what philosophy he could muster Stuart sat down to his desk and wrote to John Moore, who was to have been his Chief Staff Officer, and told him that his hopes had been dashed, and the expedition was not to be. Other letters also had to be written to various officers, all anxious to serve under him; to Lord Moira, that he could not take his protégé; to his nephew, Lord Bute, who had requested a place on the Staff for the Duke of Portland's son—and then with a sigh he turned to the correspondence entailed by his Governorship of Minorca, where a recalcitrant Bishop was at loggerheads with a long-winded Vicar-General.

Colonel Oakes to Sir Charles Stuart.

MAHON, MINORCA, *March* 3, 1800.

I take the opportunity of sending you a few lines by Lindenthal, who arrived from Malta two days ago, and is going immediately to England by way of Leghorn across the Continent to report the state of that place. As you will no doubt see and converse with him, I will only say that I think he is much too sanguine in his expectation of the French surrendering in the course of six weeks should they not receive supplies; nor can I suppose that Vaubois only wants an excuse to surrender, for it would seem that they are trying to relieve it, as we have most positive accounts by two Cartel Transports that arrived here the 15th of last month from Toulon, that on the 6th Feb. the following French ships, *Le Généreux*, 80 guns; *Le Badine*, 30 guns; *La Sans Pareille*, 20 guns; *La Favette*, 20 guns, sailed from Thence with

3000 troops on board, and that previous to their sailing it was publicly said that they were going to Malta.

It is, however, possible they were going to Genoa or even Alexandria.

You will no doubt know that the Russian Armament consisting of Six Sail of the Line, two Frigates, and between 3 and 4000 men, that had been assembed at Messina for the attack on Malta, sailed from thence back again to Corfu on the 15th Jan., in consequence of the dispute of the two Emperors.

P.S.—I have carried out your commands in regard to the distribution of the gratuity so generously accorded by you from your Prize-money to the various Regts., and herewith enclose the receipts from the respective Colonels.*

It is of some interest to read the letters of General Vaubois and other French officers of the garrison of Valetta (Malta), describing their unenviable position in the besieged city. These are among the correspondence which from time to time fell into the hands of the British by the capture of the vessel conveying them to France.

Bouredon Ransijat, Président de la Commission du Gouvernement de Malte à Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la République Françoise.

MALTE, 14 *Ventose, An* 8.

CITOYEN CONSUL,

Je profite avec empressement de l'occasion du vaisseau le *Guillaume Tell* que l'on fait partir pour France pour me rappeler à votre souvenir.

Je félicite ma Patrie, Citoyen Consul, d'avoir remis entre vos mains les reines du nouveau Gouvernement qui vient d'être établi, parceque je suis convaincu que vous n'en ferez que pour la rendre heureuse en cherchant à réparer toutes les sottises des anciens gouvernements, et à la venger en même temps des revers aussi funestes

* General Stuart appears to have distributed the prize money he was entitled to for the capture of Minorca to the regiments under his command.

que tonnants qui pendant votre absence ses enemies extérieurs lui ont faits essuyer l'année dernière dans ce beau pays, où deux ans auparavant vous aviez remporté de si grands Triomphes.

Quant à nous, nous sommes dans l'affliction depuis que les Anglais nous ont annoncé qu'ils avaient pris ou dispersé le Convoi qui était destiné à nous ravitailler, mais malgré cet évènement malheureux vous pouvez être certain, Citoyen Consul, que quoi qu'il puisse arriver d'après la ferme résolution du digne Général Vaubois, et le bel esprit qui anime toujours la brave Garnison qu'il commande, nous tiendrons encore longtemps et n'abandonnerons cette importante place qu'à la dernière extrémité.

Vaubois, Général de Division, au Quartier Générale, au Citoyen Bonaparte, Ministre de l'Intérieur.

MALTE, *le 2 Germinal* (*March* 22).

Je saisis avec empressement l'occasion, Citoyen Bonaparte de me rappeler à votre souvenir.

Vou m'avez vu en Corse dans de grands embarras; je n'en éprouve pas de moindres dans Malte. Dix-neuf mois de Siège et de Blocus sont faits pour fatiguer. L'oubli total du Gouvernement m'a fait bien souvent gémir sur la cruauté de mon étoile, enfin un changement indispensible vient de me rendre l'espérance. Un Gouvernement vigoureux, l'intérêt d'état succédant a l'intérêt particulier, un héros couvert de gloire, aussi grand politique que grand guerrier; ce changement disje fait renaître les vrais patriotes, les privations ne me sont plus rien, mais venez à notre secours promptement. Le plus sevère économie devient insuffisant avec le temps, le malheureux sort du dernier convoi nous réduit au désespoir. Faites agréer, je vous prie mes respects à votre charmante épouse, et croyez moi avec sincérité et pour la vie, votre devoué

VAUBOIS.

There are also some letters from Egypt which were intercepted in the same way, by English ships prowling about the Mediterranean.

French Officer to his Father.

Au Grand Caire en Egypte,
Le 14 Frimaire, An 7.

J'ai déja hazardé bien des fois, mon cher Papa, de vous donner signe de vie, mais toutes mes lettres ont été interceptées par les Anglais qui ne laissent pas passer la moindre bâtiment faisant voile pour la France. Vous vous représentez difficilement combien il est dur d'être privé de toute communication avec des parents qu'on chérit et qu'on aime . . . au dessus de tout; je ne sait si cela produit sur vous le même effet, pour moi il me tarde d'être au terme des peines, des fatigues et des privations que j'endure dans ce détestable pays, qui est à mon avis le plus exécrable pays du monde habité.

Nous sommes ici comme des déportés sans nul moyen de rentrer en Europe, les débris de notre escadre sont insuffisants et je doute que sans une prochaine paix avec l'Angleterre nous puissions sortir d'ici. Toute l'Armée redoute l'approche de la peste, et si malheureusement elle répand cette année son venin mortel dans la contrée, je ne vois comment on fera pour l'éviter.

L'espèce d'ennemi que nous combattons appelés Mamelouk sont en partie détruits ou chassés en Sirie et dans la Nubie, il ne reste que quelque Tribus d'Arabes beydoin du désert d'Arabie qui de tout temps ont pillé les peuples de quelque nation qu'ils fussent, et qui inquiètent nos convois et nos caravanes.

On parle en ce moment d'aller dans les Indes, mais en vérité je ne sais pas comment! Déja un grand nombre de soldats sont devenus aveugles, et cette malheureuse maladie des yeux étant bien plus dangereux dans l'intérieur de l'Afrique fera peutêtre ouvrir les yeux de ceux qui nous commandent et mettra des bornes à leur ambition désordonné.

Another French Soldier.

ALEXANDRIA, 8 *Ventose, An* 7.

. . . Je vous direz que depuis notre embarcation de Toulon, nous avons été a Malte, isle très fortifié, de la nous avons mis à voile pour aller en Egypte. Nous avons fait le débarquement de toute l'Armée qui est bien composée de 3900 hommes. C'est dès ce moment, cher Père que je ne pourrai jamais vous réciter le mal, la misère que nous avons endurés.

Nous avons premièrement trouvé des Arabes, ces Arabes ce sont tous des voleurs, en grand nombre qui sont montés à cheval et bien montés. Ces scélérats existent depuis avant Jésu Christ puisque c'est eux qui ont tué Jésu Christ. Nous sommes sur Terre Sainte pas bien éloignés de Jérusalem. Ces Scélérats nous ont bien tués de Soldats, sans conter qu'ils en tuent tous les jours sur notre route en marchant vers le Grand Caire. Notre peu de Cavalrie ne pouvait pas les attraper, ils aureait bien fait six lieux que les notre n'en aureait fait trois, c'était alors bien inutile de chasser après eux. Étant à trois quarts de notre route au Caire nous avons vu les Troupes qui défendent la Capitale. Les Troupes se nomment les Mamalooks, ce sont des Soldats fort bien montés et tous mis très richement, et vaillants au combat; pour être de cette Troupe dans ce pays là il faut être noble. Cette Troupe nous a attaqué et nous avons eu un combat qui n'a pas duré beaucoup de temps, ils se sont retirés vers le Grand Caire.

C'est là ou nous avons eu un combat sanglant, nous leur avons donné la chasse, un grand nombre ont mordu la poussière, le restant ont prit la fuite.

La peste et la Maladie des yeux nous enlèvent plus de trois quarts de notre armée, de 3900 hommes il y en a morts 1500, et de notre Escadre les Anglais nous ont prit 9 vaisseaux, et 3 coulés à fond. Alors nous nous voyons perdu à tout jamais, sans resource, sans espoir pour aller en France!

Votre fils pour la vie,
MUSSIE.

By June of this year, 1800, Marengo had been lost and won. Napoleon's star was in the ascendant, for Desaix dying in the hour of victory, the First Consul was able to appropriate the laurels and reap the fruits; his prestige was enormously enhanced by this triumph over the Austrians, and a further success gained at Hohenlinden opened the road to Vienna. By the Peace of Lunéville, concluded between France and Austria, a clean sweep was made of everything pertaining to German sovereignty west of the Rhine, including the left bank. Thus the second Coalition fell to the ground as Russia from an ally turned open enemy to Great Britain. When the latter finally announced her intention of keeping Malta, Russia formed a "League of Armed Neutrality" with Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia against British "arbitrary proceedings at sea." Frederick William II. was persuaded to close the Elbe to English ships, and to occupy that cherished possession of our German Kings, the Principality of Hanover.

* * * * *

The letter below relates to Sir R. Abercromby's expedition to Egypt, the last campaign he was ever to undertake, for here the gallant General, one of the finest characters the Army has ever known, met his death, and, dying, with his latest breath gave orders for the comfort of a private soldier. No officer loved his men more than did Ralph Abercromby, and it was his unkind fate to see their lives thrown away, their interests neglected, with an official callousness that sickened his humanity, and strained his loyalty to authority. Henry Oakes was one of his Brigadiers.

Colonel Oakes to Sir Charles Stuart.

MALTA, *Dec.* 15, 1800.

I was prevented writing to you as I intended, in consequence of our being hurried on board—a delay has, however, given me time to take up my pen. I find we sail in two divisions, our rendez-vous to be in the Harbour of Marmorice, on the coast of Caramania, from whence we shall go straight to Egypt; but I see nothing yet which can give greater animation to my hopes of success than when I wrote to you last from Gibraltar after our

fruitless attempt at Cadiz. Lord Keith certainly goes with us, who, I hope, will prepare the business of our landing in a better manner than he did on that occasion, particularly if it should be in the face of the enemy, which, I believe, is not unlikely to be the case. He has now different Officers in his Ship to assist him, tho' I am not a judge how far this may be an advantage. Capt. Stevenson is his Captain, vice Sir R. A. Berry, Ct. Young, his adjutant, vice Capt. Beaver.

Sir R. Abercromby is steady in his command; he has been indefatigable in endeavouring to put the Army in the best state possible, and to create an emulation among the Troops by close and frequent inspections of the various Corps which has certainly been of service, and most of the Regt. are now in good order. The Troops, owing to much care and attention, are in general healthy and in good spirits.

I have as yet heard no contradiction to the report that the French have sent a Reinforcement of 6000 men from Toulon to Egypt, which I cannot help giving some credit to. Should they arrive there in safety (and I know of no decided measures our Navy have taken to prevent it), it must add much to our difficulties.

The march of a Russian Army to the assistance of the Austrians, and the re-commencement of hostilities on the Continent, which, it is said here, took place on the 23rd of last month, will, of course, give a turn again to the War in our favour.

Notwithstanding the former intentions of Ministers, I believe your ideas with respect to this Island are to be adopted. Sir R. A. has formally taken possession of it in the name of Great Britain; the Neapolitan Flag is ordered to be struck wherever it was flying here and at Gozo, and a Corps of Militia of 800 men is, I understand, about to be formed immediately, who are to be entrusted with guarding the several Bays round the coast, which is done with a view of shewing the Maltese the confidance we mean to place in them. They are by every account at present certainly much attached to us.

Capt. Ball, who has sole management of the Civil business, has hitherto acted with judgement.

The Maltese have been invited by advertisement to engage as labourers in our Corps of Pioneers to go to Egypt, and they enter willingly; already upwards of 500 are enrolled.

With kind regards to Lady Stuart, etc.

Sir Charles Stuart died on May 25, 1801, at the Thatched House, Richmond Park, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.* One almost wonders why. It is true he had professionally three Islands to his credit in the Mediterranean—he captured Corsica and Minorca, and saved Sicily from a probable French invasion by reorganizing her defences—but one likes to think it was not so much for the sum of his achievements that he was given burial in the national Pantheon, but for what he was—a son of England, of whom England was proud, proud because of his unswerving loyalty, his devotion to duty, his competence, his courage, and his love of country and fellow-countrymen.

Even after this lapse of time, crowded with figures of great men and stirring events, Charles Stuart's personality stands out with the lustre of a stainless record, with the prestige of race, and the charm of character that made him the friend of those with whom he served. One realises his physical beauty, strikingly portrayed by Romney, generous impulsiveness, and the naïve piety that resisted the disingenuousness of the eighteenth century, and confirmed his loyalties in an age when it could be said, with approximate truth, "Every man has his price."

His own contemporaries, the soldiers and sailors of that day—Rawdon, Cornwallis, John Moore, Graham, Nelson, St. Vincent, and Keith—recognised his worth, and even Dundas, with whom he had many an official passage of arms, was fain to acknowledge that no General Officer knew his *métier* better than did Stuart, or was so thoroughly to be depended on to carry through

* A memorial to Sir Charles Stuart by Nollekins (in St. Andrew's Chapel) is in white marble, and shows a boy standing upon a sarcophagus uplifting drapery and displaying a medallion of the General. Beneath are two shields with the family arms.

a piece of work. As to the troops he commanded, they would, in St. Vincent's words, " go to Hell for him." He possessed not only executive capacity, but imagination which would have enabled him, had he lived, first to fight successfully, then to administer sympathetically. John Fortescue, the military historian, in speaking of him, says:

He seems to me to have been the greatest of all the British officers of this period—great enough, indeed, both as a man and a soldier, to have done the work which afterwards fell to Wellington in the Peninsula.

Just previous to Charles Stuart's death, Pitt had resigned, and was succeeded by Addington, whose policy was peace. Negotiations were begun in the autumn of that year, and finally brought to a conclusion in March, 1802, when the Peace of Amiens was signed. Thus for the space of one year, there was a suspension of hostilities between England and France, and the two great antagonists paused to gather strength for a renewal of the struggle.

APPENDIX

Lady Louisa Stuart to her Nephew, Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

GLOUCESTER PLACE, *Tuesday night* [1838].

DEAR CHARLES,

I am very glad you did not give up the paper,* for in these days one has no security that anything will not find its way into the newspapers.

I should not lay any great stress on the report of Sir David Dundas; he was a pompous gentleman, who liked to talk of his great intimacy with the King, and to make the most of every word that dropped from him.

I can believe that George 3 might disclaim being guided by my Father's influence, as it was the vulgar cry to represent him, but not that he said exactly what Sir David repeated—To another Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) as the late Lord Haddington told me, he once said in a moment of vexation, when some of them was plaguing him—" After all Lord Bute was the honestest man I ever had about me."

Undoubtedly in my time there was the most manifest signs of *dis*favour. None of the family or their friends ever could obtain anything from King or Minister. Mr. Beadon, who had been tutor to all my brothers, was the King's Chaplain and a most exemplary clergyman, never got so much as a Canonry, tho' I really believe my eldest brother did strain every nerve for his preferment, and his young brother, a far inferior man, became a Bishop.

Your Father (my brother Charles) never was the King's Aide-de-Camp, nor had any marks of favour, when he arrived from America with so brilliant a reputation,

* The paper Lady L. Stuart refers to is the one that follows on p. 342, in which she comments on an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, discussing a speech of Lord Chatham's in connection with the employment of Indians in the American War. The article appears to have contained some uncomplimetnary remarks on Lord Bute, and was by Lord Brougham.

altho' at that time the King kept the Army in His own hands, and made Richard Fitzpatrick, Mr. Fox's bosom friend and chief supporter, Aide-de-Camp over the heads of many friends of Government.

But the moment my Father was dead, the obstacle seemed removed, your Father was employed, the poor Primate* was made a Canon of Windsor, and quickly a Bishop, and it appeared as if the King did feel a partiality he was no longer afraid to show—people said so, and it certainly did look very like it.

Yours affectionately, L. STUART.

Lady Louisa Stuart to Sir Charles Stuart.

DEAR CHARLES, *Sunday evening*, 1838.

I am not prepared to enter the lists with Ld. Brougham. I should not care about his seeing the paper I sent you, but would rather it did not go out of your hands, unless sure to be burned—otherwise there is nothing in it, I believe, to lay hold of.

Having been used to hear my Father abused all my life, I am cool on the subject, and do not commit myself by over-violence. Brougham, who can have no authentic Data to go upon, adopts the common language you read in fifty books and pamphlets, one copied from another. I own I doubt whether my Father's talents were equal to Lord Chatham's, but I have no doubt he was a much honester man, and a sincerer friend to his country. I believe Lord Chatham used him and Leicester House (meaning the Princess and her son) for his own purposes, attained them, and then kicked them down the ladder, which George 3 never could forget.

It would have been more politic in him not to begin by replacing a Minister so much the people's idol, and infinitely better for my Father to have refused taking the helm.

This is my creed, I acknowledge.

Affectionately yours,

L. STUART.

* Lady Louisa's brother William, Bishop of Armagh, and subsequently Primate of Ireland.

As I was grown up and had entered the world when Lord Chatham made this speech, and it became immediately the general topic of conversation, I have a clear recollection of some particulars concerning it not noticed by the Reviewer.

It occasioned a pretty warm debate. His representation of the horrors of savage warfare could hardly be controverted; but it was alleged that during his own administration we had freely availed ourselves of Indian assistance in the war which ultimately wrested Canada from the French. This he denied—denied at least that he had known or sanctioned it.

Lord Amherst, the Commander of our forces in that war, was then appealed to for a testimony which he would fain have withheld. At last, however, he rose and, with visible reluctance, spoke a few words, admitting that the Indians had been employed, and, I believe, not venturing to maintain that the measure had met with any disapprobation at home.

The circumstances of the two wars were certainly different—the French were not our fellow-countrymen like the Americans. Besides, they began the practise first, and the hostile Tribes of savages retained on either side might be opposed to each other. Yet still the butchery and scalping must have been the same—of which no man could speak with more horror than your Father when he returned from America.

To proceed—upon hearing next day what had passed in the House of Lords—"Good Heavens!" cried my Father, "Did Pitt really deny it? Is it possible? Why I have here lying by me letters of his that sing Peans over the advantages we gained by employing the Indians in that Canadian war." This exclamation, observe, burst from him spontaneously when there was nobody to hear him, except his wife and daughters, and for one of them, myself, I suppose he would have thought the cat as likely to treasure up his words on such a subject. Perhaps the peculiar expression contributed to fix them in my mind.

At an Assembly the same evening I overheard a Peer [Lord Edgcumbe] saying to a person who stood near me: "Well! Had not we a curious scene in the House yesterday? A fine opportunity of seeing how a great man looks when he is fairly caught in a lie, but I promise you he carried it off bravely, holding his head as high as ever."

These letters of Lord Chatham, styled by the Reviewer fulsome, were written when my Father was living in the utmost intimacy with Mr. Pitt, admired him above all men, and thought him his own cordial friend. I firmly believe they express no more than he felt (and warmly felt) at the time.

The whole set, Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and the two other Grenvilles, Mr. Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), Mr. Legge, Etc., formed then my Father's and Mother's familiar daily society. I have often heard my sister Lonsdale talk of a summer's day spent at Hayes in her youth, when Lord Chatham, "the most agreeable man she ever saw," led her all over his grounds, and gallantly insisted on cleaning her dusty shoes with his own hands.

It was my Father's foible, I must confess, to be too open to flattery, especially that kind of it which consists in profession of devoted attachment, and my Mother constantly said that Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple poured it upon him with a profusion which sometimes excited in her a doubt of their sincerity, on his part indignantly repelled.

Lord Chatham, indeed, could scarcely avoid flattering those he meant to please, because his natural temper would not let him be moderate in anything. His tone was as lofty in common conversation as in public speaking, his censure as indignant. On the other side, when he wished to shew respect or even civility, he would use terms that seemed almost obsequious; and his praise naturally swelled into panegyric; whatever he commended he extolled. All this suited well with my Father's taste, chivalrous, and perhaps a little romantic. In short —"they persuaded him," said my Mother, "that they loved him better than any one in the world."

What broke the charm and converted friendship to enmity, I cannot exactly tell you, my information having been scantily gleaned at chance times from my Mother—an *ex parte* evidence no doubt, but a woman of scrupulous veracity and clear judgement.

It is well known, however, that Mr. Pitt was as much forced upon George 2 in 1757 as Lord Rockingham and Mr. Fox upon George 3 in 1780, and that he quickly conciliated the King by promoting the measures he had formerly most opposed.

In the struggle for ascendency he had been strongly supported by what was the Leicester House Party, and till successful had assiduously courted the Prince of Wales and Princess Dowager. Possibly the favour of the young and old Court could not be retained together.

However this was, he withdrew from the former very speedily, and not only so, but treated them and their adherents, who had till lately ranked as his best friends, with a contemptuous arrogance not easy to endure.

This is the rough outline of the story. I pretend to go no further. Nor can I judge of my Father's acts before or just after I was born, but for as much as intimate knowledge of any human being's character may avail, I can honestly affirm that the spirit of intrigue and art imputed to him by the Reviewer was of all qualities incident to Man the most foreign to his disposition—as incompatible with his faults as with his virtues.

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